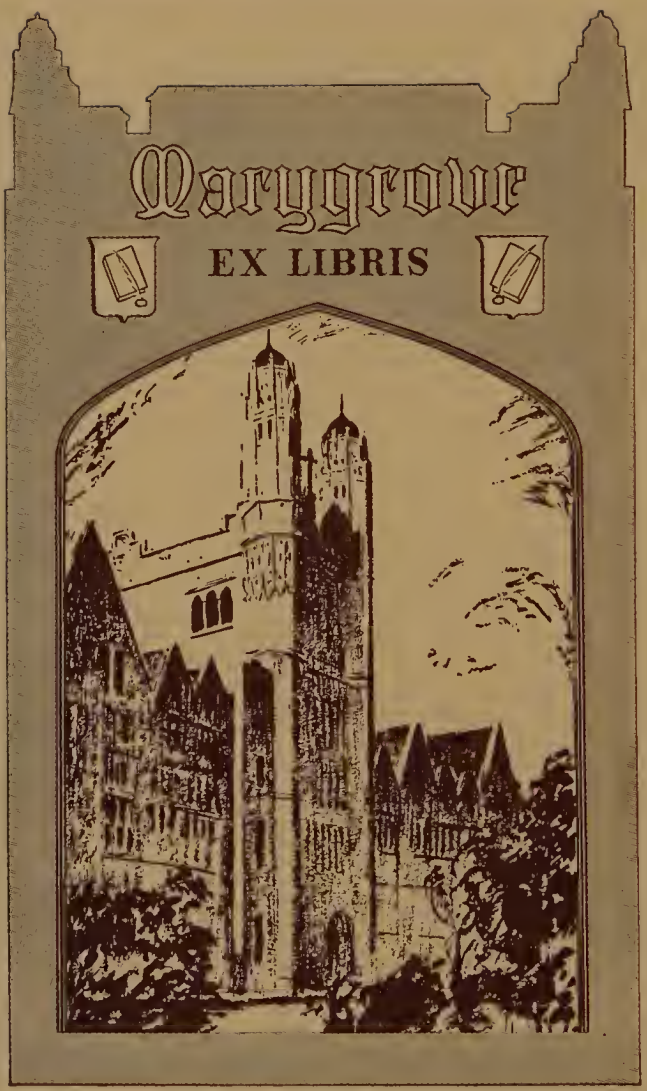
BIRTHPLACES OF JOHN ADAMS AND JOHN

INCY ADAMS, QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS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MR. & MRS. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

BY DOROTHIE BOBBÉ

ABIGAIL ADAMS: *The Second First Lady*

MR. & MRS. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS: *An Adventure in Patriotism*

Mrs. John Quincy Adams
FROM AN EARLY PORTRAIT, ARTIST UNKNOWN

MR. & MRS. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

AN ADVENTURE IN PATRIOTISM

BY

DOROTHIE BOBBÉ

MINTON, BALCH & COMPANY

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BY

DOROTHIE BOBBÉ

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TO

SIDNEY S. BOBBÉ

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MR. & MRS. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

Herein is That Saying True, One Soweth and Another Reapeth. I Sent You to Reap That Whereon Ye Bestowed No Labor. Other Men Labored, and Ye are Entered Into Their Labors.

(*Biblical quotation taken from the Memorial Tablet to John Quincy and Louisa Catherine Adams in the First Congregationalist Church, Quincy, Mass.*)

MR. & MRS. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

CHAPTER I — DUTY

THERE went courting in London in the year 1796 a very good-looking, very gallant young man. A man who could pipe a pretty tune upon the flute. Who could turn a neat foot in the dance. Who loved the play, the opera. And, on not too frequent occasions, the tankard and the cup.

His name was John Quincy Adams.

But—impossible! Is it not common knowledge that John Quincy Adams never was young? Is it not well known that in youth he was but the ominous shadow of that terrible *old* man—a good man, a mighty man, but a man who could not smile, let alone dance or play upon the flute—who stands so rigid in the halls of fame, a statue made of ice, amid the pillars of the North American republic?

Both John Quincys are authentic—though the old Adams could, and did, still dance the Virginia reel, upon occasion.

And the father of both is a little boy—a serious, ardent little boy—who in 1777, at the age of nine, wrote to his own father the following epistle:

Dear Sir,—

I love to receive letters very well; much better than I love to write them. I make but a poor figure at composition, my head is much too fickle, my thoughts are running after birds eggs play and trifles, till I get vexed with myself. Mamma has a troublesome task to keep me steady, and I own I am ashamed of myself. I have but just entered the 3d volume of Smollet, though I had designed to have got it half through by this time. I have determined this week to be more diligent, as Mr. Thaxter will be absent at Court, & I cannot persue my other studies. I have set myself a Stent & determine to read the 3d volume Half out. If I can but keep my resolution, I will write again at the end of the week and give a better account of myself. I wish Sir, you would give me some instructions, with regard to my time, & advise

me how to proportion my Studies & my Play, in writing, & I will keep them by me, & endeavour to follow them. I am, dear Sir, with a present determination of growing better, yours,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

P.S.—Sir, if you will be so good as to favour me with a Blank book, I will transcribe the most remarkable occurances I mett with in my reading, which will serve to fix them upon my mind.

Here is the boy indeed the father of the man. Eighteen years old, if it looked backward at all, would look on nine years old with feelings of respect and of awe. For at nine, war and siege, at close quarters, had made this youngster aware of the meaning of the word duty. A patriotic mother had rubbed a sense of service into his very marrow. A father who was a visionary as well as a conscientious diarist on his own account had forced the boy to realize from the beginning the value of recording "remarkable occurances." Through all his life John Quincy Adams was to strive to catch his thoughts back from "running after birds eggs play and trifles." And only in the difficult and spasmodic awakenings of that belated, golden youth was he to fail—though even then the spectre lurked not very far away.

In childhood, however, certain compensations did obtrude themselves. And who knows but in the shadows of that Spartan middle age also, and in the grays of bodily decline, airy comforts not dissimilar may still have supported one who, "an icicle" in public, yet remained an object of love behind the scenes.

That same little boy, when the Revolutionary War grew too big, or redcoats loomed too terrifying, would sometimes disappear. That is, if Duty's voice was silent. As the mother sought comfort in the penning of immortal letters to an absent husband, the little son would creep to a certain closet in his mother's bedroom—a closet filled with books. And there he would play a solitary game of forgetfulness.

The books he chose were fairy tales, adventure tales, "The Arabian Nights." . . . He would lose himself between the covers

of these enchanting books. He would propel himself into a world where knights and maidens, elves and fays and dragons disported or rampaged. And that world would become, for the time, a real world; and America, and Boston, and even his mother's anxieties and his father's peril, the imaginary. Till Abigail would call him out of his concealment to pray for freedom and for the defense of freedom; to creep between the sheets and dream of soldiery. Or perhaps to help with the man's work she was carrying on. The work of the farm. And the woman's work as well. The kitchen. The home. The children.

When he was a bigger boy he read Shakespeare. But his friends were not, he tells us, Bardolph and Pistol and Nym, or even Falstaff. He loved the benign Prospero, the skipping Ariel, and could shudder deliciously at the beastliness of Caliban. These (to borrow from his reminiscent Diary) made for him a world of revels, and lapped him in Elysium.

But, alas, the world of revels retained the habit of dissolving into mere make-believe. The world of blood and fire, whose thunders echoed portentously along the shores of Massachusetts Bay, was the real.

John Quincy Adams was born in a slant-roofed cottage on his father's farm at Braintree, Mass., on July 11th, 1767. He was the eldest son and second child of John and Abigail Adams, and received his baptismal names in honor of Colonel John Quincy, his mother's distinguished grandfather, who died as he was born.

At the moment of his birth, another infant was kicking its legs hard by—the "child Independence." While Johnny still lay at his mother's breast, his father, who was lawyer, farmer and fledgling legislator in one, listened to impassioned speeches at Boston's Faneuil Hall. Or delivered them, on occasion. Or when he was home, would sit at his desk in a room close by his wife's bedchamber, striving with his pen to help protest against autocracy.

The Stamp Act lived and died; the courts of law in the province

were forcibly closed and almost as forcibly reopened, before Johnny came into the world. But tax impositions still incensed the unrepresented American colonies, to whom self-taxation had proved salvation in the past.

Born within sight of a sea that was soon to bristle with enemy ships, Johnny's boyhood was shadowed by the menace of what that sea might, and did, bring. The hymns of battle were not only his cradle-songs, but the sole music of his young childhood. The right of a free people to govern themselves, and more particularly to tax themselves, was the theme of almost all the discussions that first assailed his conscious perception.

Long before Johnny was one year old, his parents moved to Boston. There the father, a stocky, serious young man of yeoman birth and Harvard education, kept his law office. Thence he rode on the circuit of his Majesty's courts. And, in the intervals, it was there that he joined in the fight for independence, the desire for which was spreading fast through all the American colonies of Great Britain.

It was still in that first year of Johnny Quincy's that a detachment of his Majesty's armed forces—soon to be familiarly known as the "redcoats," or by epithets less politely neutral—landed in Boston and proceeded to demonstrate George III's views with regard to American tax-resistance. From that day on, for two whole years, the baby's cradle often rocked to the tunes of the Sons of Liberty, serenading John Adams, one of Liberty's defenders. Or vibrated to British squad formations in Brattle Square, beneath the Adams windows.

When Johnny was able to toddle, a certain kinsman formed the habit of taking the child out walking on the Common. There this distant cousin would let him gaze his fill at the military assembled on the green. And while he did so, would point the difference between those who wore handsome scarlet coats and those with somewhat makeshift blue and buff, or regalia more obscurely martial. Very early, Johnny learned that one looked with horror on the redcoats because they were the symbols of oppression—which was made

plain for him. He also knew why he liked the coats of buff and blue. The name of his guide was Samuel Adams.

One night when Johnny was almost three years old, he awoke in sudden terror, and ran to cling at his mother's skirts. For outside in the town, some citizens of Boston had fallen beneath the musket-fire of the redcoats, in what was to be known ever after as the Boston Massacre. All that the child knew of it, as he hid his face against the gown of his dignified, dark-eyed young mother, was a horrifying pandemonium. Yells, muskets grinding, fire-bells pealing —or tolling, rather; and hatred, thick in the air. Then "Pappa," coming home to soothe and to inform.

Soon afterwards, the redcoats sailed away, and Johnny knew that his friend Sam Adams had made Governor Hutchinson send the British from Boston.

All except those whose muskets had killed five Boston citizens. They were detained, together with their commanding officer, and all were tried for their lives. The lawyers for the defense were young Josiah Quincy and Johnny's father, John Adams.

Thus early, then, was it demonstrated to his son that John Adams invariably did his duty as he saw it, regardless of possible consequences. As he saw it in this case, his duty lay in depriving no man of aid in obtaining a fair trial. There was a great deal of criticism for his action; a great amount of censure. He was not deterred.

The men, soldiers and officers, were acquitted, with the exception of two who were branded on the hand and released with a fine.

And John Adams, in the end, did not suffer in the eyes of Boston, now freed from direct demonstration of the iron heel. As the trial ended, he called by request at Faneuil Hall, and accepted with pride a seat in the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

They went back to the farm for a while a year later, the family augmented by the birth of a second son, Charles. One girl—Abigail, or "little Abby"—and two boys now lived with their parents in the small cottage at Braintree, a neighbor and almost a twin of that in which dwelt Grandma Adams, who had been a Boylston in her

youth. The children played round these humble dwellings, while their father—and their mother, too—practiced husbandry. But it was not for long.

A matter of the landing or non-landing of a cargo of tea in Boston took the Adamses back to town. And on December 16th, 1775, Johnny Adams heard from his father's lips the story of the Boston Tea Party—which had taken place an hour before. . . .

He was a big boy now. He could count and he could sing and he could dance and he could read. Urged by his mother, he would often read aloud from "Rollins' Ancient History." For his mother made history the chief of all his studies, and was tireless in explaining and in simplifying so that he could encompass the subject more and more readily in his growing mind. The father, though frequently away, held his boys' education (there were three by this time—Johnny, Charles and a baby Thomas) of the first importance. Girls' education was a negligible quantity; but both boys and girl were fortunate in possession of a mother such as Abigail. Abigail, in her own youth, had garnered the wisdom of her father, an erudite parson named Smith, of Weymouth, and the polish and accomplishments of her mother and her mother's kinsfolk, the Quincys. So that though, a delicate child, she had actually never been sent to school, she emerged from girlhood well-read and admirably fitted to rear a small family in the graces and the arts, as well as in the well-aired courts of book-learning.

Johnny adored his mother. He strove unceasingly to please her. She was his prophet, then and thereafter. She taught him the rudiments of French and the finer points of manners; she showed him, simply, the virtue of following one's duty unswervingly; she gave him his love of history and of poetry. And by way of relaxation she took him and his sister and brothers on merry visits to Grandfather Smith's parsonage; or to see Aunt Mary Cranch, her elder sister, at Salem, or her friend the wise Mercy Warren, at Plymouth; or to fetch Aunt Betsy Smith, the youngest sister, for a visit to Boston, when external circumstances permitted.

Not for long did they permit.

His Majesty, advised that Boston was the core of all the defiance that was spreading so rapidly throughout the thirteen American colonies, proceeded to take steps to root out the core. He closed the port of Boston to all vessels whatsoever, and did his utmost to detach the town of Boston from all friends. Boston should die to preserve the right of the Crown to tax as it chose.

Boston, however, though it agonized under the vice-regal heel of the new Governor, Gage, refused to expire. So did the independent legislature of the "rebels." Ordered to sit at Salem instead of in beleaguered Boston, it sat. But it sat in secret. And in secret session it appointed Thomas Cushing, Sam Adams, Robert Treat Paine and John Adams to act as its delegates at an independent meeting of all the disaffected colonies—the first Continental Congress—in Philadelphia.

Before John departed—for of a surety he did not refuse the nomination—the family moved for the final time from Boston back to Braintree. Then, a last tour of the courts completed, the father rode away, a rebel indeed, since he rode to join a congress of rebels. And left a rebel's family—a wife and four small children—in close proximity to the iron heel.

At eight years of age, John Quincy Adams had seen battle and sudden death. In April, 1775, Revere, a post-rider whose face was almost as familiar to the Adams children as any in the family, galloped his horse to Lexington by night, and the muskets blazed next morning, at Lexington and Concord. But Johnny was to see the war at closer quarters.

On a day in June of that same year, he stood with his mother on a Braintree hilltop, and saw the fires and heard the din of Bunker Hill and Charlestown. And he shared in the shock of the news, brought to Abigail by a sweating horseman, that Joseph Warren had been killed in this, the first real battle of the Revolutionary War. Johnny knew Joseph Warren as a kindly family doctor, who only recently had bound and healed an injured finger for him.

Now, suddenly, he realized to the full what they meant when they said Dr. Warren was in the forefront of the patriots. . . .

The effect, both of the sight of battle smoke and of the dreadful news, on a sensitive child can be conjectured. He had, however, been led to the hilltop by Abigail. And if she broke down later, and wept, bitterly, the small boy already was able to realize that she was weeping, not because her courage had failed her, but simply for the loss of a friend.

Left in sole charge of her farm and her children while her husband was away on the business of patriotism—or rebellion, according to the way you looked at it—Abigail strove with all her might to raise the boys, and even little Abby, in a spirit of service. Bowing beneath the exigencies of the time and of her own patriotic feelings, she dedicated them all, and her eldest son in particular, to country.

Johnny was always her confidant. All the intelligence and the breeding that had been handed down to her she passed on in turn to him. The knowledge and the intellectual accomplishment of his father she urged him, unceasingly, to emulate. To Johnny, in her loneliness, she poured out her hopes and fears and ideals, child though he was in years.

He was a rather chubby boy, with pleasant facial features strongly resembling her own, and brown hair tied behind in a manner not unlike hers of girlish portraits. His coat and his breeches were his father's in miniature; his hat likewise—till the war changed everything, and Abigail began to dress her sons as simple farmer boys.

That year she taught him to repeat some lines from Collins' Ode to the patriot warriors who fell in the Jacobite rebellion of 1745.

> How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
> By all their country's wishes blest. . . .

Every morning Johnny recited it, next in order to the Lord's Prayer, before he rose from his bed. And for the rest of his life—a matter of some seventy-five years—he never forgot it—or forgot the fact that his mother, a gentle woman who might have gone to womanly

lengths in opposing warlike sentiment, taught him the words.

That year John Adams wrote from Philadelphia to Abigail, his wife——

> Human nature, with all its infirmities and depravation, is still capable of great things. It is capable of attaining to degrees of wisdom and of goodness which we have reason to believe appear respectable in the estimation of superior intelligences. Education makes a greater difference between man and man, than nature has made between man and brute. The virtues and powers to which men may be trained, by early education and constant discipline, are truly sublime and astonishing. . . .
>
> It should be your care, therefore, and mine, to elevate the minds of our children, and exalt their courage, to accelerate and animate their industry and activity, to excite in them an habitual contempt of meanness, abhorrence of injustice and inhumanity, and an ambition to excel in every capacity, faculty and virtue. If we suffer their minds to grovel and creep in infancy, they will grovel and creep all their lives. . . .

The minds of Abigail's and John's children never did grovel or creep. Toward each the mother strove with all her might along the lines which John had laid down for her. Little Abby, Charles, and Thomas, the baby, each trotted intellectually and spiritually along those ways. But it was Johnny Quincy, a man by virtue of his seniority and of his mother's urgent need of manly sustenance, who reaped the fullest harvest. Little Abby, though naturally serious-minded, was to become a worldling in the airier sense. Charles, the songbird of the family, and an engagingly willing performer, was always delicate; Thomas, though achieving dignity and honors in later life, was no burning acolyte at the altar of duty.

But Johnny became John Quincy Adams.

At eight, he knew that if men should be lacking for the purposes of the war, boys, even the smallest, would have to fill the breach. And at eight, he was ready—a serious, passionate child with a preternatural grasp of current affairs thus fostered by his mother.

To do her justice, Abigail did strive to leaven the children's duties and lighten their days with wholesome play. But it was rather urgent recreation, and from the consciousness of the British army

of occupation all around, and of the lack of husband and father to ward off real or imaginary dangers, it lacked spontaneity.

More natural was it for Johnny to follow the course of his country's fortunes and the ebb and flow of his countrymen's patriotism —for ebb and flow it did, though not in the house of Adams.

That was as contented a roof-tree as might be, in those days. Between the young father and mother was a devotion that would endure through more than fifty years, through honors, disappointments, partings, joys and sorrows. Between parents and children there was a tender affection.

At present, parting was the chief cloud. The children wrote to their father, and prized his answers greatly. Johnny had begun a tutoring at the hands of one John Thaxter, a kinsman of his mother's and a law-student of his father's. But Abigail's remained the will that molded his; hers still the thought by which he was guided.

When the Negroes arose in Boston, and offered their services to Gage in return for their freedom, Johnny heard his mother say she wished there were not a slave in the Province. She told him why.

"We are daily taking from them that which we are fighting to gain for ourselves," she said.

Johnny decided then and there that he did not wish men to be slaves when he was free. And in this respect, at least, he never changed.

Brief and infrequent reunions, when the head of the house was home on leave, delighted them all, bringing momentary peace and happiness where gloom, and sometimes terror, had been. John talked to his son as to a contemporary—and Johnny never failed to rise to the occasion.

He knew that his father had been instrumental in nominating the new Commander in Chief of the army, George Washington; and he knew that his mother had met George Washington, and revered him. She told him of the meeting, enjoying his pride, his ardent support.

And indeed she needed support now more than ever. Her cottage became a refuge for the many who fled the rigors of the British occupation of Boston, which were those of siege. Mrs. Adams' house became the center of emergency hospitality for miles around.

Johnny lived with the soldiers before he was well out of his babyhood. For his home was a refuge for the military as well as for civilians. He saw his village's gunpowder carried stealthily away to be secreted from Gage's searchers. He saw his mother surrender her pewter spoons. . . . "I well recollect," he said, when he was a very old man, "going into the kitchen and seeing some of the men engaged in running those spoons into bullets for the use of the troops. Do you wonder that a boy of seven years of age, who witnessed this scene, should be a patriot?" Furthermore he realized, for his mother did not hide it from him, the danger in which the household and its members always stood. Depredations, assault, maybe extinction, by marauding forces from an enemy army of occupation, that lay so near, were contingencies to be expected, in wartime.

Johnny learned to drill in full military style. He learned it from those ill-clad soldiers who slept in the outhouses on the farm. Also he could hoe and dig, and with his sister and his brothers he helped his mother to harvest her crops and prepare for the next, to tend the cattle, and to chop kindling for the hardworked kitchen fireplace.

As an undercurrent of his young life ran the knowledge that his father was almost constantly in Philadelphia, a member of the emergency government. He knew the work his father was doing. With his mother he followed it in detail, gathering the crumbs of information from headquarters and from round about. Officers of Washington's army, that lay at Cambridge, came and went at the house in Braintree; and Johnny drank in the whispered news they brought. And knew, for Abigail had taught him, that a patriot's watchword was Service.

It was a heavy, overpowering existence for a child. An experience that left enduring scars.

Only occasionally now, and that in secret, could he seek his closet and his beloved books. But the haven still was his.

His father and his mother both were voracious readers. He knew their likes, and tried to emulate them in this as in all other ways. Indeed, in two ways at once he was striving to emulate his father at this time.

Had Abigail not been too preoccupied to seek in her chamber closet these days, she might have received a new kind of shock. For there little Johnny sat. In his mouth was his father's pipe. In the pipe was his father's tobacco, glowing from the stealthy application of struck tinder. On Johnny's knees was spread a copy of Milton's "Paradise Lost."

And in Johnny's breast was a certain squeamishness. In his eyes were tears.

If "Pappa" took pleasure in a daily pipe, why could not he? And both "Pappa" and Mama were inordinately fond of Milton's classical work. Perhaps the little boy felt that since he shared so many experiences and emotions with his parents, it behooved him to find out how to enjoy all that they enjoyed.

His efforts did not meet with success. The pipe made him sick, and Milton, it has to be confessed, made him cry, though not in the appropriate places.

He persevered. The book continued to defeat him; but he was hardly the boy to be bested by a pipe, fearsome and devastating though it might be. He was able to smoke without either tears or nausea when he finally relinquished his lair. Indeed, he later confessed that it took him thirty years to cure himself of a habit which, hard as it may have been to acquire, was far more tenacious in the shedding.

But as for Milton——

I was nearly thirty when I read Paradise Lost for the first time with surprise and delight.

For the present, however, he was still a little boy, pipes and classics notwithstanding; and life pressed him sorely.

CHAPTER II FIRST LESSONS IN DIPLOMACY

ON February twelfth of that same year, 1775, Louisa Catherine Johnson was born in London, to an American father and an English mother.

That she might have chosen a more felicitous birthplace, considering the circumstances, will be apparent. To be an American in London in the year 1775 required considerable fortitude—which in this case, of course, had to be displayed on Louisa's behalf by Joshua Johnson, her father.

Joshua was one of eleven children of an old Maryland family whose story was a romantic one. Two generations back, a Johnson had fled from England in a runaway marriage with a ward in Chancery. The hand of the law followed him. He fled across the Atlantic and settled in Maryland, still under difficulties occasioned by the outraged Lord Chancellor. He was, however, permitted at length to settle down, and began to trade in furs with the Indians. Later he essayed to return to his native land. But on the voyage his ship was seized by a Spanish vessel. He passed long years in confinement, and when he escaped at last, it was only to come home to die. His wife soon followed him.

This romantic pair left one son—a slender thread to hold the future of a house of destiny. The son married, grew prominent in Southern circles, and gave to the world eleven children—the eleven Johnsons of the revolutionary era.

Of the eleven, five at least were to distinguish themselves in the conflict. Joshua's elder brother, Thomas Johnson, had lately been elected to the first Continental Congress, and was destined to go down in history as the first Governor of the State of Maryland, and a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Joshua himself, in London at the moment, was also to be counted one of the distinguished five.

Like many another young colonial, Joshua had ventured to the mother country in happier times, to try his fortune in the British capital. He was in the tobacco business. In partnership with friends in Annapolis, Maryland, he imported tobacco from his native land and disposed of it through his London headquarters. It was a flourishing trade that he had worked up . . . but unfortunately it was one which any break between England and her American colonies would not fail to ruin. Moreover, it is conceivable that such a hazardous situation might well have been further complicated by his marriage with an Englishwoman.

There were many such unions—hardly international, but filled with as many complex potentialities when it came to revolutionary warfare. Undoubtedly, many American husbands of English wives swung over to the belief that Loyalism paid better than patriotism—particularly when an outbreak of hostilities must, in the latter choice, rob a man of his livelihood, to say nothing of his safety and that of his family.

Joshua's wife was the former Catherine Nuth. Of her little is known save that she was gracious and intelligent, and a witty conversationalist. Among some of her husband's relatives she was considered extravagant and over-ambitious, and not a little of a handicap to Joshua. And he on his part was regarded in the same charmed circles as something of a weakling, happy only if he could sun himself in the warm rays of well-known personalities and great stations.

Neither the weakness nor the fawning propensity is apparent, however, in Mr. Johnson's actions at this time. As for his wife, her extravagance evinces itself, if in anything, in her loyalty to him.

The storm-clouds grew more menacing. Joshua doubtless figured among the hordes of London merchants, both English and American, who daily petitioned the King and his parliament to stay their hand—to listen to the protests against "taxation without representation"—and to have mercy on Anglo-American commerce. . . . The net result of such petitions was rumor. In Joshua's part of the city —his office was in the Minories, amid narrow streets honeycombed

with business places similar to his—there was strong talk of reconciliation. But the wish was father to the thought. . . .

The war-storm burst.

It was no loyalism, however, that entered the mind of Joshua now—or even, it seems, that of his lady. In 1777 he was in London still, and there is a suspicion that he was indulging in a little private trading via France and the high seas—keeping things above water, perhaps, in more ways than one. But he was long since consumingly anxious to get away, and only awaited delayed instructions from his partners in Maryland before taking his family elsewhere. He must earn an honest and still a patriotic living, and it was increasingly—nay, alarmingly—apparent that he could no longer do so in England.

It was to France that Joshua, in due course, went. And his English lady, and their children, accompanied him—a gesture which, had they known it, possessed a significance for American posterity of a most unlooked-for magnitude.

Away, then, from the jurisdiction of George III, the radius of Pitt and Fox and also of Lord North. Away from the temple of that other, greater Johnson, the Doctor, who so heartily disliked America; and of his henchman, Boswell, for once, in this, dissenting from his master's voice. Away from friends in England—and from America's friends and enemies both; for England held plenty of each kind. Away from British life and manners—the life and manners to which Louisa and her elder brother and sister, as well as their mother, had been born. Away from the increasing feeling, for Joshua, that he was an enemy alien in a strange land.

And so to foreign parts. To Nantes, a port of France—an ancient city, already welcoming in numbers the American emissary and the American exile.

Nantes was a picturesque town—a jumble of island settlements, with countless little bridges running from island to island, spanning the waters of the mouth of the Loire. The people were friendly—seafaring people, and shopkeepers a-chatter with the gossip of the port.

Here we find Joshua installing his wife and children, and taking up anew the reins of commerce where he could gather them. A mixer, Joshua must have been, and well acquainted on both sides of the Atlantic, for before long his home state appointed him its commercial agent in France. And Benjamin Franklin, in Paris, was receiving from him the news of Maryland—and also, on one occasion, a complaint that *la belle France* should so far have adopted Mr. Johnson as her own that she was quartering soldiers on him.

Here the little Louisa grew big enough to stand on her own feet, and learned to talk not only her native tongue, but French as well. (This perfect command of the French language, acquired in early youth, was actually to save her from peril and possible death, many years later.) And she began to blossom in the manner of a Maryland young lady—for inevitably she was raised in the Southern tradition.

There were many American children in France that year. Nantes was only one of the busy gateways to a friendly court. Representatives of the new United States entered here and elsewhere along the coast, and frequently brought their families.

Thus there came to France in 1778 a youngster destined to figure greatly in his country's future—and also in that of the little Louisa Johnson.

Johnny had seen the happy day when the British sailed, for good, from Boston. He had seen his mother, radiant, speed to Boston at the first opportunity, to join in the general thanksgiving.

For days they had been swayed by fears and doubts as the hour of deliverance yet delayed. Once more the little cottage rocked to the reverberations of heavy gunfire. For days and nights it rocked, and then— Joy, at last. For General Washington's leadership delivered Boston of its agony. Boston was free again, and everyone was happy.

That happiness was only for the moment, however. The war had but begun.

But it was, definitely now, a war, waged in the cause of inde-

pendence. Time, then, at least, for thirteen independent states to declare themselves.

It could well be a proud lad who learned that his father was one of the five—Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, Sherman, Livingston,—chosen to draft a Declaration of Independence. He could share his mother's pride, though of course he was far too big to share her tears, when Independence was proclaimed from the State House in Boston, and the Declaration read amid deafening applause.

That year the whole family was inoculated against the smallpox, which, always an enemy, was rife this wartime. The young John Quincy bore the ordeal like a man. And indeed he had reason to feel that he was a man, these days. General Warren—James Warren, his father's friend and the head of the State legislature—had said that Johnny might ride the post between Boston and Braintree. And Abigail had consented.

The war went on—and Johnny Adams, aged ten, proudly rode the post, and felt he was serving his country, a little.

John, the father, came home. The war was not going well. American Independence, though proclaimed so bravely, had yet to be won. Mr. Adams strove to surmount depression—but when they thought of Washington, and the straits of Washington's army that winter, marooned and frozen on the banks of the Delaware, their hearts failed them.

On a day in early January, 1777, Johnny rode to Boston as usual for the mail, and galloped back again with a despatch for his father. And watched his father read it. . . .

Washington, the despatch said, had crossed the Delaware and taken Trenton from the Hessians. He had followed up his victory. The dark cloud had been turned completely inside out, and only the silver lining showed,

Old John danced for joy; the Abigails wept; and even dignified Johnny Quincy must have shown his feelings a little.

That was surely the most joyous night that John Quincy Adams

ever remembered—the night he brought the news of Trenton home to his father, on leave from the cares of Congress and the war.

The war, however, continued to have its downs as well as its ups. Ticonderoga, Philadelphia, fell. Then Saratoga was retaken in a blaze of glory for General Gates. . . .

Meanwhile, Johnny continued his Latin and Greek with Thaxter; continued to help his mother in the fields and barns. Till there came a day when his father, tired of the enforced idleness and the growing impotence of the Congress, became convinced that his own usefulness there was over. He begged, at least, for a leave of absence; obtained it; and returned, happily enough, to the law.

Clients proved plentiful for a local lawyer as prominent as he. The family entertained hopes of prospering financially, which it had not done for many a day.

But while John Adams was pleading an important case at Portsmouth, he heard a heavy rumor that he had been chosen to go to France to help Franklin and Lee plead with King Louis XVI for sustenance and recognition for the new United States. Silas Deane, the rumor said, was superseded; and Adams was the man. Adams, however, laughed at the rumor, and vowed himself the least qualified for such a commission.

Nevertheless, when he got home, the commission was awaiting him, embodied in a despatch that also advised him to place weights in his despatch-bags, the better to sink them should he be captured at sea.

He went to France, but not alone. Abigail would have given much to accompany him; but Abigail must remain, to care for the babies, the farm; and also to avoid a possible share in the ignominious fate of a "rebel."

It was Johnny Quincy who accompanied his father. At ten years of age, with a pride that may be conjectured, he sailed for Europe with the new Commissioner from the United States of America. Indeed, as the Commissioner's chosen companion.

In status, in responsibility, he was surely now a man in earnest.

In parting with that beloved mother of his, however, he was still a very small boy. They had been confidants, companions, for so long. They had shared hardships and terrors and infrequent joys. And life, perhaps, for each had come to seem a thing that could not go on without the presence and the support of the other. It was like tearing out Abigail's heart to rob her of her eldest son. It was like ripping away all that laboriously acquired manhood of Johnny Quincy's to take him from her. And yet more than anything she wanted him to accompany his father. And more than anything he wished to. His watchword, like hers, was Service. She had given it to him.

Therefore John Adams placed a postscript on the note that he sent to his wife from the vessel before setting sail. For they had parted, hiding anguish, in the cottage at Braintree.

"Johnny sends his love," John wrote. "He behaves like a man."

There were other children on board the ship. There was Jesse Deane, the young son of Silas, and there was a boy named Vernon. These two, in addition to his own boy, had been placed in the care of John Adams, who had cares enough apart from them. For the voyage was a hazardous one.

Their ship was the frigate "Boston," commander Samuel Parker, whom Mr. Adams knew well from earlier days. A lover of the sea, John Adams would have enjoyed such a trip with such a crony, even despite its known and obvious perils at this time. But there were the papers he carried. And there was the purpose, so dear to his heart, for which he had been sent out. There was also Johnny Quincy.

They had sailed, perforce, under the eyes of the British fleet. And it was indeed too much to hope that the British, always ready to run down a rebel craft, would not give chase to one with such a cargo aboard as an ambassador of the rebel government.

With the hourly expectation of such a chase, and with a growing conviction that he had been utterly wrongheaded to bring his son

along, Mr. Adams tried to fill the voyage with everyday existence and so to preserve the child's equilibrium. But to preserve even his own equilibrium proved totally impossible for the first days of the voyage. In the midst of gale and torrent, even the dread sight of a British sail giving chase proved insufficient to steady heaving sensibilities. One moment Mr. Adams, with the aid of the French gentlemen on board, would be endeavoring to give the boys a smattering of the Gallic tongue. The next, boys and men would be *hors de combat,* writhing on their bunks, while even the sailors "retched and groaned" around them. One moment John would be reading the classics with Johnny. The next, thunder and lightning would blast the world asunder.

And when the storm was over, the British came. But it seems that the storm had at least saved the Americans from the greatest strength of the British. Their adversary now was a letter of marque named the "Martha." With John Adams' consent—for the Captain had been instructed to make his first interest the conveying of the Minister to France—Parker engaged her.

Johnny, at a porthole, saw and heard the battle; felt the "Boston" swing around. . . . Felt her shudder mightily as a broadside gun boomed out. The "Martha" struck as the broadside hit her, and the battle was over in a small American victory—fortunately, or there might have been no Adams saga to embellish American annals. A skeleton crew manned the "Martha," and carried her back, with her cargo of prisoners, to America.

There were other thrilling incidents of the voyage. A thunderbolt fired the mainmast, and almost destroyed the Captain. A petty officer had a part of his leg blown away by gunfire, and John Adams held him in his arms as the ship's doctor cut off the rest of the leg. These were incidents of travel, which was extremely hazardous at the best of times, when riding under sail.

But they came to France at last—to Bordeaux, a haven indeed after such a voyage.

Thus Johnny Adams and Louisa Johnson, though they did not

meet just yet, both came to France in the year 1778, from surroundings and conditions as far as the poles apart. But the same cause brought them there—the cause of their country, to which, in future years, they were to add both honor and glory.

The Adamses proceeded from Bordeaux to Paris. Here Johnny's father accepted the hospitality of Dr. Franklin, at Passy, and at the end of a week of rare sightseeing and welcome relaxation the boy was sent to school at one M. le Coeur's, in company with Jesse Deane and with Benjamin Franklin Bache, the Doctor's grandson. The ten-year-old Adams was "much pleased" with this disposition of himself, as John Adams wrote to Abigail, "because he understood that rewards were given to the best scholars, which, he said, was an encouragement." Here he continued the studies he had begun with John Thaxter—Latin and Greek and letters and numbers, and how to compute and to deduce. And here, besides, he learned to perfect his French, and to play games that French boys played; also to dance and to fence and to draw, and to sing in tune. (He was never more of a singer than that.) And out of school he grew to be a favorite among his father's colleagues. He was on familiar terms with Franklin and Lee and all the brilliant international coterie that formed a Parisian setting for the sage who headed the American commission. And, seasoned as he was in regarding his father as his oracle, he looked upon his father's colleagues—or such of them as were his father's friends, at least—as spirits congenial to the gods.

He was having a wonderful time. Besides the novelty of his new schooling, he had many new friends, young and old. He frequently attended dinners in Mr. Franklin's house, where they still lodged. Dressed, as was the custom, in waistcoat and small-clothes like his father's, and with tricorne hat like his, Johnny learned to be a Parisian. Life had become, with the transition from America to France, a gaudy dream, in which "Pappa," the farmer-lawyer, went to court and bowed to King Louis XVI and his Queen, Marie Antoinette; in which the venerable Doctor Franklin entertained

ladies of towering snowy headdress and bouffant, bejewelled gowns, scarlet of high French heel and amazingly free with the cosmetic pot. Not all, though. People like Madame la Marquise de la Fayette hardly used any paint on their faces, or wore any jewels on their gowns. It was very confusing, when such a fine lady appeared so plain. But Madame de la Fayette was monstrous kind to little boys from America, where her husband was fighting. . . . The Americans in France, of course, flocked to welcome (or to inspect) the new emissary. A group from Nantes came the first week to call on Mr. Adams, among them Joshua Johnson, the brother of his old friend and congressional colleague, Thomas. Life was full, and unfailingly interesting.

When there was no company, "Pappa" would regularly enter with Johnny into a review of his studies, with advice and commendations that filled him with pride. Here in Paris, under his father's guidance, Cicero and Erasmus and their contemporary great became his familiars, and a working knowledge of ancient Greek the key to many literary joys.

As to the amusements that Paris could offer a boy, the father saw to it that Johnny drew his share. There was—novelty of novelties—not only amusement for the weekdays, but diversion of a Sunday, to which even a little New Englander could not be both blind and deaf.

Let it not be thought, however, that John Quincy had forgotten his mother, or her teachings.

She wrote him in June, 1778:

My Dear Son,

'Tis almost four months since you left your native land, and embarked upon the mighty waters, in quest of a foreign country. Although I have not particularly written to you since, yet you may be assured you have constantly been upon my heart and mind.

It is a very difficult task, my dear son, for a tender parent to bring her mind to part with a child of your years going to a distant land; nor could I have acquiesced in such a separation under any other care than that of the most excellent parent and guardian who accompanied you. You have arrived at

years capable of improving under the advantages you will be likely to have, if you do but properly attend to them. They are talents put into your hands, of which an account will be required of you hereafter; and, being possessed of one, two, or four, see to it that you double your numbers. . . .

. . . Great learning and superior abilities, should you ever possess them, will be of little value and small estimation, unless virtue, honor, truth, and integrity are added to them. . . .

Let me enjoin it upon you to attend constantly and steadfastly to the precepts and instructions of your father, as you value the happiness of your mother and your own welfare. . . .

. . . You must write me an account of your voyage, of your situation, and of everything entertaining you can recollect.

Be assured I am most affectionately yours,

A. A.

He wrote to her as faithfully as might be, and for her sake as much as for that of the father who urged him, tried to keep a diary. Not yet, however, did the diary emerge in all its later significance, an integral part of his daily life. Perhaps it was true, as his father hinted, that he was not yet possessed of the necessary application.

Or perhaps it was that life itself was too changeable just then. For at the age of eleven the boy was plucked from his schooling and his little social successes again. The commissioner his father, tired of the inactivity arising from the fact of his having reached Paris too late for a part in the commission's successful work, tired of waiting for a new assignment that never came, had decided to go home.

CHAPTER III "LIFE WAS NEW. . . ."

IT must have been hard for the boy to tear himself away. Paris was filled with delightful surprises and surprising new companions. A few days before they departed for the seacoast, his father took him and a little French playmate to see the animals in the menagerie. The French boy's name was Edmond Genêt. The future was to complicate, somewhat, a friendship so enjoyably set in motion. . . .

There followed, not a speedy voyage home, but a delay of three months. Mr. Adams had expected to sail on the "Alliance," from l'Orient. But when he was arrived there, word was sent to him from King Louis that his Majesty was pleased to offer Mr. Adams and his son passage on the frigate "Sensible," in company with his Majesty's newly-appointed Ambassador to the United States, the Chevalier de la Luzerne. So John and his son, perforce, had to wait till the Ambassador and the "Sensible" were equipped and ready.

They spent a great deal of the time in Nantes, exploring seaport alleys and cobbled French courtyards and the lively business of all the little bridges. Also in visiting and being visited by American friends and acquaintances, in whom Nantes abounded.

Mr. Adams, in his Memoirs, frequently mentions pleasant hours spent in the home of Joshua Johnson, when they would talk of missions and consulates. of trade and war and peace. Undoubtedly Johnny and Louisa first met here and now—but it would be a lofty inspection that nearly twelve, and a boy, would bestow on four years old, and a girl! Since, however, it was Mr. Adams' habit to request the company of the children with their parents in informal invitations which he extended here, and at family parties which he attended, we must mark Nantes, in 1779, as the first meeting-place of Johnny Adams and the little Southern girl who was one day to be his bride.

In June, father and son sailed for home at last, in company with his Excellency and his Excellency's diplomatic secretary, Barbe de Marbois.

There is an attractive view of Johnny Quincy aboard the "Sensible," at sea.

Entering his stateroom one morning, the elder Adams found de la Luzerne seated on a cushion, and de Marbois perched on a cot, both earnestly taking a lesson in English from Johnny, who reclined at his ease on his own berth. The Ambassador was reading from Blackstone's Commentaries, the boy carefully correcting him as he went along.

To the stocky intruder halted on the threshold, his elegant Excellency remarked that he was astonished at so much knowledge in so young a lad.

"He is a master of his own language, like a professor."

Evidently the elder Adams had been the professor heretofore; and just as evidently he was unseated now, for M. de Marbois added,

"Your son teaches us more than you; he has *point de grace, point d'éloges.* (He shows us no mercy, and makes us no compliments.) We must have Mr. John."

The days passed, and the weeks, and they came to Boston again.

Back with his mother, the youngster was content to stay. The war, though it never left their minds, was no longer on their doorstep. And since the French had come, under la Fayette, d'Estaing and their brother officers, to take a part in the Americans' war against England, the burden was at least that much lighter. A semblance of peace, if not of comfort, could be the lot of those furthest from the battle-fields.

But only three months of familiar domesticity were to be vouchsafed the youthful traveler, after all. Only three months of that spasmodic schooling. (When he reached his eighteenth year, he could look back on no more than a total of three years' schooling in all). Then, with John, his father, he was off, somewhat against his will, for France once more.

Little Charles went, too, this time; and John Thaxter, Johnny's kinsman and tutor; and Francis Dana, who had been appointed secretary to the commission. Also the usual servant or two. John Adams was going back to lend his efforts to the making of commercial treaties—and, if possible, peace treaties likewise. . . .

This voyage was in no seaworthy vessel like the "Boston." It was taken, indeed, in the familiar "Sensible"—but this time the "Sensible" chose to spring a leak before she was well across, and had to limp to a forced landing at Ferrol, in Spain. There followed a wild journey over the mountains, partly on mule-back, partly in crazy carts, with intervals of lodging in unaired and cheerless huts, till

Mr. Adams made a bootless vow that never would he bring a child of his abroad again.

They reached Paris at last, and Charles joined Johnny in the school of M. le Coeur. But before they had been there long, necessity—the exigencies of diplomatic life and also his country's financial situation—took the father to Holland for a time. The boys went too, and experienced a brief education at the Latin School in Amsterdam, which Johnny for his part disliked so greatly that he never forgot his unease there. A short while later, the older boy gained admission by matriculation into the University of Leyden. This pleased him a great deal better, for various reasons which showed themselves in his initial letter to his father at the Hague:

Honored Sir,

Mr. Thaxter and brother Charles wrote both to you the day before yesterday, and as I had no subject to write upon I did not write. But I can now give you an account of our journey.

We dined on Monday at Haerlem, and arrived at Leyden at six o'clock. We lodged at the Cour de Hollande and saw Mr. Waterhouse * that evening. The next day we went to hear a medicinal lecture by Professor Horn. We saw several experiments there. In the afternoon we went to hear a law lecture by Professor Pestel. . . .

Yesterday afternoon we moved from the Cour de Hollande to private lodgings in the same house in which Mr. Waterhouse boards. Our address is Mr. &c. by de Heer Welters, op de lange Burg, tegen over 6 Mantel Huis, Leyden.

I was today in company with the parson of the brownist church, who seems to be a clever man. He is a scotch-man but does not pray for the King of England.

I should be glad to have a pair of scates. They are of various prices, from 3 guilders to 3 ducats. Those of a ducat are as good as need to be, but I should like to know whether you would chuse to have me give so much.

Mr. Waterhouse says that for riding I must have a pair leather breeches and a pair of boots. I should be glad if you would answer me upon that as soon as you receive this for there is a vacancy here which begins tomorrow, and in the vacancy is the best time to begin to learn how to ride.

* Later Professor of Medicine at Harvard College. A lifelong friend of John Adams.

In the vacancy there will be no lectures at all, but our Master will attend us all the while, as much as when there is no vacancy.

I continue writing in Homer, the Greek grammar and the Greek testament every day. I am your most dutiful son,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Johnny distinguished himself in his Latin and Greek at Leyden, and prospects of a real education looked promising. But it was brief as all his early schoolings were to be. The Commissioner, having won recognition from the States General and earned a portion of his fame in the masterly negotiation of a loan for the United States, returned to Paris and the glittering diplomatic set once more. And took his boys with him.

A shifting, dizzying life for a child. Charles sickened, and continued so delicate in health that, at his own request, his father sent him home in the care of some American gentlemen. Johnny resumed his lessons with Thaxter, and his periodical examinations at the hands of his father, recommencing with the latter those classical sessions *à deux* which had started on the earlier visit to Paris. "Our Greek breakfasts at the Hague and our Euclid suppers at Auteuil," wrote John Adams of these paternal lessons later. Both were well digested, the Euclid suppers in particular nourishing in John Quincy the growth of a mathematical turn of mind that was to bear fine fruit. . . .

Nor were the mother's teachings hushed by space or absence, or the value of them diminished by those elements. She had written him, on his arrival:

Your letter . . . relieved me from much anxiety . . . at the same time that it excited gratitude and thankfulness to Heaven, for the preservation you all experienced in the imminent dangers which threatened you. You express in both your letters a degree of thankfulness. I hope it amounts to more than words, and that you will never be insensible to the particular preservation you have experienced in both your voyages. You have seen how inadequate the aid of man would have been, if the winds and the seas had not been under the particular government of that Being, who "stretched out

the heavens as a span," who "holdeth the ocean in the hollow of his hand," and "rideth upon the wings of the wind."

If you have a due sense of your preservation, your next consideration will be, for what purpose you are continued in life. It is not to rove from clime to clime, to gratify an idle curiosity; but every new mercy you receive is a new debt upon you, a new obligation to a diligent discharge of the various relations in which you stand connected; in the first place, to your great Preserver; in the next, to society in general; in particular, to your country, to your parents, and to yourself. . . .

Justice, humanity, and benevolence are the duties you owe to society in general. To your country the same duties are incumbent upon you, with the additional obligation of sacrificing ease, pleasure, wealth, and life itself for its defense and security. To your parents you owe love, reverence, and obedience to all just and equitable commands. To yourself,—here, indeed, is a wide field to expatiate upon. To become what you ought to be, and what a fond mother wishes to see you, attend to some precepts and instructions from the pen of one, who can have no motive but your welfare and happiness, and who wishes in this way to supply to you the personal watchfulness and care, which a separation from you deprived you of at a period of life, when habits are easiest acquired and fixed; and, though the advice may not be new, yet suffer it to obtain a place in your memory, for occasions may offer, and perhaps some concurring circumstances unite, to give it weight and force.

Suffer me to recommend to you one of the most useful lessons of life, the knowledge and study of yourself. There you run the greatest hazard of being deceived. Self-love and partiality cast a mist before the eyes, and there is no knowledge so hard to be acquired, nor of more benefit when once thoroughly understood. . . .

You, my dear son, are formed with a constitution feelingly alive; your passions are strong and impetuous; and, though I have sometimes seen them hurry you into excesses, yet with pleasure I have observed a frankness and generosity accompany your efforts to govern and subdue them. . . . The due government of the passions, has been considered in all ages as a most valuable acquisition. Hence an inspired writer observes, "He that is slow to anger, is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city." This passion, coöperating with power, and unrestrained by reason, has produced the subversion of cities, the desolation of countries, the massacre of nations, and filled the world with injustice and oppression. Behold your own country, your native land, suffering from the effects of lawless power and malignant passions, and learn betimes, from your own observation and experience, to govern and control yourself. Having once obtained this self-govern-

ment, you will find a foundation laid for happiness to yourself and usefulness to mankind. . . . I have been particular upon the passion of anger, as it is generally the most predominant passion at your age, the soonest excited, and the least pains are taken to subdue it. . . .

I do not mean, however, to have you insensible to real injuries. He who will not turn when he is trodden upon is deficient in point of spirit; yet, if you can preserve good breeding and decency of manners, you will have an advantage over the aggressor, and will maintain a dignity of character, which will always insure you respect, even from the offender.

I will not overburden your mind at this time. I mean to pursue the subject of self-knowledge in some future letter. . . .

In the mean time, be assured, no one is more sincerely interested in your happiness, than your ever affectionate mother,

A. A.

Do not expose my letters. I would copy, but hate it.

Stern words, coming from a woman who knew how to laugh, and valued the knowledge. But she had been seared in the sacrificial fires, and her passionate desire was to give her country all that she possessed.

Johnny Adams was not to see his mother again until he was almost a man grown. Yet her influence remained as strong upon him, in all those years, and indeed to the day of his death, as if she had been constantly at his side. Her letters fanned the fires of his spirit, and his adoration of her made those fires glow without abatement.

His diary, started at his father's request, and as yet but a portion of a slender volume, began to extend, and to reveal a maturing perspicacity. Too young to be lured, as yet, by the dallyings of French court life, he was not too young to sit on the sidelines and make shrewd comment. It might have been Abigail herself! Youth and spirit and spontaneity were there. The spontaneity was to depart in time, and the youth of course; but the diary was destined to go down to posterity a monumental commentary on world affairs covering the entire period from 1780 to 1846.

When John Quincy Adams was fourteen, he fell in love. The ob-

ject of his affections was an actress. She performed in a company of children in the Bois de Boulogne, and was, like her admirer, fourteen. Such calf-love is poignant—though Johnny never actually met his adored. Indeed, when he was recovered, there arose in his breast an aversion to actresses as objects of affection that was never to die. But for the present he languished, and for years the vision of his youthful inamorata did not leave him.

It was fortunate that public life called this man-of-the-world from Paris for a while. His friend Francis Dana had been appointed Commissioner to the Court of St. Petersburg, with instructions to solicit for America the sympathy and the friendship of Catherine the Great. And as Mr. Dana's diplomatic secretary the fourteen-year-old Adams went along.

He was to act also as interpreter between his superior and the French Ambassador, through whom the negotiations, if any, would be conducted. For like the little Nantoise, Louisa, Johnny had acquired a perfect knowledge of the French language. Moreover, he had picked up on his travels a mastery of Spanish and of Dutch. So we find him an honored guest at the dinner table of the Marquis de Verac, the Minister from the French court. We see him strolling by the winding Neva river, and surveying the Summer and Winter palaces of the great Catherine, which marked the peak of the seasonal splendors of the Russian capital.

For fourteen months the boy resided in St. Petersburg. The mission did not meet with success; but Johnny saw strange things, and wrote of them to his father and his mother. He wrote of the Berlin of Frederick the Great, which they had visited in passing; of Dantzic and Königsberg and Riga. His trained young mind noted the plight of Russian farmers, studied the history of Russian towns. He wrote of the court of Catherine; of her despotism, of her nobles and their armies of serfs. In his mind a hatred of slavery was already deeply rooted. He wrote of the Russian feudal system and its evils, and was anything but blind to the scars of revolution under which the Russian body politic still smarted, and had smarted for generations.

Abigail, in far-away Massachusetts, drank it all in. Her answering letters nourished the growing love of freedom in her son, and complimented and encouraged the vision. But this early visit itself, to a land still struggling, was sufficient to make a deep impression on a plastic mind—an impression that time and circumstance only stamped deeper.

His youth was again in abeyance. In Russia he read grave volumes of history and made translations from the Latin. Here, also, he enlarged his poetic acquaintance, sowing the seeds of a love of poetry that grew as he grew older.

Incidentally he was something of a connoisseur, boldly criticizing no less a personage than Voltaire for inaccuracies in his description of St. Petersburg, and with infinite awareness noting the customs, the topography, the prospect of the cities he saw.

His own prospects for a real education were rather more problematical than ever. Imbued with his father's desire that he should not fail to pursue his studies, he was highly incensed at St. Petersburg's lack of schools,

> . . . and but very few private teachers, who demand at the rate of 90 pounds sterling a year for an hour and a half each day. Mr. Dana don't chuse to employ any at that extravagant price without your positive orders, but I hope I shall be able to go on alone. . . .

Go on alone he did—and in more senses than one. The mission was terminating, still without success, or even recognition. He had a great deal of time on his hands, but Mr. Dana, fortunately, subscribed to an English library in St. Petersburg. By this means Johnny continued his studies, read Hume and Mrs. Macaulay, and started to teach himself German.

But soon he proved that he could be as impatient as his father when it came to sterile missions and consequent cooling of heels. The mission definitely at an end, he decided not to wait for Mr. Dana, who planned to remain till the winter was over, when the ice in the Russian seas would break and travel would be easier.

Johnny determined to make his own way back to Holland, across a snow-bound Europe, alone.

Hague, July twenty-third, 1783.

Honoured Mamma,

It is indeed a long time since I have received any letters from my friends in America, and I must own I have been a little behind-hand within these two years in writing to them. However, I hope they will consider that I have been all that time almost at the world's end, or to make the best of it, in such an *out of the way* place, as made it very inconvenient to write. But, I should think myself deficient in my duty, if I should let pass the present opportunity, without giving you some account of my travels since I left Mr. Dana. . . .

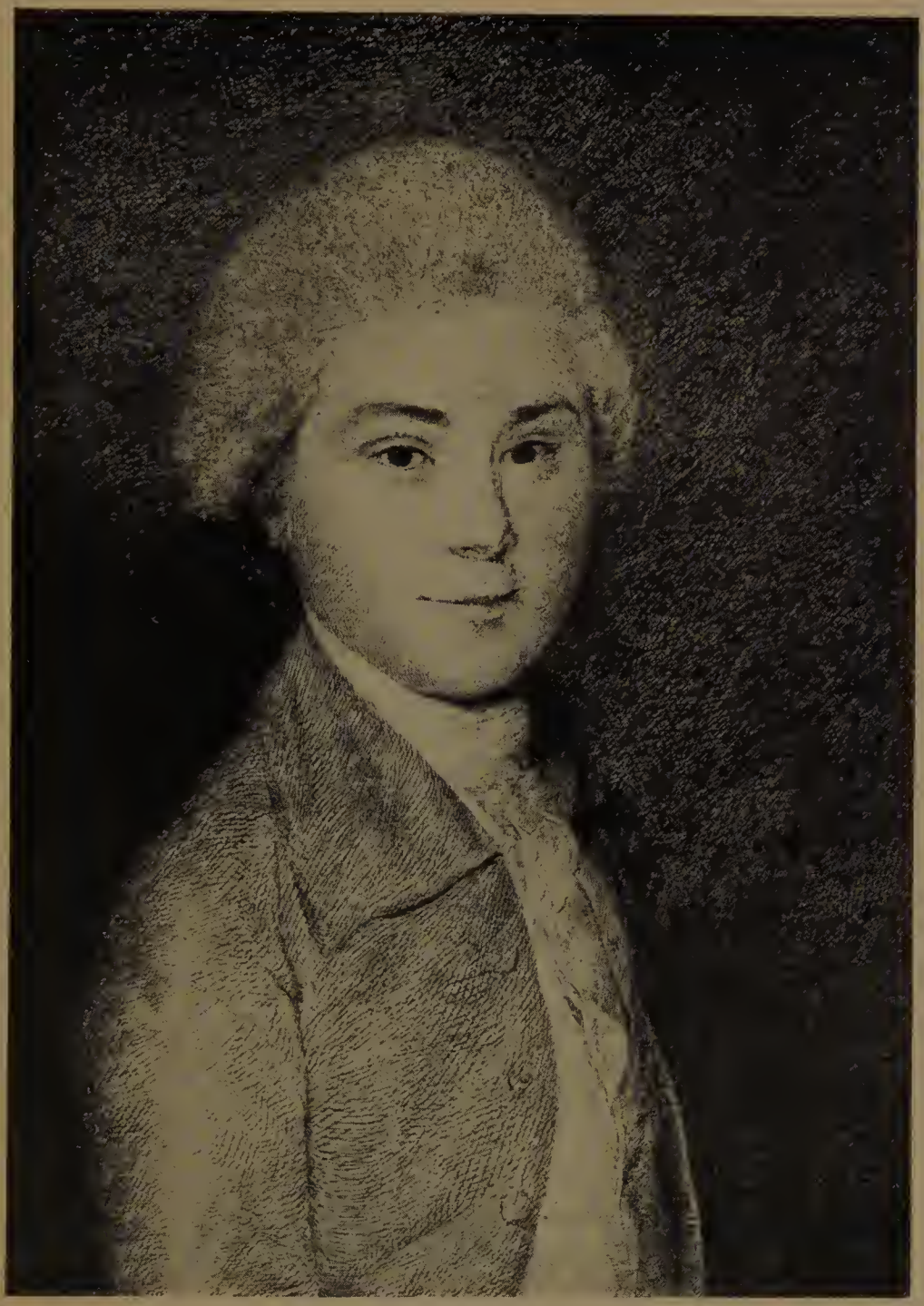
He was glad to gratify the wishes of his "honoured Mamma," and enliven the drear days that she spent alone with her remaining children in a war-weary land. At all times he observed, and at convenient times he transmitted his observations for her delectation.

She would not expect, she had told him, the precision of a Robertson, nor the elegance of a Voltaire—of which he gravely reminded her as he made his youthful representations.

He left Mr. Dana in October, but did not reach his destination at the Hague, where he meant to continue his studies, until April. This was partly due to bad roads and rigorous weather, and partly to another fact. Young Mr. Adams, aged fifteen, had taken it upon himself to look into the prospects of future trade between Sweden and Denmark and his own country.

Well furnished by Mr. Dana with letters and credentials, he started his journey in company with an Italian gentleman, Count Greco. Together they traveled, considerably impeded by ice and snow and rough weather, as far as Stockholm. It took them six weeks. Here they parted; and Johnny remained alone for another six weeks in the capital of Sweden.

That he made the most of his stay is evident from his report, duly and tersely transmitted to his father, and bearing all the earmarks of a quickening mind and an increasingly sound judgment.



John Quincy at Sixteen
FROM THE PASTEL BY SCHMIDT (THE HAGUE, 1783)

The Swedes (he says) are in general good friends to America, but seem to be a little afraid for their mines; however they are well disposed for carrying on commerce with America, and there is a merchant here named Cederström, who has a brother lately settled in Boston. . . . Mr. Brandenburg, in Stockholm, intends to send a vessel to some part of America this spring. He desired me to let him know what would be the best articles he could send, and gave me a list of the exports of Sweden, a copy of which I have sent to Mr. D., desiring him to answer Mr. Brandenburg as I was not certain myself about the matter.

He liked Sweden, better than France or Holland or Germany or Russia. And he expressed his admiration of King Gustavus III, who had lately emerged from the thraldom of his nobles and bent his efforts in his people's behalf.

At the end of December the boy left Stockholm, and journeyed by way of Norrkoping and Gothenburg to Copenhagen. The arctic winter followed him, and halted him often—sometimes for weeks.

At the Danish capital he found his friend Count Greco, and the two decided to take passage together on a vessel that was sailing in three days' time for Kiel, in Germany. But once again the elements decided for them, and after three weeks of waiting for a favorable sailing wind, they were halted by the freezing of the waters of Copenhagen harbor, and perforce faced another land journey.

The Danes did not please young Adams as had the people of Sweden, though he found that an envoy to America had been designated from Denmark. Nor, assuredly, did Christian II, who was on the verge of that imbecility which was later to dethrone him, rank in the traveler's estimation with Gustavus of Sweden.

Johnny reached Hamburg in mid-March, and sojourned there for nearly a month.

It is a large city, quite commercial, and will, I dare say, carry on hereafter a great deal of trade with America.

From Hamburg to Bremen. . . . At Bremen he inspected the world-famous cellars—and tasted some 160-year-old Rhenish wine.

He was in Bremen four days. At the end of them, he proceeded

at last, by way of Amsterdam, to the Hague. Here he resumed his studies under the tutelage of his father's agent, Monsieur Dumas. And here, a short while later, his father joined him.

It might have been that he expected to settle down now somewhat, after his strenuous journeyings. Or he may, by this time, have known what to expect.

They remained at the Hague for three weeks, at the close of which the Minister hurried away on some important business that was brewing in the French capital. And took his son.

John Adams was not over-popular in diplomatic circles in Paris. Indeed, while de Vergennes, the French foreign minister, and Dr. Franklin fenced with words in disarming fashion, the plain-spoken Adams had been tactfully directed towards Holland, where he could be enormously useful in the way of financial diplomacy. And had as tactfully withdrawn in that direction. But now a moment had arrived when plain-spoken statesmen and cautious diplomats could get together.

The American Revolution was over. The Americans were the victors.

Franklin, Adams, Jay, Laurens were about to meet with a British delegation in Paris, for the purpose of formulating a peace treaty.

When peace had been effected, and John Adams had played his conspicuous part in its effectuation, and the proud Johnny Quincy had actually been allowed to transcribe more than one of the historic peace documents, there was other cause for joy and excitement.

The two Abigails, mother and sister, were coming to Europe to join their seasoned and their youthful envoys.

It was springtime for the elegant, well-read lad—so well-read, indeed, that his bookish voracity at this time seems to have been a little too much, even for his father. Mr. Adams wished the boy would give a little more time to play—he was inclined to be fat, like his sire. . . .

Well, that delayed youth, whose savor was none the less sweet

by reason of its elusiveness, was awakening now. With vivacious sister Abby on her way, playtime would not much longer be in abeyance.

He enjoyed a brief trip to London, with his father, more or less incognito, to view the landmarks and the beauties of that capital. They wandered through museums, visited the play, reveled in the view along the Thames from their lodging in Osborne's Hotel, in the Adelphi. They called on old friends—among them the Johnsons of Maryland, returned from Nantes, and living in an old house on Great Tower Hill. Louisa was only eight—and it is all too obvious that at eight she still made, if he saw her, but little impression on the youthful diarist.

For the present he was far more interested in other wonders of his adolescence. . . .

Back in Paris again, we find him, at seventeen, only on occasion now a mere spectator on the sidelines. More often he is surveying the exact cut of his silken coat, the nice powdering of his hair, the gleam of his shoe-buckles, preparatory to looking curiously into those lures which Paris, in the laughing years before the holocaust, offered so lavishly. . . .

Almost fifty years later, a more familiar John Quincy Adams remembered this springtime of his youth:

> There is a character of romantic wildness about the memory of my travels in Europe from 1778 to 1785, which gives it a tinge as if it was the recollection of something in another world. Life was new, everything was surprising, everything carried with it a deep interest. . . .

But to Abigail Adams when she at length arrived, the most surprising thing of all in Europe was her own elegant, grown-up son.

CHAPTER IV A TRAVELER GOES HOME

IT was indeed no longer a little boy whom Abigail would press to her bosom. With waistcoat, small-clothes, hat and sword in the very latest style, Johnny Quincy cut a figure.

On May seventeenth, 1784, his father having returned to Holland, Johnny came back to London with a very high heart, to meet his mother and sister.

They had said that they would sail with Captain Callahan, and Callahan's vessel was now looked for daily. Johnny would act as his father's proxy, meet the ladies, and bring them back to the Hague, or on to Paris—the ultimate destination to be dictated by eventualities in Mr. Adams' affairs.

It was monstrous impatient waiting, but to this student of world politics it was hardly dull. At the moment of his arrival, the constituency of Westminster, in the heart of London, was going wild over a victory at the polls of Charles James Fox,—a victory which, despite the support of her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire and his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, seems to have had its doubtful aspects. Parliament opened on the nineteenth, to debate, among other subjects, the Westminster election and the general issue of parliamentary reform.

Before the debate was an issue decided, the seventeen-year-old John Quincy Adams, sitting attentively in the gallery of the House, had heard Fox, Lord North, Sheridan and Lee orating on the one side; William Pitt, the Prime Minister, and Lord Mulgrave, Kenyon, Arden and Wilberforce on the other,

> . . . and if I may be allowed to give my opinion, Mr. Pitt is upon the whole the best and most pleasing speaker of them all. He has much grace in speaking and has an admirable choice of words. He speaks very fluently, so distinctly that I did not lose a word of what he said, and he was not once embarrassed to express his ideas. Mr. Fox on the contrary speaks with such

an amazing heat and rapidity that he often gets embarrassed and stammers some time before he can express himself. His ideas are all striking, but they flow upon him in such numbers that he cannot communicate them without difficulty. I should think he would carry all before him if he spoke to persons who were to be convinced by anything that was said. Lord North is very cool, but does not I think speak like either of the two before mentioned. Mr. Sheridan speaks extremely fast, and has a wonderful facility of expression, but is not so distinct as Mr. Pitt. There, Sir, (he is writing to his father), in obedience to your command have I given you my opinion of the eloquence of several great orators. If it is erroneous, my judgment is in fault, for I have followed in this matter the ideas of no one. . . .

In the face of such detached and impartial opinions, one is tempted to wonder what were the secret emotions of a self-possessed young diplomat on seeing and hearing for the first time in person that same Lord North whose very name had used to strike terror to the hearts of little American boys and girls as the author of all their woes and the robber of all their childhood. Whatever these emotions may have been, John Quincy's detachment and his impartiality seem to have been well-rooted. Next day, though Pitt came out a glorious and relished victor,

Lord North made a masterly speech against the motion, and was about two hours and an half delivering it. . . . I have never been so much pleased with the debates as that day . . .

—or so much surprised, either, apparently; for that day he saw Fox go over in support of the motion aimed chiefly against himself, and become active in its behalf—Mr. Fox, with a small impediment in his speech, and a nose that seemed stopped by a cold when he spoke,

whereas Mr. P. has the clearest voice and most distinct pronunciation of any person I ever remember to have heard.

Meanwhile, May passed, and the expected vessel arrived—without the looked-for ladies. It was a cruel disappointment.

London, however, had been agreeable socially, also. He met many acquaintances from home, and formed at least one new friendship —with a fellow-countryman, young William Vans Murray of

Maryland—that was to survive the struggles and the pitfalls of diplomatic brotherhood and endure for a lifetime.

But he longed to see his mother, and the sister he could not picture as anything but a little girl.

All he got, at the end of a month of waiting, was letters to carry back to his father at the Hague. And if his own melancholy was great at the disappointment, how far greater was his father's!

By the irony of fate, the ladies arrived on another vessel soon after he left London. Back he sped. . . .

And there, in the now familiar Osborne's Hotel, in the old Adelphi, Abigail gathered to her heart a strange young exquisite, tall for his age, symmetrical of profile and of silken calf—a Parisian and a man-of-the-world. He had gone from her a rather forlorn, however valiant, little boy.

Her feelings were excusably chaotic; but her radiance vied with his. . . .

And then there was "little Abby," the sister of nineteen, pretty, vivacious, dark-eyed and most daintily dressed. In short, as charming a stranger to her former playmate Johnny as he to her.

They tarried a little. There was a coach to be procured, and instructions must come from John. Of evenings, Johnny would carry his sister off to the play, or to some display of art, or to visit American friends. They took their mother along, if they could cajole her. But often they could not. She was busy all day with entertaining and being entertained, and with getting to know the London sights and streets and shops and meeting-houses. Also with visits to the mantua-makers. She was tired, and more—she was unbearably impatient for a dreamed-of reunion.

It was while the young ones were at the play one night, and Abigail sat counting the hours at her lodging, that the husband and father, his business at the Hague transacted and his own patience exhausted, arrived, surprising her.

A delicious surprise! Felicity was complete now. The children came home to new ecstatic meetings. The daughter approved, en-

tirely, of her father, whom she had not seen for so many years; the father of his daughter. As for the wife and mother, she was utterly content.

At length a joyous quartet set off for Paris, where Thomas Jefferson, newly arrived as joint commissioner, with John Adams, to France, was waiting for an old friend's support.

And so we meet Johnny the gallant in Paris again, viewing the fête of Longchamps and the procession in the Bois.

> Everybody that has got a splendid carriage, a fine set of horses, or an elegant Mistress, sends them out on these days, to make a show at Longchamps. . . .

Afternoons, he would escort his mother to drink tea with Dr. Franklin, or Madame de la Fayette, or Mr. Jefferson or another of the many friends, new and old, French or American, who had a warm welcome ready for the attractive Mrs. Adams. He took her to the opera; went often, with Mr. Jefferson and Sister Abby, who was Jefferson's favorite, to the play.

There are glimpses of the Adamses making merry at the midday meal; entertaining noble parties of an evening; viewing the Tuileries, riding in the Bois, or enjoying the charms of their own spacious garden at Auteuil. Their temporary home was a gracious white house, set among the trees.

Letters from America were seized eagerly, news from their country thrice welcome. And in the intervals, the three who hung on his words would garner diplomatic gossip and the reflection of diplomatic prowess as it shone forth from the head of the family, who might not be its most popular member outside the charmed circle, but was most certainly so within. The very bluff honesty that so antagonized some, enchanted, here. Nevertheless, the son of the house could not fail to learn, if he did not know it already, that a man who insists on walking the straight path must very often walk alone. More, that the child of such a man may well possess a heritage, not only of honesty of purpose, but of isolation also. If Johnny

learned this, he was proud. In any case it was too late for him to choose any different path. His mother's teachings, his father's example, were deeply ingrained.

But this was springtime still.

On March twenty-seventh, 1785—which was a Sunday—the Adamses spent the evening at the lodging of the attractively untidy, red-haired Mr. Jefferson. Here the news came, by way of a signal gun, that the Queen of France had been delivered of a son.

Johnny Quincy had been in Paris on the occasion of another royal birth, six years before. That child, however, had been a princess. This was different. This was a prince—a second son to ensure a succession which was to draw a heritage, not of loyalty or of majesty, but of blood and tears.

But let us quote young Adams:

27th. . . . This is one of the most important events that can happen in this kingdom, and every Frenchman has been expecting it as if the fate of his life depended upon it. One would think that after having a Dauphin they would be easy and quiet; but, say they, the Dauphin is young and may die; and, tho' the King has two brothers, one of whom has several children, yet the capital point is, that the crown should pass down eternally from Father to Son; insomuch that they would prefer being governed by a fool or a tyrant that should be the son of his predecessor, than by a sensible and good prince who should only be a brother. The cannon announced to us the birth of the Prince. The Queen was taken ill only an hour before her delivery, a circumstance which must have been very agreeable to her; for, a few minutes before she is delivered, the doors of her apartments are always opened, and everybody that pleases is admitted to see the child come into the world, and if there had been time enough, all Paris would have gone *pour voir accoucher la Reine.* The name of the young Duke of Normandy is not yet known.

On the following day John Quincy walked through the snow to dine with an old friend of his family—and of his country: the Marquis de la Fayette.

. . . . When I arrived there the Marquis was not returned from Versailles, where he went last evening immediately upon hearing of the Queen's delivery, but could not get there soon enough to be present at the Christening. . . . He told me a curious circumstance. The Queen was so large that it was suspected she might have twins, and M. de Calonne, the controller general, had prepared two *blue ribands* in case two Princes should be born; for the King's children must be decorated with these badges immediately after they come into the world. The Count and Chevalier de la Luzerne dined with us. After dinner I went with Mr. West to see Mr. and Mrs. Rucker, and afterwards we took a walk together in the Palais Royal. It is curious to hear the sagacious reflections and remarks upon the event of yesterday, made by the *badauds,* and it is pleasing to see how joyful, how contented they look. All take the title given to the Prince as no doubtless presage of his future conquests, and are firmly persuaded that it was expressly given to him that England may be a second time subdued by a Duke of Normandy. . . . The Palais Royal, the Spanish Ambassador's hotel, the Hotel des Invalides, the Ecole Militaire, and several other buildings were illuminated in the evening.

Next morning, when all the myriad candles that had blazed in their sconces had burned themselves out, and the buildings they had beaconed had taken on once more the beauty of the everyday, Johnny's father went with a party of gentlemen to Versailles, and was presented to the two-day-old Prince,

who received them in bed; there were half a dozen ladies in the chamber. There were three beds joining each other, and in the middle one laid M. le Duc, probably that in the night one of the Ladies sleeps in each of the other beds, to prevent Monseigneur from falling out. The King was exceedingly gay and happy, and his brothers *appeared* so too. . . .

And here is an entry on the twentieth—

Mr. Adams dined at the Spanish Ambassador's, Count d'Aranda, an old man 70 years of age, who married last year a young woman of 20—peace be with him!

Very much a man, and feeling his feet, is Johnny Quincy in deriding the vanity of kings and princes; but he is still boy enough to rejoice at having seen all the great ones of France together at the

Te Deum in Notre Dame; to notice that the illuminations following the Te Deum were not to be compared with those of six years before. Still able to watch with glee the men who scrabbled in the sand for the gold pieces flung by his Majesty from his coach in the course of the procession to the Cathedral.

Young John now began to think of going home. Indeed, he had been endeavoring to think of it for some time, but in such a snatched-at youth the flesh is all too weak. He hated to tear himself away from Paris, where so many of his years had been spent; hated to leave his mother and his sister, when it seemed but a moment since he had been reunited with them. His father, Mr. Jefferson, the la Fayettes and the many French friends he had made—he would miss them all, unbearably. He was loath to leave the concert and the play, the art galleries, the woods and gardens. Of the ladies there is no such particular and particularized mention as came a little later; but there can hardly be a doubt that, in his budding manhood, he was a little loath to leave the scintillating ladies of France, as well.

However, he felt he *ought* to go home, and pursue his studies at Harvard as his father had done before him, if he was ever to amount to anything that he himself could call worth while. Yet the temptation to remain was overwhelming. . . .

Immediate eventualities put still greater temptation in his way—but also offered an opportunity to be strong.

His father, in France, had long been awaiting a mission elsewhere —or a summons home. He was not summoned home.

He was, instead, appointed to the Court of St. James's, the first United States Ambassador to Great Britain.

His son, with a full realization of the significance of his words, confided thus to his diary on the twenty-sixth of April, 1785:—

. . . a letter from Mr. Gerry of Feb. twenty-fifth says, Mr. Adams is appointed Minister to the Court of London.

I believe he will promote the interests of the United States as much as any man, but I fear his duty will induce him to make exertions which may

be detrimental to his health. I wish however it may be otherwise. Were I now to go with him, probably my immediate satisfaction might be greater than it will be in returning to America. After having been traveling for these seven years almost all over Europe, and having been in the world, and among company, for three; to return to spend one or two years in the pale of a College, subjected to all the rules which I have so long been freed from; then to plunge into the dry and tedious study of the Law for three years; and afterwards not expect (however good an opinion I may have of myself) to bring myself into notice under three or four years more; if ever! It is really a prospect somewhat discouraging for a youth of my ambition (for I still have ambition, though I hope its object is laudable). But still

"Oh! how wretched
is that poor Man, that hangs on Princes' favors,"

or on those of anybody else. I am determined that so long as I shall be able to get my own living in an honorable manner, I will depend upon no one. My Father has been so much taken up all his lifetime with the interests of the public, that his own fortune has suffered by it; so that his children will have to provide for themselves, which I shall never be able to do, if I loiter away my precious time in Europe and shun going home until I am forced to it. With an ordinary share of common sense, which I hope I enjoy, at least in America I can live *independent* and *free;* and rather than live otherwise I would wish to die before the time when I shall be left at my own discretion. . . .

It is easy to deduce that the greatest obstacle in the way of John Quincy's return home to pursue his studies was himself. Of a surety his father would not hold him back—or his mother, though her heart should break at the fresh parting.

So it was a fight between hard-won youth and the familiar spectre, duty. He went home.

It is almost surprising to me now that I escaped from the fascination of Europe's attractions. . . (says the elderly Diary). My return home from Auteuil, leaving my father when he was going upon his mission to England, decided the fate and fortunes of my after-life. It was my own choice, and the most judicious choice I ever made. . . .

Once more this young man traveled alone—on an eight weeks' voyage to the land of his birth.

His ship, the packet "Captain Le Fournier," anchored in New York harbor on Sunday, July seventeenth, 1785,—and might have remained anchored there, but for the resourcefulness of her youthful passenger. None of the personnel, it seems, spoke English. . . . Johnny wrote to his sister:

> I was obliged to remain on deck all night, in order to translate the pilot's orders. Form to yourself an idea how I was puzzled to translate English sea terms that I did not understand into French sea terms which I knew no better. . . .

His host in New York was Richard Henry Lee, old friend of his father's and at this time President of the Congress of the new Confederation.

John Quincy had left behind a Europe more or less calmed down —the dynastic calm before the Napoleonic storm. He came to a United States unsettled, fearful as to trade, timid as to politics, bewildered as to conditions. Great Britain still endeavored to cripple American commerce, and for the moment the only plausible remedies appeared all too obviously worse than the disease.

Johnny was here, however, to get a college education; not to take note of politics, however they might lure him. After his years of worldly experience and adventure, he had come back to school. It was no easy task.

Even his entry into Harvard was not the triumphal march one might imagine it. True, the college authorities, in recognition of his father's public service, refused to accept any fees for his tuition. But that did not mean ready admission. To enter the Junior Sophister class, which was his aim, he found that it would be necessary for him first to expand his learning and even his unusually voluminous reading.

He came upon it all earnestly, in a swift revulsion of feeling against the gaieties and the dissipations he had left behind. Their allure was to envelop him again, but for the present he was filled with an overwhelming seriousness and a desire to improve his days,

his life. He was grimly determined, let "dissipations" employ their most artful wiles, to be studious before the age for college study should have departed from him.

He was an unusual acquisition for any University of that day—the bearer of a famous name, upon which, incidentally, he systematically refused to capitalize; a worldling in a world of unfledged youth.

John Adams had written a letter to his old friend Benjamin Waterhouse, now Hersey Professor in the Theory and Practice of Medicine, at Harvard—

This letter will be delivered you by your old acquaintance John Quincy Adams, whom I beg leave to recommend to your attention and favor. He is anxious to study some time at your university before he begins the study of the law, which appears at present to be the profession of his choice. He must undergo an examination, in which I suspect he will not appear exactly what he is. In truth, there are few who take their degrees at college, who have so much knowledge. But his studies having been pursued by himself, on his travels, without any steady tutor, he will be found awkward in speaking Latin, in prosody, in parsing, and even, perhaps, in that accuracy of pronunciation in reading orations or poems in that language, which is often chiefly attended to in such examinations. It seems to be necessary, therefore, that I make this apology for him to you, and request you to communicate it in confidence to the gentlemen who are to examine him, and such others as you think prudent. If you were to examine him in English and French poetry, I know not where you would find anybody his superior; in Roman and English history, few persons of his age. It is rare to find a youth possessed of so much knowledge. He has translated Virgil's Æneid, Suetonius, the whole of Sallust, and Tacitus's Agricola, his Germany, and several books of his Annals, a great part of Horace, some of Ovid, and some of Cæsar's commentaries, in writing, besides a number of Tully's orations. . . .

In Greek his progress has not been equal; yet he has studied morsels in Aristotle's Poetics, in Plutarch's Lives, and Lucian's Dialogues, the choice of Hercules, in Xenophon, and lately he has gone through several books in Homer's Iliad.

In mathematics I hope he will pass muster. . . . However, he has a foundation laid, which will enable him with a year's attendance on the mathematical professor, to make the necessary proficiency for a degree. He is studious enough, and emulous enough, and when he comes to mix with his new

friends and young companions, he will make his way well enough. I hope he will be upon his guard against those airs of superiority among the scholars, which his larger acquaintance with the world, and his manifest superiority in the knowledge of some things, may but too naturally inspire into a young mind, and I beg of you, Sir, to be his friendly monitor in this respect and in all others.

Johnny also carried a letter to that old campaigner, Samuel Adams—

The child whom you used to lead out into the Common, to see with detestation the British troops, and with pleasure the Boston militia, will have the honor to deliver you this letter. He has since seen the troops of most nations in Europe, without any ambition, I hope, of becoming a military man. . . . I think it no small proof of his discretion, that he chooses to go to New England rather than to Old. You and I know, that it will probably be more for his honor and his happiness in the result; but young gentlemen of eighteen do not always see through the same medium with old ones of fifty. . . .

Nor were those all of his credentials. His friend Mr. Thomas Jefferson had kindly added one or two letters of introduction of his own.

"I congratulate your country," wrote Jefferson to Elbridge Gerry, "on its prospect in this young man."

And in a letter to his friend and neighbor, James Monroe, he said,

This will be delivered to you by young Mr. Adams, whom I beg leave to introduce to your acquaintance, and recommend as worthy of your friendship. He possesses abilities, learning, application and the best of dispositions. Considering his age, too, you will find him more improved by travel than should have been expected.

Thus John Quincy came under the influence of distinguished friends, both old and new. But he needed little urging to keep before him his parents' hopes and fears for his future.

At the end of September, 1785, he went to live for a time in the house of his uncle, William Shaw, at Haverhill, there to acquire the extra learning necessary to admit him to the Junior Sophister; for not only was Uncle Shaw an eminent local cleric, and thus inevit-

ably of the tutoring fraternity, but Aunt Shaw, like her sister Abigail, also possessed an erudite mind and a brilliant personality. Aunt Shaw was the Miss Betsy of Weymouth parsonage days.

It was a happy time for Johnny. He was frequently with his two younger brothers again—a hero, without a doubt, in their eyes, although they might not allow him to perceive it. He felt for his uncle and aunt a great affection, which was fully reciprocated. Under such guidance he could not, or at least he should not, fail.

Politics still lured him, on occasion, and almost in spite of himself he continued an observant analyst of political figures.

But his studies absorbed the major portion of his time. He was indeed straining to leap into the arena of learning. And within six months he gained his objective. Within six months he was facing President Willard and three professors and four tutors who formed the examining board. These gentlemen tested him in Greek, Latin, Logic and Geography. (It was surely superfluous to test John Quincy Adams in Geography!) At the end they informed him that he was admitted, and—unusual favor—might reside in the College.

In the six months, he had gone through studies for which the college normally allowed two years and nine months. His initial goal was won. He was entering a class which would afford him some practice in oratory and a part in "forensic disputations" in metaphysics, which were included in the curriculum.

His college life proved a busy one—a period which forever after was to evoke the happiest memories. Now, if ever in his life, he was popular, and in the sun of that popularity his talents blossomed.

He did not often go into Boston.

> A person who wishes to make any figure as a scholar at this University, must not spend much time either in visiting or in being visited. . . .

For all that, his activities were not entirely curricular. He was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and another student organization. He joined with zest in many social evenings, both in his own room and in those of his classmates. The young men sang and played, in-

dulged in card games, drank a little, and talked a very great deal. John Quincy's grandson, Henry Adams, was to find no little amusement in the fact that his grandfather, as a young college man, entered into a serious debate with his friends, at some out-of-college social meeting, on "the Advantages, or Otherwise, of Marrying for Money."

The young man found joy in debate, in society, in analyzing his friends and their potentialities, in supping good cider, which his father always looked upon as a lengthener of life, and in playing upon his flute, at which accomplishment he was becoming most adept.

In 1787, at the age of twenty, he was graduated, taking his part in the valedictory exercises with an oration "Upon the importance and necessity of Publick Faith to the well-being of a community." Both as an oration and as his début in public speaking, the effort proved a complete success. He was "complimented and flattered on every side." The press was enthusiastic, and touched, of course, on his illustrious connections. And the speech was requested for publication immediately after its delivery.

John Quincy was pleasingly diffident about that publication. To Dr. Jeremy Belknap, who had requested permission to print the oration, he sent a request that it should not be published unless his young friend Thaddeus Harris could be persuaded to publish his poem marking the same occasion. In any event, he said, he wished his name suppressed.

Jeremy wrote back with a tribute to the young man's modesty. But is it not a part of modesty, asked Jeremy, that it will not doggedly refuse persuasion? He begged young Mr. Adams to allow the publication, regardless of Mr. Harris' poem. And he begged him also to reveal himself as the author, since the name of Adams was such a source of public pride. Perhaps, said Mr. Belknap, a word as to the difficulty with which the paper had been procured from the orator would lend grace to its publication. . . .

To which John Quincy replied that he was just as anxious to

avoid the charge of obstinacy as he was to avoid the charge of presumption.

. . . But I fear, Sir, that persons of judgment and candor who were present at Commencement, and who would therefore be proper judges of the comparative merit of the performances on that day, would be displeased to see mine alone in print, and would reasonably think it a breach of common decency in me to consent to it. This is my objection. I only request that you would weigh it in your own mind, and I will leave it to you to determine whether I ought not to prevent the publication. Judge me impartially, and without favor and I shall readily submit to your decision.

He rejected point-blank, however, the suggestion that anything should be said as to the difficulty of procuring the oration. Also he reiterated his wish that his name should not be mentioned, because, he said, it was not the custom to acknowledge the authorship of such college orations. And he went further: He assured Dr. Belknap that the last thing he wanted was to ride to popularity on the wave of his father's accomplishments.

But, youthfully fearful still of a misconstruction of his motives, he left even that point to Dr. Belknap's judgment. And in the end the oration was published, with honors to the orator.

"One such day every year would ruin me," wrote John Quincy. But he was obviously dissembling his pride.

Equally gratifying must have been his father's comment, received many weeks later:

Grosvenor Square, Jan. twenty-third, 1788.

My Dear John,—

I am much pleased with your oration and much obliged to you for it. It seems to me, making allowance for a father's partiality, to be full of manly sense and spirit. By the sentiments and principles in that oration, I hope you will live and die, and if you do I don't care a farthing how many are preferred to you, for style, elegance and mellifluence.

To Vattel and Burlamaqui, whom you say you have read, you must add Grotius and Puffendorf and Heineccius, and besides this you should have some volume of Ethicks constantly on your table. Morals, my boy, Morals should be, as they are eternal in their nature, the everlasting object of your pursuit. . . .

But let me advise you in another art, I mean oratory, not to content yourself with Blair and Sherridan, but to read Cicero and Quintilian,—and to read them with a dictionary, grammar, pen and ink, for Juvenal is very right.

Studium sine Calamo Somnium.

Preserve your Latin and Greek like the apple of your eye. . . .

The young man's personal satisfaction with his collegiate acquisition is characteristically evident from his sentiments on leaving college.

I consider as one of the most fortunate circumstances of my life that I came from Europe as I did; it has been of great and real service to me in many particulars. It has reduced my opinion of myself and of my future prospects to a nearer level with truth; so that making allowances for the natural exaggerations of youth, I do not overrate myself more than people in general are apt to do.

CHAPTER V YOUTH

WHAT, then, of the lures from which Johnny had so resolutely turned away? What was the London that had constituted his main alternative choice? For that London still contained, not only Johnny Quincy's parents, the Ambassador and his lady, but also the Johnsons of Tower Hill and Maryland.

In particular, a blossoming Louisa.

While Johnny's parents existed in a whirl of setting up house in Grosvenor Square; of Court presentations little suited to the taste of a lady farmer; of visits from dukes and earls and princely ambassadors; of crowding and harassing official duties; Louisa, aged ten, was learning to be a somewhat exotic Southern belle. That is to say, she was imbibing music and the arts, deportment and the graces, probably at the hands of her mother. Busy hands, since Louisa's brothers and sisters numbered seven.

It was a London of definite fashion. A lady might take her promenade in the park attired in simple lutestring with a hoop below

it, and a straw hat; but at evening affairs she must see that her powdered hair rose to formidable heights; that there were jewels in it, and flowers and ribbons too, betimes. The materials of her gown must be of the richest, her "coat" of tiffany, her "waist" of silk, her sleeves of gauze and lace, the becurled and snowy superstructure of her head surmounted by an upturned hat with a diamond clasp, perhaps, and certainly feathers.

It was a day when the fashionable thronged to Bath, to Ranelagh, or, in the season, to ball and rout, to concert and rare cantata or court occasion. The masses went to Windsor to see the King walk on his terrace, Sundays; to the show, the fair, the fight. It was the day of Reynolds and Gainsborough, of rouge and patches and "full-dress handkerchiefs." The silk-mercers in the Cheapside were highly patronized, and mantua-makers would come, bepowdered and becurled themselves, to cut and snip in private session with the feminine élite.

Nor were the males less exquisite—or less powdered and bepatched. Milord swaggered a little, in his satin coat and his tight breeches, with sword and buckles agleam. Milady walked with a droop—more nearly a slouch—and in general aped her Grace of Devonshire, who was more muscular than lissome in her famous charms.

There had flocked to London, as soon as the peace was a *fait accompli,* a great many Americans—far too many for immediate prosperity, especially since their trading was by no means smiled upon. Joshua Johnson's tobacco business was in motion again, but credit and trade alike were difficult matters—matters to ponder on.

While Joshua pondered, and built again, slowly, his lady entered somewhat into the Anglo-American social whirl, and welcomed such young Marylanders as William Vans Murray, who long remembered her for her gracious, witty tongue.

The house lay in the shadow of the old Tower of London, within the sound of many ancient chimes. On the smooth-paved walks of the Hill, or in more distant St. James's Park or Kensington

Gardens, and even in the purlieus of the grim Tower itself, Louisa and her sisters and brother took their constitutionals. In small walled gardens—their own or those of little friends—they played hopping games, or soldiers, or follow my leader round. And the house on the Hill was always filled with young folks as well as old.

Louisa had a winsome, pensive face—a rather mischievous little face, surmounted by fluffy blond curls. She had profited by her coaching in the arts and graces, and quite obviously had drawn a goodly share of her mother's celebrated verve. She could play very nicely on the spinet, and later on the pianoforte and the harp; she could sing and paint and could converse freely. In short, she was rapidly acquiring poise, and a background. And notwithstanding the English strain in her, she was very definitely an American, and still more definitely a Southerner, though she had never seen the land of her allegiance.

At a later day this Louisa was to shine as a scholar of Latin and Greek; but there is perhaps a suspicion that it was also a later tutor, himself nurtured largely among the ancients, who was proudly responsible for that part of her education. This London childhood and young girlhood of hers must have been given exclusively to gentler and somewhat less erudite pursuits, for, since it is the habits of adolescence that cling, and since it was Louisa's charm, her exotic grace, that was to adhere to her most closely for all her days, it follows that her childhood, when possible, was a tender one.

She grew up.

In 1790, when she was fifteen, her father was appointed American Consul in London. By this time, another ambassador had succeeded Adams at the British Court, and John had gone home to higher honors. The house he had formerly visited, on Tower Hill, now became the American Consulate. There, Joshua Johnson performed the consular duties, and exercised the consular rights (which at that period consisted largely in making pleas to the British Government for the liberation of impressed or imprisoned American seamen).

Also his social duties expanded—and being possessed of daughters, and pretty ones, on the eve of womanhood, he found that his Consulate soon became a rendezvous for young gentlemen with and without official business. There were gay times in that modest mansion near the Thames. The young men could talk and, more, fancied themselves, some of them, as "macaronis" and as connoisseurs of feminine charm. It was pleasant to be sought out by them.

But there came a day when their glory paled—as far as the pretty Louisa was concerned, at any rate. Soon after she turned twenty, there called at the Consul's house in London a young diplomat who, for savoir faire, for travel, for worldly experience, for promise, for sociability and even for a seasoned taste in young ladies, made all the "macaroni" constellation fade away.

He came from Boston, on his way to Holland.

But let him retrace his journey a little.

It had been, on the whole, a pathway more roseate than thorny. On bidding farewell to college, John Quincy had found himself with many good friends, and with a working knowledge of studies which he would undoubtedly have missed had he remained abroad. He belonged to a congenial fraternity, and the only fact he regretted was that he had not entered college a year and a half earlier.

Now he must earn a living.

The law was his obvious choice, and pleasing to his father, whose choice it had been before him. But, in a day which still awaited schools, or even classes, for instruction in the law, he was faced with the problem of finding a mentor as good as the great Gridley, who had guided his father into the legal arena.

On June second Mr. Adams, in London, wrote to his wife's uncle, Cotton Tufts, who was conducting the Adams' farm and business affairs, and keeping an eye on their sons in their absence:

A year will soon be about, and what are we to do then with John? What lawyer shall we desire to take him, in town or country? and what sum

must be given with him? and what will his board and clothing cost? and where shall we get the money to pay all these expenses? Shall I come home and take all my boys into my own office? I was once thought to have a tolerable knack at making lawyers, and now could save a large sum by it.

For the Minister to England was a poor man.

Indeed John Quincy would have rejoiced at gaining such a preceptor:

Should you return home next Spring and be yourself at leisure to instruct me, I should certainly prefer that to studying anywhere else. But if you are still detained in Europe, I should wish to live in some place where there might be society sufficient for relaxation at times, but not enough to encourage dissipation. . . .

Obviously the elder Mr. Adams was far too valuable to his country to be spared to be valuable to his family, and eventually his eldest son entered the office of Theophilus Parsons, in Newburyport.

Theophilus was then a man in his thirties, popular, and possessed of a flourishing practice, augmented, in the custom of the day, by the coaching of two or three young law-students. He was somewhat swarthy, dark-haired, but hardly yet inclined to the corpulency that was to mark the day of his Chief-Justiceship. Men noticed his eyes —"penetrating eyes, of an indescribable color," set under jutting dark brows. That he was witty as well as learned was to be seen in the tone of his surroundings. John Quincy, much as he desired to avoid "dissipations," was to be the colleague now, in the law office of the learned Mr. Parsons, of a trio of vigorous, laughter-loving men, whose spirits were exuberant and whose childhood had been more nearly normal than his own, broken up as that had been by world-travel and by experiences far beyond his years.

In spite of himself, their exuberance carried him away. He was twenty. He was good-looking, with features of a patrician charm, and a bearing, though anything but ingratiating, indubitably attractive. He found himself within reach, not only of the means of work, but also of the means of play.

Newburyport, in those days, was in the full flush of a prosperity

occasioned, paradoxically enough, by the late revolutionary war. Originally an insignificant fishing village, it had gone in somewhat extensively for privateering, in days when trading along the Massachusetts coast was anything but free. . . .

In John Quincy's time, riches had come to Newburyport, and culture had come also, and the social graces. Little square and quaint meeting-house, quayside where fish were prepared for the market, humble dwellings of humble people—all these yet remained. But gentlemen's mansions, four-square and immaculate, were on the increase among them, and choice wines had come to put a little out of joint the rum-distilling business that was, like fish, an industry of the town.

Fish Street had become State Street, and there John Quincy's lodging was situated, and also the office of Mr. Theophilus Parsons. High Street still meandered greenly along an eminence overlooking the issuance of the Merrimack River; but those who passed along High Street were not the same. For fashion had come to Newburyport with the rest of the graces. The ladies for whose smiles young Adams was now to compete went beribboned and be-laced, hooped and curled, and shielded behind huge gay fans. The men had learned to differentiate between good vintage and bad, and also between hose fine-spun or coarse, and broadcloth smooth or shoddy. While even the older folks were grown broad-minded in the matter of entertainment.

In this milieu we find a John Quincy Adams who is something of a dual personality.

Here, to be sure, is the young Adams who read Blackstone till Blackstone was an intimate, and strove mightily to digest the heavier legal fare served up between the covers of "Coke on Littleton"; who fretted at interruptions and seized eagerly any opportunity for discussing the past and the future with his tutor; who was characteristically industrious and just as characteristically dissatisfied with the results of his industry. It is a well-known John Quincy, gazing earnestly—a little too earnestly, for one so youthful—down the ages.

But another John Quincy has also arrived—he who could, and often did, dance till the early hours; who played the flute expertly enough to be in considerable demand as a performer; who could be persuaded to join the boys—stout Sam Putnam and the talkative Thompson; Townsend, who was so lovable and so frail in health; young William Amory and the light-hearted friends of all of these, on midnight serenades beneath the windows of Newburyport maidens; troubadourings that lasted till nearly dawn.

The first time he drank with the lads, he fully and characteristically expected to suffer for it. This was no college cider-quaffing. Nor was he disappointed. In the morning his head was lead.

"How well," observed John Quincy for the benefit of the hard-worked diary, "does the punishment fit the crime!"

But the next time, there was no headache, to speak of. . . .

And likewise in his early encounters with the fair—with pretty Miss Wigglesworth; beautiful Miss Emery; vivacious Miss Cazneau, and the ubiquitous Miss Greenleafs—he was somewhat consciously critical, both of himself and the ladies. But as acquaintanceship and confidence grew, criticism, inward and outward, subsided.

He could be tolerant now when "big bellied bottles" circulated until hands were too shaky to hold them, and some of the young gentlemen got "rather over the bay". He learned to be complaisant when asked to perform on his flute, though shy (and apparently with adequate reason) when it came to singing.

In other words, youth was warring at last with duty, and though youth was, in a way, to go down, vanquished, in the end, for the present a young John Quincy was enjoying himself in a completely youthful fashion.

There was little of viciousness about it. A horseback ride to Sawyer's Tavern for musk-melons and political backchat; a game or two of backgammon and draughts with Mr. Parsons after supper of an evening; a late meal of newly-shot birds; a round of singing that grew more boisterous as the wine flowed faster; and perhaps a troubadouring expedition to carry the lads into the small hours.

He began to evince, probably under the aegis of his master, who was an ardent amateur astronomer, an interest in the constellations; and currently, but more lightly, a growing predilection for what he was one day to term "amatory verse". Of both we shall hear more later. From being a lover of the poets he became an active bard himself, and indeéd, on many occasions throughout his long public life he was to confess that the divine fires of inspiration could put him completely off his regular occupations. So that even if posterity pronounces—and posterity does—that John Quincy Adams was no great shakes as a versifier, at least he was moved by the true poetic spirit.

At the office he continued as regular as might be, and as studious. The legal fare was thoroughly digested. Parsons' counsels were strictly conned and encompassed. The young law-student often burned the midnight oil.

But just as often, dawn would find him footing it with the fairest in the town, at formal ball or informal party.

The Newburyport diary is, in keeping, a youthful affair—a document that sometimes tries to be aloof and scornful but is filled with a *joie de vivre* that has somehow escaped a later censorious blue-pencil. It is the last of the journal that has done so. For though as a political and historic record the twelve main volumes that have appeared in print stand unequaled, as human documents they are sometimes strangely lacking. Or rather the lack would be strange, were it not for the hiatuses with which the publication is bestrewn. Those periods were placed by Charles Francis Adams in editing the work, and they stand in lieu of the more strictly personal entries. This procedure is above reproach. It represents both an inherited sensitiveness and a reverence for the biographical custom of another day. But we have reason in our own day rather to repel the figure of stone that is the result. And so, garnering the vital elements from irreproachable sources, we may perhaps be forgiven for an attempt to imbue a graven image with the breath of life, if in so doing we can prove that Louisa Johnson's courtier, and even Louisa Adams'

husband at times, was just as delightfully and attractively human as she.

It was all very pleasant. His brothers, Charles and Thomas, students now at Harvard themselves, often joined him; or sometimes he would spend a happily retrospective day with them at the college. He visited in Hingham, and sauntered down to the docks to see the fish prepared for the market. He went home for a few days, and read with the utmost enjoyment his father's journal from 1769 to 1776—from, that is to say, protest to Independence.

Meanwhile his legal training continued to progress. Francis Dana—that same Francis Dana who had taken him, a lad, to Russia—was now a Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court. John Quincy's affection for Dana was destined to endure for a lifetime. "A second father" he called him—and that was no mean compliment. In Francis Dana's courtroom, at Cambridge, he picked up the beginnings of legal procedure. And after court was over, he was to be found at Mr. Wigglesworth's, engaged in dalliance with that gentleman's daughter Peggy—"as sociable and agreeable as ever."

His mind below the surface was in a curiously conglomerate condition. He was reading Buffon's "Theory of the Earth" with analytical enjoyment; and he was striving, without very much success, to keep his thoughts off matters political. But the Federal Constitution was framed while he studied law; and how could John Adams' son resist studying that momentous affair a little, too?

He was not yet the John Quincy who leaned on that Constitution. It seemed to savor too greatly of the substituted autocracies of the European revolutions. In his later years his enemies were to embarrass him by facing him with his half-fledged views on the Constitution, voiced at the age of twenty.

Yet even at twenty he was not always so immature.

His taste in ladies, for instance, was crystallizing. When the unfortunate fair proved too artificial, he diversified his time by giving the young gentlemen his exclusive attention for an evening or two. But he found he soon tired, now, of the sole society of men.

Perhaps as a natural development of his adolescence, he experienced a period of gloom regarding his future. The prospect looked dark to him; fortune appeared unworthy; honors, an empty possession. It may have been that he missed the counsel of his parents, on which he had so greatly relied.

But more than all, the profession of the law was in as bad repute as ever, and with as little reason. He wrote to his mother in December, 1787:

. . . I am determined not to despond. With industry and frugality, with patience and perseverance it will be very hard if I cannot go though the world with honour. I am most resolutely determined not to spend my days in a dull tenor of insipidity. I never shall be enough of a stoic to raise myself beyond the reach of Fortune. But I hope I shall have so much resolution as shall enable me to receive prosperity without growing giddy and extravagant, or adversity without falling into despair.

I board at Mrs. Leathers's—a good old woman; who even an hundred years ago would have stood in no danger of being hang'd for witchcraft. She is however civil and obliging, and, what is very much in her favour, uncommonly silent—so that if I am deprived of the charms, I am also free from the impertinence of conversation. There is one boarder beside myself. A Dr. Kilham (I hope the name will not scare you), one of the representatives from this town, a very worthy man, and a man of sense and learning. Was it not for him I should be at my lodgings as solitary as an hermit. There is a very agreeable society in the town; though I seldom go into company. . . .

I have frequently been prevented from expatiating in my letters upon political topics, by the sterility of the subject; uncommon fertility now produces the same effect. I can only say in general terms that parties run very high, and that we are most probably at the eve of a revolution. Whether it will be effected in silence and without a struggle, or whether it will be carried at the point of the sword is yet a question. The newspapers will show you how much the public is engaged in the discussion of the new continental form of government, which I fear will be adopted. . . .

There were occasions now when he would go so far as to regret that the pressure of his legal training kept him out of the political arena. He was not to be content merely to chafe under that bit for long. . . .

CHAPTER VI RECOGNITION

ONE night at the end of January, 1788, John Quincy joined a sleighing party. The goal was Sawyer's Tavern, a few miles out, where the young folks danced till midnight. Young Adams danced a great deal with a lady named Mary Frazier, who was to narrow his feminine horizon considerably.

Thereafter he was often at the Fraziers' house. Mary was constantly in his company, at dances and on boat-rides. She became the chief object of his ardorous nocturnal flauting; while her young brother Nathan was an Adams satellite.

But the fact remained that John Quincy was not yet started on his career. More, in the forefront of his mind was the counsel which had been given his father as a young man, by the latter's own law-tutor, Gridley: Don't make too early a marriage.

> Happiness in life I am fully persuaded must be derived principally from domestic attachments; but a foundation must be laid before the superstructure can be erected. I hope I am in no danger from this quarter.

He endeavored to distribute his favors more impartially.

On a morning in the summer of 1788, a tremendously excited young law student, not waiting for stage or packet, for preparation or company, took horse and galloped homeward. There he embraced his fond and stately mother, and clapped his stalwart father on the back; and became, with an audience of Charles and Thomas, once more the proud young turkey-cock of Paris days. His father's ambassadorial days were over.

Three years before, through an agent, the elder Adams had purchased the Leonard Vassal mansion in Braintree, which had been sequestered since the war as Loyalist property. It was small then, and rather dark, and was something of a disappointment to Abigail,

fresh from the spacious mansions of England. But time and patience, and an ever-growing love for the old place, were to alter that. Johnny, who had been at pains to make it look as attractive as might be, helped his mother set the new home to rights, and with one thing and another, his fine plan to study as much as he would have done in Newburyport went to the winds. Brothers and Aunts and Uncles, all the Quincys, Smiths and Adamses, all the Boston and Braintree friends, many illustrious figures of near and far, welcomed the newly-arrived. Life was a round of visits and dinners and receptions; meetings and hand-shakings and honors without end.

There is a rare view of the three Adams boys together now, and in repose. They played upon their flutes and violins, they primed their guns and hunted wild birds among the cherry-trees, they went swimming in Quincy's Creek. The weather was warm, and John Quincy's reading—for read, of course, he must—was for once correspondingly light.

"Madam" went out to tea, and the boys did, too. And there were visitors all day long. Visitors to the ex-ambassador; to his popular lady; and to the young folks.

Johnny celebrated his twenty-first birthday on this holiday in Braintree. On July eleventh, 1788, he wrote in his diary:

> This day completes my twenty-first year. It emancipates me from the yoke of paternal authority, which I never felt, and places me upon my own feet, which have not strength enough to support me. I continue therefore still in a state of dependence. . . .

He went back to work at last, somewhat reluctant; back to his books, to his young gentlemen and even to the young ladies. He had known utter happiness at home with his parents and brothers.

> I know not that I ever left Braintree with so much regret. I have past my time most agreeably here these five weeks, and have had almost all my nearest connexions and dearest friends about me; but otherwise, almost all the time has been lost to me, and I must return to those pursuits which are to be the support of my future life. In the winter I hope to spend some weeks here.

There were, as it happened, plausible excuses for frequent flying visits home. His Phi Beta Kappa at Cambridge had invited him to speak at a forthcoming meeting, and a very proud father and mother were numbered among the large audience that assembled for the occasion.

Back in Newburyport, he strove his utmost to make up for lost learning. Strove a little too mightily, for insomnia began to trouble him. Sleep was rather to shun him for a long time, fight against the disability as he would; and at length his health became undermined to such a degree that he was obliged to seek, first the shelter of his aunt's house at Haverhill, and finally his father's roof once more, and his mother's ministrations.

From October third to December eighth he was home again, tramping the fields with gun in hand, riding his horse through leaf-carpeted lanes, or reclining in his room reading Gibbon and Foster and the "Institutes of Justinian".

For the last month of his stay he was alone. His parents had left Braintree for New York on the business of country. John Adams had been chosen George Washington's Vice-President in the first administration under the new Federal Constitution.

In December, John Quincy finally returned, restored, to his studies, and he did not see his father, the Vice-President, or his mother for a whole year. He had not met with his sister Abby for a great deal longer. Little Abby had married, in London, her father's diplomatic secretary, Colonel William Stephens Smith. She was now established in New York, the mother of two small boys.

But neither renewed separations nor new and signal honors meant that the future of the young man dwindled in importance for any of his family. As witness a letter from John Adams to Theophilus Parsons of July sixteenth, 1789. Said the Vice-President:

> Your testimony in favor of my son John gave comfort to my inmost soul, and from my heart I wish you a double portion of the same consolation. Will you give him leave to visit us when it suits his and your convenience. . . .

Abigail Smith and her beloved Johnny met again on a September day in 1789. The young man set forth by stage and by the Providence packet for New York, and after a tiresome series of voyages, at length found himself sailing alongside the rocks of Hell-Gate, "eight miles from the city of New York," viewing the pleasant islands that dotted the river, and the many fine country seats that graced the opposite banks. New York seemed almost homelike, with most of the family there.

Richmond Hill, the Vice-President's house, stood on an eminence commanding Hudson's River and the wheatfields on the shore beyond. There, that night, he greeted his sister once more, and shook the hand of her young husband, and beyond doubt was introduced to the two small nephews, William Steuben and John Adams Smith.

After such occasions, as, indeed, on most occasions now, sleep was something to be wooed. More, he had been vastly uncomfortable on the packet-boats, and was dead tired. And so, though President Washington and his lady were coming to dine, an exhausted John Quincy Adams went to bed.

He paid his respects to the President next day, and was in New York throughout September, attending the debates in the House of Representatives, going to the play, dining and conversing and generally relaxing at his sister's house and at his mother's.

October saw him returned to Parsons' tutelage, and in November he played a modest part in the civic celebrations of the town of Newburyport in honor of the official visit of President Washington.

> . . . I had the honour of breakfasting with him . . . at Mr. Dalton's. . . . Mr. Parsons was chosen by the town to draught the address; and his indolence was accommodated in shifting a part of the burthen upon his clerk. . . .

And now his thoughts began to dwell on the future, with mixed emotions. He was eager to be started on his own causes, but more than a little loath to leave youth behind. Indeed he might have chosen Newburyport as the scene of his legal labors, had that town

not been so well-stocked with barristers of the caliber of Parsons and of another Theophilus, Bradbury.

Or he might have chosen Braintree, were the scope not somewhat limited, and had not his young cousin William Cranch decided to practice there.

He therefore fixed his choice on Boston, and prepared to take his final leave of the circles that had known him for three years. It was not easy. The defensive screen of feminine charmers that he had created for himself had collapsed in spite of him. The lovely Miss Frazier stood alone.

He serenaded them all, in verse, providing each with a decent incognito that leaned toward the classic. He had looked for intelligence as well as charm, and woe betide the damsel who was speechless, or who put on airs. Mary alone—her sobriquet was "Clara"—emerged from the test of the passing years.

At seventy-odd, John Quincy was to be confronted with a lengthy ode he wrote to "Clara" in 1790; and, unabashed, he was to salute the immortality of an early love. That "Clara" had brains as well as looks is proven in the stanzas of that long-lived "amatory verse."

For Lucinda, Belinda, Narcissa and Vanessa; Nerea, Almira and Statyra all quailed beneath the young connoisseur's spiritual spyglass. While Clara—But let the poet speak for himself:

> I saw, I gaz'd, I lis'ned and I lov'd.
> The fleeting vision vanished from my mind,
> But love and Clara still remained behind.
> Ah, faithful lovers whom the muse inspires,
> Who feel the raptures of poetic fires. . . .
> Come, and before the lovely Clara's shrine,
> The mingled tribute of your praises join. . . .
> The partial gods, presiding at her birth,
> Gave Clara beauty, and yet gave her worth.
> Kind nature formed of purest white her skin,
> An emblem of her innocence within,
> And called in cheerful health her aid to lend,
> While Venus added, to complete the fair,

The blue eyes' languish and the golden hair.
But far superior charms exalt her mind,
Adorned by nature and by art refined,
Hers are the lasting beauties of the heart,
The charms which nature only can impart,
The generous purpose and the soul sincere
Make sorrow's sigh and gentle pity's tear.
Ah, lovely Clara, can a heart like thine
Accept the tribute of a muse like mine. . . .
For thee my breast with fervid ardor glows.
For thee my blood with rapid impulse flows.
By day thy beauties are my darling theme.
By night thy image sweetens many a dream.
On thee thy ardent lover's fate depends.
From thee the evil or the good descends.
Thy choice alone can make my anxious breast
Supremely wretched or supremely bles't.

This was love, and not unrequited. True, he fought against it, and confessed as much in self-revealing letters to his sympathetic cousin William, who happened to be in much the same case at the moment himself. There was his future, and also the lurking sense of duty. . . . Moreover, among the major ecstasies of youth is abnegation. . . .

Yet there is more than a suspicion that he might have offered all these as hostages on the altar of love, had he not been curbed. Mary's family were thinking of the future, too. He was, said the friends of Mary, a good enough youth, but his prospects were as problematical as his family was distinguished.

So they tore her from him.

John Quincy Adams was admitted to practice in Essex County on July fifteenth, 1790, after he had paid his master, Mr. Parsons, the sum of "one hundred pounds lawful money" for his three years' tuition. And on August ninth of that year he removed to Boston and opened an office in the house on Court Street, the property of his father, where the elder John had practiced in his day.

He was launched on what he supposed to be his life's career—the course which should carry him to independence.

With his father's consent, he removed the latter's extensive law library from Braintree to Boston, determined to be worthy of a beginning so well fortified.

But even at this critical juncture in his legal experience his thoughts were very often on matters hardly connected with a law practice. Politics, in a word, had become the breath of life to him. His practice was, in spite of himself, merely a necessary means to a necessary livelihood. Both office and future paled before an opportunity of supplying the Vice-President with youthful but seasoned views on that aftermath of war, the public debt; or on the internal political situation of the State of Massachusetts.

Still it was the legal arena that he was entering, where Sullivan, Tudor, Dawes, Gore, Amory, Wetmore, Harrison Gray Otis were to be his associates.

He conducted his first cause.

It had come to him on short notice, and he felt unprepared. He entered Court nervous and self-conscious.

> From this circumstance (he wrote to his mother) and from the novelty of the situation, added to the diffidence I have always felt of my talent at extemporary speechifying, I was too much agitated to be possessed of proper presence of mind. You may judge of the figure I made.

Fortunately, he had written in more sanguine mood to his brother Charles, who was able to allay the perturbations of the Vice-President and the disappointment of his lady. Said Charles, in a letter to his brother John:

> The person who is unintimidated upon such occasions has not the common feelings of human nature. There is a pride, a respect, required by the auditors, which makes a little confusion rather pleasing than disagreeable. I think that an harangue of fifteen minutes is by no means despicable for a first essay. Your father was quite consoled when he heard my letter, for that written to Mamma, which he had previously read, had led him to suppose you had failed and suffered a *vox faucibus hæsit* in reality. . . .

Before very long, the young advocate was easier in his situation—too easy, for he chafed. It was hard to sit and wait for cases, after roaming the world since childhood. He went to Town Meetings; kept himself up on the welfare of his native State, now beginning to profit by the current crippling of mercantile Europe; and in particular observed revolutionary France, and the intemperate reactions in America with regard to European efforts to subdue the new power of the French proletariat.

Early in 1791 an interest arose not unconnected with this alluring subject of national and international politics. To wit, Paine's "Rights of Man."

Out of its publication, backed as it was by the leaders of the "Jacobins", or pro-French party in America, headed by Thomas Jefferson, sprang occupation for an impatient John Quincy Adams. He perceived a danger, real and personal to the American people, in the conclusions and the theories of Paine. And as "Publicola", in the columns of the "Columbian Centinel", he replied to Paine with a vigor, a force and a perception which rose on wings and did not cease to soar until they had caught their author with them up to higher planes.

For the moment, most people, and in particular his adversaries the "Jacobins", were certain that the Federalist Vice-President, and not his son, was "Publicola". Even when the truth came out, there remained many skeptics who avowed that the older Adams shielded his public office under the shelter of his son's name.

But it was a young man who penned the letters of "Publicola". That youthful perception and judgment, born in the holocaust of the American Revolution, nurtured in the council-halls of many foreign lands, had now matured. "Publicola", true, was a personage to be reckoned with, but he was one for whom recognition was still to come.

The discussion as to the authorship of the papers insured for them a wide circulation. Madison noted "more of method also in the arguments, and much less of clumsiness and heaviness in the style, than

characterize his (John Adams') writings." Furthermore, there was fostered a discussion pro and con of Paine's theories—almost, indeed, internal warfare. Jefferson made known his opinion that his own sponsorship of Paine in the United States would have signified little if "Publicola" had not set match to its kindling. And the fissure which had opened up between two old friends, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, already as wide as the divergence of new-born political parties, gaped a little wider yet in the split over pro-France, pro-England, and Paine.

Antagonisms, however, never stemmed the flow of an Adams' patriotic conviction. John Quincy's pen wrote on.

"I am cultivating," he wrote to Cousin William, "the stoic philosophy, so that if the world frowns on me, I shall be prepared. And if the world smiles, I can always turn myself into an epicure. . . ."

These were busy days. He was named to town committees, thus officially opening his political career—and also deepening a growing prejudice against simple democracy in government; for it was the day of the mob vote in local affairs.

With his legal progress, however, he remained dissatisfied.

Our Court of Common Pleas have sat again since I wrote you; I argued one more cause, and was successful. I gain my causes, but I get no business. . . .

Slowly, however, his practice increased; and while it grew, with political point and counterpoint he continued to tickle the ribs of that seasoned old politician, his sire. Also he was engaged in translating for a new French-English newspaper in Boston an account of the French Revolution. His pen had "lain dormant" for nearly a year and a half. His silence was in large measure due to a reluctance to appear in print while his father was the object, as he had now long been, of Jacobin abuse. There was also the familiar diffidence and doubt that his services could weigh appreciably in the political scales, particularly in the absence of a made reputation as a lawyer.

Yet he could not hold his pen from local issues. As "Menander" he helped in the fight for a repeal of the law forbidding theatrical performances in Massachusetts—a law fiercely and eloquently defended by Attorney-General James Sullivan, who failed to share Adams' view that it was unconstitutional. In the same breath we find John Quincy defending himself, to his father, for employing his time with such minor issues, and giving the aforementioned reasons for avoiding larger topics.

He was warmed by the reëlection of John Adams to the Vice-Presidency. In spite of faction, in spite of gloomy prognostication, in spite of a solid vote in New York and three Southern States for Clinton, the "Colossus of Independence" had won again. In spite, also, not only of the Jacobins but of Alexander Hamilton, who had been forced to the expedient of withdrawing his opposition.

John Quincy went back to his writs—a sudden influx of them, in consequence of the breaking of the Boston banking bubble. Business in Boston was at a low ebb. There was an epidemic of smallpox. The winter had been a "remarkably open" one, which meant that the community had lacked good snow to travel over. And now on top of all had come this further epidemic, of note-endorsing, which had sent several companies into bankruptcy. John Quincy was not elated, since he throve "by the misery of others."

Moreover, he was feeling the tide, the overflow, of his father's unpopularity. But he remained single-purposed. He did not attend the civic feast of the town of Boston in celebration of French revolutionary victories. He found nothing to rejoice over in the avowed aims of the new French administration—a collective autocracy to replace a single.

Yet he was not anti-French. And he was by no manner of means pro-English. He was uncompromisingly and everlastingly neutral, and his highest aim was for a similar neutrality for his country.

Under the pseudonym of "Marcellus", he now propounded that aim, once more in the columns of the "Centinel". And in his natural character he addressed the inhabitants of the town of Boston, at

their own request, in a Fourth of July oration commemorating the seventeenth anniversary of the Independence of the United States. The oration, which demonstrated the neutrality of his loyal sentiments, met with universal applause; the writings, with the respect which young John Quincy Adams could now anticipate even on the part of potential adversaries.

It was hard going, however, for one opposed to the pro-French viewpoint. He persevered. And over the signature of "Columbus", he definitely succeeded in turning the tide of public sentiment, if not against a too-great admiration for France, at least against a too-great faith in France's new and somewhat ill-chosen envoy. This envoy's name was Edmond Genêt, and he was that same Edmond who had shared in outings with a little Johnny Quincy in Paris, long ago. But Johnny Quincy was grown up now, and a fighter for his country in peace time as he had not been able to be in war.

It was a real service that he rendered at this particular juncture. The Government was suffering duress in coping with a Franco-mania that might well have involved a bleeding land in actual warfare again—and with the same enemy. "Columbus" analyzed and disposed of Genêt, at least, until Genêt and his peculiar efforts to foster the Franco-mania were "out" beyond further discussion. And by virtue of this same literary contribution to one of the most vexed of the current problems, "Columbus" wrote himself into the orbit of George Washington's recognition and gratitude.

Shortly after the appearance of the letters, Edmund Randolph, the Secretary of State, was requested by the President to look into the history of Mr. Adams' eldest son. . . . A rumor was born that President Washington intended to appoint John Quincy Adams United States District Attorney for New England. But it came to nothing. Greater honor was in store.

. . . I see very plainly, (wrote Charles to his elder brother,) whither your bark is tending. In vain you may cry, *Quo me rapit tempestas;* it must be so. You must be your father's own son, notwithstanding the rocks he has pointed out to you.

But diffidence was not yet vanquished. Thus John Quincy to his father:

> You recommend me to attend the town meetings and make speeches; to meet with caucuses and join political clubs. But I am afraid of all these things. They might make me a better politician, and give me an earlier chance of appearing as a public man; but that would throw me completely in the power of the people, and all my future life would be a life of dependence. I had rather continue some time longer in obscurity, and make some provision for fortune, before I sally out in quest of fame or of public honors. . . .

There was, as it happened, no need to sally out in quest. On May twenty-sixth, 1794, John Adams, in Philadelphia (whither the seat of the government had removed) indited a personal letter to his eldest son—a surpassingly gratifying letter, we may gather, in the sending. It ran as follows:

> The Secretary of State called upon me this morning to inform me by order of the President, that it was determined to nominate you to go to Holland as Resident Minister. The President desired to know if I thought you would accept. I answered that I had no authority from you, but it was my opinion that you would accept, and that it would be my advice that you should. . . . Your knowledge of Dutch and French, your education in that country, your acquaintance with my old friends there, will give you advantages beyond many others. It will require all your prudence and all your other virtues as well as all your talents . . . be secret. Don't open your mouth to any human being on the subject except your mother.

And, said John Adams to his son John Quincy,

> Go and see with how little wisdom this world is governed. . . .

CHAPTER VII A DIPLOMAT OF TWENTY-SEVEN

IN a state of mixed emotions, John Quincy went to Philadelphia to make his bow. He was glad principally because his mother was so proud. The approbation of the President, thus signally demonstrated, and the obvious satisfaction of his father and his friends,

warmed him. He felt that this was a pledge on Washington's part for rational government and neutrality in foreign relations. And in those moments when it occurred to him that he would be in the active service of his country at last, even if it were only in the way of financial diplomacy, he was utterly content.

But there were other moments. He wished he had achieved a competency first, that would have rendered him independent of the perquisites of diplomacy. And he wished that his legal achievement could have buttressed him before he needed to fill a public office.

However, he did not regard his new status "in any way as a permanency." Here was a chance to do a piece of work for his country, and Washington had been kind enough to give the chance to him. When it was done, he would retire again to his practice and his little pursuits and, perchance, his writings. It is fairly certain that no premonition entered his mind that here and now he was embarking on a career of public service that was to endure almost uninterruptedly for the remainder of his long life.

He went to Philadelphia, and dined with the President and his kindly lady in their modest white house on Market Street; with General Knox and a goodly assembly—his official introduction, sponsored by Randolph. What the Philadelphians saw was a smiling young man of twenty-seven, no longer an exquisite in dress. Indeed, since he was twenty his mother had argued in vain with him to look to the neat setting of the details of his attire, for in neatness he grew progressively worse. But both his appearance and his countenance pleased. Both were honest, and the latter was as yet unmarred by bitter lines or the chill of disappointment. His promise of bodily growth had not held out; he was stocky and none too slender. But his mental growth showed plainly in his face. He appeared a pleasant, alert young man in a folded stock and quiet though smart attire, carelessly donned—though it would, perchance, not be too carelessly, after all, on this auspicious occasion. He still powdered his hair, but did not devote to that ceremony the earnest attention of other days.

Besides, it was broiling weather in Philadelphia that July, as he waited for Secretary Hamilton to return from a vacation and give him his instructions regarding financial duties. There was a matter of ransoms to be paid to the Dey of Algiers, with the closing of a tedious warfare and the release of American citizens long held prisoners. His job in Holland was to obtain a further loan, already tentatively opened with bankers at the Hague, to this end. Also to inquire into the workings of the treaty made by his father in 1782.

He occupied the waiting time in reading material in the State Department bearing upon his mission, including the six volumes of his father's dispatches to the Congress while commissioner and minister in Europe.

> . . . such a fund of information and entertainment to me as I have seldom met with in the course of my life.

Among the privileges of his new station was that of appointing a diplomatic secretary. He offered the post to his brother Thomas, a fledgling lawyer like himself. Thomas, who loved gay times and pretty girls, and would doubtless have wooed a carefree existence, hesitated. But he did not refuse.

John Quincy was at no time overwhelmed by the importance of his mission. The credit of the United States was excellent. There seemed no likelihood that there would be need of a resident minister at the Hague merely for the purpose of borrowing an occasional sum from the financial centers at Amsterdam. Moreover, the present situation of Holland with regard to France and England and the European wars made any foreign minister's tenure there extremely problematical.

Yet, like his father before him, he was forsaking a law practice just at its most promising, fully conscious of the fact that he must start at the bottom again when and if he returned to it; that his contemporaries and juniors would have forged ahead and he would have to consider past years wasted and start anew on a level with the younger men.

More, there was the circumstance that he was leaving family and friends for an unknown number of months or years—considering the perils of the seas, perhaps for ever. And above all he was avowedly fearful of continuing the process of becoming Europeanized—of losing his national character. He was afraid of the renewed temptation to dissipation. And he loved his native land, and was grieved to leave it.

He determined to set a limit of three years on his possible residence at the Hague. His appointment was "during the pleasure of the President"—which he construed as a tenancy at will. If the President did not recall him in three years, he would ask to be recalled.

But time was to decide that for him—relentless time, which now drew this young man of twenty-seven out of a comparative obscurity, a comparatively private and peaceful existence, and was never again, so long as he lived, to place either obscurity or peace, or any privacy to speak of, within his reach.

After Hamilton returned, and his instructions were completed, haste began to show itself officially. Randolph asked John Quincy whether it was indispensable that he should return to Boston to wind up his affairs. He answered that he could view nothing as indispensable at that moment that related to his private affairs. He would be ready to go from Philadelphia or from New York—wherever a passage could be most conveniently arranged.

It was from Boston, however, that he sailed at length, and that not for another month. Passages in those days were not so simply planned. He had paid a farewell visit to his sister at New York, where one day he took a dinner that he was to remember long afterwards.

Two Frenchmen graced the Colonel's board that afternoon—two exiles. One was a short man with a crippled foot—the Bishop of Autun. The other was, obviously, a fighter. The Bishop's more familiar name was Talleyrand. The fighter's was de Beaumetz.

Talleyrand was friendly but not loquacious. De Beaumetz was expansive, but mostly on other subjects than the ruthless arm of Robespierre, new to power and almighty with it, that had swept away the Bishop of Autun. . . .

The Adams brothers sailed aboard the "Alfred" on September seventeenth, 1794; an ambassador of seven-and-twenty, with a secretary four years his junior. Their ultimate destination, as we know, was the Hague, but no one could tell in whose hands the Hague might be when they should be arrived. The powerful French ministry was gesturing in that direction, and a growing number of Dutchmen were gesturing back in no unfriendly manner. The Stadtholder, officially in alliance with the European powers that were warring against the French, and long under the joint particular protection of Prussia and Great Britain, was by no means feeling secure. Indeed, those about him had long made plans for a retirement.

Such contingencies were embraced in John Q. Adams' instructions. He was to render intelligence of the exact state of affairs in the United Netherlands, and around them—particularly in France.

With him he carried "a precise account" of the recent "whiskey rebellion" in Pennsylvania. Also dispatches of the first importance for John Jay, who was in London on the business of an understanding with regard to the growing depredations of British naval vessels on American merchant shipping; and for Pinckney, the accredited minister to Great Britain. Therefore he would go first to London, to confer on a footing of diplomatic equality with two who had been his father's colleagues, haloed members of his own small-boy côterie of heroes. Thence he would proceed to Holland, to conduct his country's affairs where, not so very many years before, he had been a schoolboy.

For the present however, parting with his aging parents, with family and friends, weighed heavy on his heart, as he sailed away in company with Thomas. Among the party that sped him down

the bay was Nathan Frazier. The diary mentions young Nathan, and even his farewell remarks, but is as silent as the grave on any possibly tender leavetaking between its writer and young Nathan's pretty sister. Lighter history, however, does report that the young lady did not marry until after John Quincy Adams had taken a wife; and since Miss Frazier was beautiful and no wallflower, lighter history assumes that she was wilfully waiting, if in vain. At any rate, as young Frazier and another friend, Dan Sargent, finally left the ship, "it was," John Quincy confesses, "like severing the last string from the heart. I looked back at their boat, as long as it could be seen, and when it had got out of sight, I did not, but I could have, turned my eye and wept."

There was different cause for weeping before they were long at sea. The "Alfred," the likeliest available craft for the new commissioner's purpose, proved to be an aged tub, frail and even leaky.

> It is the second time I have been in jeopardy from a leaky vessel. It behoves me to beware of the third. Yet I cannot answer for the inducement of a concurrence of circumstances like that which brought me on board the Alfred.

Nor did the seamanship of the "Alfred's" master meet with the approval of John Adams' son. It was, however, and happily, comparatively calm for all those twenty-eight days aboard the "dull sailing" old ship. On October the fourteenth, Dungeness Lighthouse came into view, and the voyage was over.

The young men landed at Deal, by the grace of a couple of "piratical" boatmen. The moment of landing, says John Quincy, "was one of those instants of real and perfect satisfaction which occur seldom in the course of human life."

Thus, twenty-eight days after their departure from Boston, they found themselves at the Royal Exchange Inn, on the beach at Deal in England. There they rested, supped, waited for a post-chaise to carry them the rest of the journey. Terra firma was grateful under the feet, England was an old acquaintance to one brother at least.

And what more mellow amusement for a man who is leaving the first flush of his youth behind than to spend a few hours in introducing an initiate brother to a foreign land of his own acquaintance?

They breakfasted at Canterbury, dined at Dartford. In other words, by three next morning their hired post-chaise had gone clattering on its way.

The English countryside looked charming. Perhaps it was the contrast after the gloomy, apprehensive voyage; perhaps it was a matured appreciation; but these fields appeared more verdant, the harvest more plentiful, than of old. Opulence seemed to show itself everywhere. The roads were excellent; the cities through which they passed, flourishing to the highest degree. Few signs of warfare here. Fellow-travelers, met with on the highways, rode mostly in handsome carriages, drawn by fine horses. Once more John Quincy marveled at the neatness of the English inns, the politeness of English hospitality, the elegance of the shelter that was offered. He confessed himself enchanted—save only by the unquenchable thirst of the British working class for tips.

> Were I (as Walter Shandy says) absolute monarch of this Island, I certainly would make a regulation, that servants should be paid by their own masters. . . .

As it was, tip he must, and tip well—or sacrifice that bright and willing politeness that was part of the enchantment. . . .

But that enchanted highway itself could dismay, as the travelers were to find.

Strapped to the front of the chaise, under the eye of its more important occupant, were two trunks, both too large to be carried comfortably inside—a trunkful of clothes and one of dispatches—those secret and important dispatches from the President and the Secretary of State for Messrs. Jay and Pinckney.

John Quincy knew a continuous anxiety concerning those papers. All day, from the early hour of their start, till darkness fell again and he could see them no more, he kept the trunks under his close

observation. The dispatches for Jay, he knew, dealt with the subject of his negotiations with the British ministry. Secret machinations might well be working with an eye to the probable luggage of the young Americans. Moreover, he was aware that thieves abounded on these highways, and in the London streets.

In the darkness he could see the trunks no more, unless he strained his neck and his gaze. He was in a fidget as they stopped at a crowded turnpike near the city, to pay the toll. Pedestrians, horsemen, vehicles of all degrees pressed them close and made an awful clatter on the paving. He wished they were arrived. . . . London Bridge was yet to be crossed, and the busiest traffic negotiated.

The last time he peered out, all seemed to be well. But it was very dark indeed as the chaise drew close to the city, and began to negotiate the Bridge. As they rolled across, John Quincy fancied he heard a rattling above the clatter of horses' hoofs and the noise of traffic on the cobblestones; then a thud. He thrust his head out yet again, to the front of the chaise, to where the trunks had been lashed with straps and ropes.

No trunks were there.

"Stop! Stop!" he cried, frantically, to the postilion. The horses halted. Thomas leapt down, and immediately gave a relieved cry.

"John, I see one of the trunks—here beneath the chaise."

Another carriage was almost upon them, and as the young man spoke, the horses of the second carriage stumbled against a bulky obstacle in the road—the second trunk. . . .

"But," cried the practical John, when anxiety was over, "how came they here?"

"I vow they could not have fallen, sir, unless they were cut away." Thus the postilion.

The precious pieces of baggage were secured, comfort or no comfort, inside the chaise with the brothers, and it was with a heart still trembling from the agitation of what might have been the consequences of such a loss that John Quincy finally alighted with

Thomas at the Virginia Coffee House, below the Royal Exchange, where they were to lodge for the night. There, in the rays of a lantern, it was found that straps and ropes had indeed been cut, as the postilion had surmised,

but whether his sagacity arose from his being privy to the villainy and concerned in it, or not, we had no means of determining.

It was useless conjecturing, in any case. Sometimes, he learned, children were made to creep beneath the coaches in the bustle of the crowd, secreting themselves long enough to cut away the bindings of the baggage. This might have happened at the turnpike or soon after.

What did not fail to enter his mind was that his public career had come close to being ruined at the start. He thought he knew what would have been the consequences, at home and here, had that priceless trunkful fallen into the hands of the British ministry. Had his ears not proved keen enough to distinguish the sound of a falling trunk from the many other noises of the highway, he felt he would have been reduced "to the condition of regretting my other escape from the dangers of the seas."

And now that he was arrived safely, he could not rest, because he still had the papers, and particularly those dangerous dispatches for Jay, in his possession. He must deliver them before he slept.

So out he went again, and summoned him a hackney coach, and betook him to the Royal Hotel in Pall Mall, where, in his chamber, he found John Jay a victim of the rheumatism.

John Jay was forty-nine, and was still, as he had been for the five years of the new Federal Government, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. He was a man of kindly countenance, with a sensitive mouth, a long aquiline nose, the eyes of a visionary, and a lofty forehead that sloped to thinning powdered hair.

He remembered young John from the days of the Paris peace of 1783, and had been his host in New York since then.

He took from him those burdensome dispatches, and they entered,

we are told, into "desultory conversation," the seasoned diplomat and the new.

"How do you, sir? Are you not well?"

"Mr. Adams! 't is the rheumatism. I have been confined here for days—but it is passing. Young sir, it is a great pleasure for me to see you here, and in such a capacity. Let me congratulate you upon your appointment. I take it you are just arrived."

"This evening. I could not rest until I had placed these papers in your hands."

"And had you a pleasant voyage? And how is my friend, your father, and your most excellent mother? And was it known in America, Mr. Adams, before you left, that Robespierre is dead?"

Young Adams was stunned.

"Robespierre dead!" he murmured, over and over. "Robespierre dead!"

He could not believe it. While Talleyrand in exile had been joining a dinner table group in New York, one of the more fortunate victims of a Robespierre whose answer to most queries was the guillotine, that guillotine's bloody knife had already fallen on the neck of Robespierre himself. And what was harder to believe, Jay said a new convention had risen to power in France, that ruled, and succeeded in ruling, with moderation.

In twenty-eight days the face of France had changed, and the aspect of the European struggle—to say nothing of John Quincy's own prospects as the representative of his country. What would the next months bring?

It was a bewildering time for a young man to be starting on a diplomatic mission to Holland, that was still officially the enemy, but privately the friend, of France. . . .

He did not start off immediately. London revisited was a pleasant spot. Old friends welcomed him most heartily. New friends exhibited a respect highly gratifying to so young a representative of a youthful country. Above all, Mr. Jay, the remote god of other

days, accepted him as a diplomatic equal, and went out of his way to prove it.

Jay had here as private secretary his young son Peter, and as official secretary Colonel John Trumbull, who was to know his own greatest fame as an artist.

They took breakfast together at Jay's hotel on the morning after the young men's arrival, and afterwards Colonel Trumbull conducted young Adams to Mr. Pinckney's, to deliver another cargo of precious papers.

Thomas Pinckney was a high-bred, youngish man whose largely British education and training had assured for him an entrée into the remotest London circles. Though without either the judicial intelligence or the diplomatic ability of Jay, his military bearing and debonair manner well suited his position. Trumbull painted his portrait—the picture of a man of keen, attractive countenance, with high immaculate stock and rebellious dark hair.

Like his distinguished colleague, Mr. Pinckney made John welcome, and both these gentlemen did the young man the honor of consulting him in the small circle that conferred on Jay's treaty, then formulated but not yet submitted to his government. John Quincy was diffident, and begged leave to confine his opinions to a brief concurrence with Mr. Pinckney, "that it was better than war." Secretly he regretted its necessary shortcomings, while admiring its honest aspect. But he was everlastingly grateful for such a welcome.

On the social side, the young men were enjoying themselves. It may be that Thomas, without the weight of impending diplomatic forays upon him, indulged the more heartily in the delights that offered. He was a good-looking youngster, with a well-developed penchant for a pretty face and a gay delight in the foaming glass, the sporting bout, and the play. But the budding diplomat did not lag too far behind. They lay long abed; they breakfasted with the diplomatic gentlemen and dined with friends of their parents. And in the evenings, when no other engagement portended, they patronized the theatre.

John Quincy divided his time between these pursuits and planning for his journey, with much natural speculation upon the future. Also in gleaning every scrap of news that was available—and trustworthy—concerning the highly interesting, if terrifically complicated, state of European affairs.

The strength of the European powers was united in striving to destroy the new status of the French. But the covetous hands that the French reached out were grasping success nevertheless, and increasingly.

It was necessary for John Quincy Adams to master the situation as well as he could, for it affected his own standing and perhaps ultimately his very existence at the court to which he was commissioned. It seemed that all his entrances, throughout his life, were to be dramatic. It is a fact that, almost from the cradle to the grave, his steps were to be dogged by war.

Fortunate, then, that he made the most of his short playtimes. John and Thomas went to the newly remodeled Drury Lane Theatre, and saw Mrs. Siddons play Queen Catherine in "Henry the Eighth;" John went to Covent Garden with Colonel Trumbull and young Peter Jay, and stood rather scornfully while the audience applauded George III and the playing of the national anthem. . . . But the face of patriotism in London at that hour was well worth studying. The Duke of York was at the head of the army, my Lord Howe commanded the navy, but the efforts of neither had lately engendered any optimistic sentiments. On the contrary, the distrust of them and their methods among the allies of Great Britain was beginning to be too plainly shared by some of Great Britain's subjects. Moreover, men and ships and food were all scarce, and money went first for munitions. The French, on the other hand, had men and, it seemed, money and food as well, if not too many ships. In short, the enthusiasm for the war was confined to those in the highest places. But protest was summarily dealt with; news was similarly censored; and George III was still, in the evening of his mentality, the King.

John Quincy continued to spend a great deal of his time with the older Jay, and continued to admire him.

I think (he wrote at this time, and in this connection) the intention of every man, who aims at levelling the barriers which perpetuate the unnecessary separation of Nations, and widen the distance between man and man, is at least deserving of applause. . ...

More than a hundred years from the time when he wrote those words, men were still to be striving to the same end, and great observers were to echo his sentiment, and the world was to move a very small fraction nearer to a warless millennium.

He dined at Mr. Pinckney's, and met there Mr. Rutledge and young William Allen Deas. He became acquainted with Englishmen and Americans, and some who might be termed English Americans, who had interests on one side of the water and home ties on the other. And he met more than one Englishman born who was wholly American in his outlook.

And meanwhile he by no means avoided the fair. There was a houseful of girls on Great Tower Hill, with whom, and with whose parents, he set up the pleasantest relations. Two were grown; the rest in their teens or near them. The eldest was perhaps bespoken. The second was Louisa. . . . But she was not yet to be the only star in his firmament. He was prodigal with his attentions, though the ladies might have their differing ways of arousing his admiration:

Miss Hallowell is very accomplished, and converses with great ease and dignity of manners, but is not very handsome. She spoke of my mother in terms so affectionate, as could not fail to give me the highest pleasure; for I know of nothing that can give more sincere delight, than to hear the praise of those we love. That heart must indeed be strangely constituted, that can know my mother without being sensible of her excellence; but the sincerity which marked the warm expressions of regard used by Miss Hallowell respecting her, indicated to me a congenial disposition to that which she so justly admired. . . .

He took dinner with the artist Copley, and observed that

. . . the elder daughter may be called handsome if not beautiful, and is very pleasing in her manners.

And, wrote John Quincy Adams in London in 1794,

. . . . There is something so fascinating in the women I meet with in this country, that it is well for me I am obliged immediately to leave it. . . .

CHAPTER VIII COURTSHIP

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS' farewell visit to John Jay was a memorable one. The young man had come to it somewhat embarrassed. The truth was, he needed money. He had followed instructions in putting in an official requisition to the American government's bankers in Amsterdam, Messrs. Willink, Van Staphorst and Hubbard, but he had received neither reply nor draft. After waiting until the eleventh hour, in the hope of yet hearing, he decided to ask Jay to advance him a sufficient amount to see him to his destination.

Jay, as might have been expected, was both kind and accommodating. He pressed on John Quincy a sum far beyond his possible immediate needs, and protested when only a bare sufficiency was accepted.

Moreover, money was not the only commodity with which Mr. Jay was ready that afternoon. He further bestowed on young Adams some pieces of advice.

"Do not," he cautioned him, "take sides on any of the current national problems of the country to which you are going. If a change in Government occurs, wait for further instructions from America before you practice your office; but do not fail to write for those instructions with all possible speed. If the French should gain complete control of Holland, perhaps it would be possible to remain in the country. If not—if you should for any good reason be forced to leave—it were better to go to some neutral city in

preference to returning to London or going to France, either of which moves might cause adverse comment. And if, unhappily, the freedom of Holland should be totally submerged, I advise you," said John Jay to his youthful colleague, "to return home."

Thus doubly if peaceably armed, the Minister to Holland, with his brother the Secretary of Legation, left for the Hague, while rumors ran rife that the Netherlands had already been inundated as a measure against the invasion of the French; that Prussia and Russia and Austria were ready to make each a separate peace with the French Convention, and that Holland would gladly follow suit, were it not for her protector England, the implacable enemy of France. . . .

John Quincy said good-bye to his friends, old and new. He said good-bye to the "fascinating ladies" of London, one of whom was soon to ensnare him. He left the gloom that hovered over gaiety as hazards to naval and military arms reared their heads increasingly; and turned toward those other perplexities, and hazards too, that were his job. With Thomas at his elbow, he entered official life, as he had entered existence itself, to the rumble of the drums of war. . . .

The voyage from Harwich to Helvoetsluis was trivial after many weeks on the Atlantic. But it had its annoyances of variable winds and negligible sleeping accommodations. Their fellow passengers across the Channel were of a mixture of nationalities, and proved the most amusing part of the trip. Arrived, the "reception committee" was, as usual, a group of predatory boatmen whom they were forced to patronize if they were to get from the vessel, hove to off shore, to dry land and the Dutch Republic, or what was left of it.

That which remained—or that which could be seen on a journey from Helvoet to the Hague—seemed curiously peaceful. The quaint flat landscape that he remembered so well still held the same appearance of serenity. The placid villagers still scrubbed and garnished

and colored their houses, outside and in, and did much the same with their persons. No want was apparent.

But the illusion did not last long. This peaceful placidity of the Dutch, he found, in which they went about their everyday work as if indifferent to their fate, masked, not indifference to their own fate, but indifference to the possible fate of the Stadtholder. For the power of the Stadtholder as head of the States General had come to be more and more subservient to the power of the Duke of York as leader of a "protecting" army. His Lordship's forces might be comparatively meagre, but most of them were here in Holland, and but little more regardful of the life and property of their allies the Dutch than of those of their enemies the French.

The French, meanwhile, swept on, and took Maestricht, and Antwerp, and Breda, and crept nearer and nearer to Amsterdam, and as the inevitability arose that the dikes would be opened, the country inundated, and the Duke of York and his troops admitted and concentrated in Amsterdam itself, the strength and popularity of the patriotic party in Holland increased correspondingly. The patriotic party consisted of those who had had enough of the Stadtholder and despotism, of a regency composed, since the Revolution of 1787, of the combined power of Prussia and England. Now Prussia was apparently ready to make a separate peace with France, and Austria and Russia likewise. But Holland could not, because England would not, and England was menacingly here as a protector.

So the patriots were ready to give England the Stadtholder; and to give France Holland—such of it as France did not already possess.

Meanwhile John Quincy Adams, distressingly ignorant of the correct procedure in this his first essay at official recognition, cut red tape where he saw it, and finally presented his credentials to their High Mightinesses the heads of the States General, and gained audience of the harassed Stadtholder, and was duly recognized as the representative of the United States. That, for the time being,

and considering the circumstances under which such recognition was obtained, was all that he could do.

Indeed, it was almost all that the Stadtholder could do. True, he clapped into prison those who petitioned against the proposed inundation and the admission of the Duke's army into Amsterdam. They suffered under the law which made it illegal to present such pleas in time of danger. It was an early object lesson for one who was later to fight a great fight for the right of petition.

Among those thus summarily confined was Van Staphorst, one of America's bankers. But then, obviously, nothing augured well for the American loan just now.

While he punished protesters, the Stadtholder was importuning the British to join in negotiations for a peace. Indeed a peace was his only hope—but it was not the hope of the people, since it would leave him and his cohorts in power. The people would prefer the French, who were conducting their victorious campaign in strict conformity with the moderate policy of the present Convention. And in any case the French would give no generous terms for such a peace, for French hatred of England increased in proportion as England's allies left her.

In a moment so unpropitious for the business of a loan, however, John Quincy was not idle. He kept in as close touch as possible with James Monroe, who had arrived in France as Minister to that country a few days after Robespierre's death; and with Jay and all other colleagues within the reach of messengers. Also he uncovered the workings of his father's commercial treaty, and did his best, under the circumstances, to cure those parts of it that had fallen into disuse or abuse.

A great many people—among them his own countrymen—sought to draw him into this faction or that; to enlist his sympathy even at the expense—or perhaps with the object—of prejudicing his situation. He remained neutral, and, what is more praiseworthy, on friendly terms with all parties.

In the social life at the Hague, such as it was, he played his part

as of old, and with his young brother attended dinners and card parties; gambled a little; took a glass now and then; escorted the fair; went to church where and as the spirit moved him; wrote a little poetry; did a great deal of journalizing; and patronized the theatre, his oldest love.

Meanwhile the menace of the French—and of the Dutch patriots—grew overwhelmingly strong. The British agreed to a peace mission at last; but it was too late.

On the seventeenth of January, 1795, the Frenchmen entered Utrecht. On the eighteenth, an emissary arrived, under a tricolor flag, in Amsterdam, to demand the capitulation of the garrison there, which consisted of released prisoners who had undertaken not to serve again against the French.

It happened that John Quincy, on the business of the former loan, had arrived in Amsterdam that very day, to confer with the now freed trio of bankers.

> At the edge of the evening, (he says), the three-colored cockades began to appear in the streets. The night was noisy. The song of the Carmagnole and the Marseillaise hymn resounded in the streets, but no violence was attempted. . . .

That might have been the motto of the revolt of the patriots. No violence was attempted. A tricolor flag was hoisted on the State house. A liberty pole was set up in front of it. The Regency was thanked and invited to leave, and a revolutionary committee took its place. But as the three-colored cockade showed more and more where the orange had been, the Stadtholder and his household had quietly left the Hague and ridden to Scheveningen; and there had embarked for England.

On the twentieth, General Pichegru led the French into the city, and a few days later the Batavian Republic, as an ally of France, had established itself in the former Province of Holland. . . .

John Quincy did not take his leave. In due course he received instructions from home to obtain from the new administration, if he could, recognition of his status as Minister to Holland. He mean-

while presented himself to the French gentlemen, and exchanged compliments with them, and expressions of mutual confidence.

The citizen Sieyès—a little, bald-headed, simply-dressed man—permitted himself to express both ignorance and surprise at Mr. Jay's recent British treaty, which was still officially a secret. He said there was much speculation on the subject in Paris.

"You know, citizen," said John Quincy Adams, "that among the public in Paris as among the public in all places, there are people who speculate upon every event, and are very apt to draw conclusions utterly destitute of foundation." And he explained that the treaty was secret because it had not yet been ratified, and America's peculiar situation with regard to the European conflicts did not render publication before ratification advisable.

Such diplomatic conversations, as reported in letters to the Vice-President, were pleasing to President Washington, who was in a position to peruse both the official and the private communications of Minister Adams. He wrote to John Quincy's father:

> They contain a great deal of interesting matter, and . . . disclose much important information and political insight. Mr. J. Adams, your son, must not think of retiring from the walk he is in. His prospects, if he continues in it are fair, and I shall be much mistaken if, in as short a period as can well be expected, he is not found at the head of the diplomatic corps, let the government be administered by whomsoever the people may choose.

The pride of the Vice-President, and likewise of the Vice-President's lady, knew no bounds. Here was balm for the wounds of the bitter factional embroilments in the thick of which John Adams was even then struggling.

> I have no language to express to you the pleasure I have received from the satisfaction you have given to the President and Secretary of State, as well as from the clear, comprehensive and masterly accounts in your letters to me of the public affairs of nations in Europe, whose situation and politics it most concerns us to know. Go on, my dear son, and by a diligent exertion of your genius and abilities, continue to deserve well of your father, but especially of your country. The more faithfully you have discharged and

fulfilled your duty to me, the more anxious I have been lest I may not have fulfilled mine to you with so much punctuality.

The new republic in Holland was established, with attendant difficulties, and stability in business and financial affairs was long in following suit. Unable to raise the new loan, John Quincy worked on the old, which was not yet completely advanced.

It was while he was thus more or less desultorily engaged that he received a summons from home, with new instructions. He was to proceed to London with all despatch, and put into effect the exchange of ratifications of Mr. Jay's treaty. Jay was gone home; Pinckney on a mission to Spain. And the immediate completion of the treaty's ratification was indispensable to American commerce.

John Quincy was anything but elated. The Hague seemed a haven, now that he must leave it on such an errand. The treaty was a bone of contention that had caused many rifts at home, and was to cause more than one abroad—notably, of course, a straining of the bonds between America and France. An English mission was no sinecure just then.

This young ambassador, however, did not look for sinecures. His status and bearing assured, his past conduct impeccable, his memories of London and fair ladies, of "dissipations" and idleness a mixture of emotions, he returned to the British capital, and alike to that strange golden youth, which snatched at him rather than he at it. And once again opportunity for dalliance was to abound where opportunity for duty, at the moment, was absent.

He presented his brother Thomas as Chargé d'Affaires to the French-Dutch ministry, and sped to Helvoetsluis—but not to sea. . . . Vagaries of wind and sail once more delayed him—delayed him for a whole month, the while he tested his patience and wondered if another, meeting a delay that would not be brooked, had done his work for him.

That was, in fact, the situation that confronted him when he arrived at last in London. Young William Allen Deas, Jay's Chargé d'Affaires, had completed the transaction under orders.

So it came to pass that a comparatively idle young man-about-town sat at Mr. Joshua Johnson's dinner table on a November afternoon in 1795. Doubtless most of the young gentlemen who frequented that house on the hill were busier at the moment than he. But if achievement, plus a natural brilliance and a steadily acquired worldly knowledge, together with the good looks previously mentioned, counted with the young ladies of that ménage—and assuredly they did—the present guest was in the way of easy leadership. Of a certainty, not many youths, there or elsewhere, could converse as John Quincy could converse—at first hand, of Petersburg and Paris, of Stockholm and the Hague, of America and Europe, of war and revolution and the hazards of many voyages.

He was made welcome in that house as in many others—but it was there that he spent more and more of his time; or in company with certain of its members. With Deas and Samuel Bayard and Colonel Trumbull, he would repair there to dance, to chat, to hear the ladies play and sing, and to play on his flute for their amusement.

And increasingly it was Louisa, the second daughter, for whom he played. Increasingly, but not yet exclusively. Perhaps in disgust at the inactivity forced on him with regard to public affairs, he entered into private affairs with zest, and for this last time, "dissipated" to an extent that was to give him some regret.

Nevertheless, all pleasure, or all leisure, could never be the life of this young man. He had both a reputation and an historical background at the English court. Indeed, hard on his arrival, a disposition showed itself on the part of the King's advisers to discard both Pinckney and Deas and adopt John Quincy Adams in their stead. The youth's diplomacy was thus afforded a real chance of airing itself. Likewise his inherent honesty—as inherent as the diplomatic prowess, which had been handed down from Adams father to Adams son.

Instructions now arrived from Philadelphia with regard to certain orders and acts of Great Britain that postdated both the original negotiation and the exchange of ratifications. Still discontented

with current American representation, the British strove to construe into these instructions a full commission for Mr. Adams as Minister Plenipotentiary. But this he would not allow, since there was in fact no commission. Characteristically, he refused to be presented at Court until his real status was specifically designated in Court circulars.

It is therefore as a negotiator strictly without portfolio that we find him making his bow in due course to the King of England—the same King of England who, at the time of John Quincy Adams' birth, had been King of the American colonies likewise. That fact had passed into history now, as had also the occasion, a decade ago, when John Q. Adams' father had been presented in this private closet, the first minister plenipotentiary from the United States.

George III was no longer young, no longer at the height of his power, temporal or physical or mental; and his popularity, never great, was something less than it had ever been. But it was the same King of England who received this second Adams at the Court of St. James's.

My Lord Grenville stood by, after the presentation ceremonies were ended. The young man, in fine cloth and impeccably accoutered, with all the earnestness of his race upon him, presented his credentials to the King, and found his voice.

"Sir, to testify to your Majesty the sincerity of the United States of America in their negotiations, their President has directed me to take the necessary measures connected with the Ratifications of the Treaty of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation concluded between your Majesty and the United States. He has authorized me to deliver to your Majesty this Letter, and I ask your Majesty's permission to add, on their part, the assurance of the sincerity of their intentions."

The blond brows and lashes of George III were turning white, and there were lines of worry and wear that ran from the nostrils to the full-lipped mouth; but his eyes stared steadily back at the Ambassador.

"To give you my answer, Sir," he said, "I am very happy to have the assurances of their sincerity, for without that, you know, there would be no such thing as dealings among men. . . . To which of the States do you belong, Mr. Adams?"

"Massachusetts, Sir."

His Majesty turned to Grenville.

"All the Adamses belong to Massachusetts?"

"They do, Sir," said his Lordship.

"And,"—the King to Mr. Adams, "is your father now Governor of Massachusetts?"

"No, Sir; he is Vice-President of the United States."

"Ay. And he cannot hold both offices at the same time?"

"No, Sir."

"And where is your father now?"

"At Philadelphia, Sir, I presume, the Congress being now in session."

"When do they meet?" asked George III.

"The first week in December, Sir."

"And where did you come from last?"

"From Holland, Sir."

"You have been employed there?"

"Yes, Sir, about a year."

"Have you been employed before, and anywhere else?"

"No, Sir. . . ."

There followed many interviews with Lord Grenville. The vexed question of the impressment of seamen and the forceful boarding of American vessels by the British was already a very sore spot in the Anglo-American negotiations. Britain was undoubtedly losing many sailors by desertion, and the United States, whose mercantile fleets had a rare chance of profiting by the tying up of European ships in war, and the consequent crippling of European sea trading, gained very many of these deserters.

But there was also evident Great Britain's predominant desire to prevent the young United States from becoming a power at sea, and

thus the retrieving of deserters was made a pretext for many acts against so-called neutral shipping.

There was a note of qualification in Grenville's assurances.

With Hammond, the under-Secretary of State, John Quincy also had much intercourse, pending the return from Madrid of Mr. Pinckney. Hammond once asked him sociably if he did not think the new Drury Lane was equal to anything in Paris.

"It is indeed very fine," said Adams diplomatically.

"Of a surety," said Hammond, "you will write to your friends in America and tell them it is as fine as anything on the continent."

"I will tell them *you think so,*" said Adams.

Outside of both social and official occupations he was not idle. He attended the sessions at the Guildhall, and looked in at the Courts of Equity. And he had begun to sit to Mr. Copley for his portrait.

A story attaches to that portrait. Visiting the Copleys as a long-privileged visitor, he fell to talking of his mother, who was a friend of the artist's wife. Mrs. Copley said that she had long wished to send Mrs. Adams a token of her esteem. . . .

What token, then, more welcome to Abigail than a picture of the son who was the apple of her eye, in all the flush of his first achievement?

So the master Copley painted, and he and his wife in due course sent to Mrs. Adams, the likeness of a youth of high ideals, who listened, for a moment, to music in Arcadia.

For between the month of December and the twenty-eighth of May, which was the date of his next departure for the Hague, young Mr. J. Q. Adams wooed the American Consul's second daughter, the lovely and accomplished Louisa. He told her he loved her, and, curious youth, he told her he loved his country more.

And she must have approved, for he won her.

John Quincy Adams

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY COPLEY

COURTESY OF THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

CHAPTER IX AMBASSADOR'S LADY

IN Louisa the promise of that winsome girlhood had reached fulfillment. The elfin look still haunted her expression, but womanly charm had taken the place of adolescent gaucheries, and six years as a daughter of the consulate had brought assurance to her graces. In that London of the narrow streets and alleys, where hawkers cried their wares and were in danger from the crowding of hackney coach and smart chariot, Louisa polished up her French and gaily chose fine garments toward her trousseau, dreaming with confidence and hope of life as an ambassador's lady.

Her upbringing had been along generous lines. She was large-hearted and somewhat open-handed; practiced in the arts, adept at singing and in the dance. Her ideals were lofty and sweet and wholly untarnished, and the future seemed to her to offer freedom and an unequaled opportunity to realize those ideals. For where in all the world could she have discovered a connection of greater promise? Where could she have formed an alliance so attractive to a daughter of the Revolution?

When John talked to her of country—of duty, the guiding star of his life—she saw that star shining clear and undisturbed. Surely no vision assailed her of the searing, leaping meteor that star was to become. For a gentle tradition, despite her own continental European childhood, was the only tradition that she knew; and as yet the Puritan way was a path seen from afar.

Of her future relatives she might, secretly, stand just a little in awe, but that did not prevent her from entertaining in their direction the fondest hopes. John Quincy spoke constantly, with love and reverence, of his mother, the brilliant and popular Abigail; of his father, the Vice-President of the United States; of his adored sister Abby and of his brothers Charles and Thomas. She knew that the parental word was still, in his thirtieth year, his law; that he read

and digested his parents' communications with a reverence second only to that which he accorded to his Bible.

She was in sympathy with that love of the Bible, also; for she was deeply religious herself. Nor would the fact that her church was the Church of England, and his, primarily, the creed that had rebelled against England's church, unduly disturb her, in the first happiness of her engagement.

The Adamses of Massachusetts were a happy family. Quite similar, in that respect, to the Johnsons of Maryland. She was prepared to love her future relations-in-law—and John already was fond of his.

So she was radiantly ready for her rôle at the Dutch court, or at whichsoever European post the President and Congress might choose for John. She was even ready, in case of his recall, to return with him to the United States, and forfeit ambassadorial grandeur for the comparatively humble estate of lawyer's lady.

And indeed recall was not unlikely. It was more than a rumor that Washington intended to resign at the end of this, his second term as President. And it was more than a probability that John Adams would in that case succeed him. John Quincy was prepared for such an eventuality:

. . . I have already written you upon the subject, and I hope, my ever dear and honored mother, that you are fully convinced from my letters which you have before this received, that upon the contingency of my father's being placed in the first magistracy, *I* shall never give him any trouble by solicitation for office of any kind. Your late letters have repeated so many times that I shall in that case having nothing to *expect,* that I am afraid you have imagined it possible that I might form expectations from such an event. I had hoped that *my mother* knew me better—that she did do me the justice to believe that I have not been so totally regardless or forgetful of the principles which education had instilled, nor so totally destitute of a *personal* sense of delicacy, as to be susceptible of a wish tending in that direction. I have indeed long known that my father is far more ambitious of my advancement, far more solicitous for the extension of my fame, than I have ever been, or ever shall be, myself; but I have hitherto had the satisfaction to observe that the notice with which my country and its government have honored me, and the confidence which they have been pleased

repeatedly to repose in me, have been without the smallest agency of my father, other than the recommendation which his services carried with them.

Undoubtedly Louisa read this letter before it was dispatched, or knew its content. But whether she could, as yet, recognize the significance that lay between the lines is not so sure. The station in life of which Louisa was dreaming her dreams would always be a comfortable one. The word Consulate had for so long been a familiar synonym for warm hospitality and gay times. The word Embassy, and even the word Boston, could be no less so, for her at this juncture. The word Duty had not yet, for all her idealism, burst upon her in its full Adamsian significance. . . .

For though so aware of his love for his country and his adoration for his mother, who had implanted the love of country in him, she was yet to realize how deep those forms of worship went, and what they might cost in sacrifice.

The truth was that Louisa herself happened to be the only thing in the world that John Quincy Adams had ever refused to sacrifice at his mother's behest.

Abigail did not approve her son's choice of a wife.

Not that she had anything against Louisa, as a person. But experience had convinced her that the Adams men needed wives with greater powers of versatility, so to speak, in living than Louisa, in all probability, possessed. Louisa had been brought up in worldly circles, and had never had to use either mind or hands in any but leisure occupations and accomplishments. It is not unpardonable in Abigail, who had in her time been farmer, teacher, lawyer's wife, housewife, nurse, diplomat and *almost* soldier, that she should mistrust the eligibility of Louisa.

In love, however, John Quincy rode his own course. He married his Louisa, and his mother, as he had expected, accepted his choice and was characteristically lavish with her affection.

But that came later.

Meanwhile, in May of 1796, John Quincy Adams was nominated by George Washington to the Court of Portugal. He did not, how-

ever, leave the Hague, whither he had returned when his period of usefulness in London was over, till the end of June of the following year.

His position at the Hague now was none too comfortable. He represented a country that had newly treated in peace with England; while the government to which he was accredited was to all intents and purposes a subsidiary of the French. He held his course, however, and while hints of practical friendship were dropped into his ears by French gentlemen who refused to believe in the treaty, he studied the situation in the strictest and most uncompromising neutrality.

That which he perceived he conveyed to his country. He perceived that England, for reasons, would vacillate to the point of war with America, and no further, before she put the treaty into operation. The "reasons" were that France would obviously welcome such a war, and aid the young United States in pursuing it. On these lines John Quincy warned his country against England, but also against France. More, he warned against the many Americans with large French interests. . . .

And, since the United States at that moment was wholly a mirror for the Anglo-French enmity—a mirror a little distorted by distance—he brought down upon his head all the opprobrium, and more, that had for long now been his father's.

He had thought that disinterestedness would bring its own reward, and that the observations of an eye-witness might help to win the United States to a neutrality as strict as his. His father, who had anticipated him in the thought, could have told him what to expect.

A torrent of vilification poured on his head, via the American newspapers. It met, in him, a bitter resolution. If even his friends turned against him—and they did—they should find in him as staunch a foe as he had been a companion. In any case he had come back to his post with a firm determination, now that he was to be married, to put youthful dissipations behind him and apply himself to his duty and his future. Vilification strengthened the resolve.

But it was lovemaking tinctured with bitter drops that came to his betrothed now, via the post, and shook her idealism a little. . . .

In 1797, the Presidential rumor from America had become fact. George Washington resigned; and John Adams, despite the renewed machinations of his enemies, both within the Federalist ranks and without, succeeded him as President of the United States.

A final act of Washington's was the penning of one more commentary on the attitude of young John Quincy Adams, and on the latter's extraordinary aptitude for diplomatic prowess. John Adams had evidently been exhibiting his son's letter relative to holding office in the event of his father's election. Washington commented thus, on the twentieth of February, 1797:

Dear Sir:—

I thank you for giving me the perusal of the enclosed. The sentiments do honor to the head and heart of the writer, and if my wishes would be of any avail, they should go to you in a *strong hope* that you will not withhold merited promotion from Mr. John Adams because he is your son. For without intending to compliment the father or the mother, or to censure any others, I give it as my decided opinion, that Mr. Adams is the most valuable public character we have abroad, and that there remains no doubt in my mind that he will prove himself to be the ablest of our diplomatic corps.

If he was *now* to be brought into *that* line, or into any other public walk, I could not, upon the principle which has regulated my own conduct, disapprove of the caution which is hinted at in the letter. But he is already entered. The public more and more, as he is known, are appreciating his talents and worth, and his country would sustain a loss if these were to be checked by over delicacy on your part.

I am, ever yours,

G°. Washington.

Washington had lately suffered vilification of his own; and he knew that he was urging an act of seeming favoritism on one who, like himself, had furthered the completion of a peaceable treaty with England even at the risk of antagonizing France. That must be the measure of Washington's approval of John Quincy Adams, the son.

On the twentieth of May, 1797, the Senate was asked by President Adams to consider the nomination of John Quincy Adams, then commissioned to the Court of Portugal, as Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to Prussia, where there appeared greater immediate need of an embassy.

There followed a debate, with plentiful opposition. The opposition, however, was directed at the embassy itself; not at the proposed ambassador; and on the thirtieth of May, the nomination was finally confirmed.

The treaty made with Prussia in the reign of Frederick II was about to expire, and the United States Government was desirous of having certain amendments incorporated into a renewal, relative to American commercial freedom on the high seas. It was this delicate mission that John Quincy was asked to undertake at the opening of his father's administration;—but the combined call of country and father would brook no refusal.

The young man traveled to London in July, and there received the President's instructions, together with a letter from the Secretary of State, Timothy Pickering.

A few days later, brother Thomas arrived on a very special trip from the Hague. And on the twenty-sixth of July, Minister Adams made the following entry in his diary:

> At nine this morning I went, accompanied by my brother, to Mr. Johnson's, and thence to the Church of the Parish of All Hallows, Barking, where I was married to Louisa Catherine Johnson, the second daughter of Joshua and Catherine Johnson, by Mr. Hewlett. Mr. Johnson's family, Mr. Brooks, my brother, and Mr. J. Hall were present. We were married before eleven in the morning, and immediately after went out to see Tilney House, one of the splendid country seats for which this country is distinguished. . . .

It was a bride in a high-waisted, ruffled dress, with brown curls piled on a dainty head, who rode to the ancient church of All Hallows, not far from her home, that morning. A bridegroom serious and proud, with faint lines to his face. . . .

The press of young America paid due attention to the wedding.

The anti-Federalist—and anti-Adams—"Independent Chronicle" for September fourteenth, 1797, said:

> Young John Adams' negotiations have terminated in a marriage treaty with an English lady, the daughter of one Mr. Johnson on Tower Hill. It is a happy circumstance that he has made no other treaty.

To which the pro-Federalist "Columbian Centinel," on September twentieth, replied,

> This is an imposition on the public, who ought to be informed, without derogating from the merits of the ladies of England, that Mrs. A. is an American lady; that her father is a citizen of Maryland and brother to his Excellency Thomas Johnson, Esq., late Governor of that State. All who know Mrs. A. speak of her as a lady of distinguished worth, and if every negotiation Mr. A. makes in Europe terminates as happily for his country as this will for him, we shall have additional cause to praise the wisdom of that illustrious character who selected him from his fellow-citizens as one of the representatives of the United States in the Eastern hemisphere.

CHAPTER X THE PRUSSIAN COURT

SO John Quincy Adams took his young wife to Berlin, to act as partner to the first ambassador from the United States to the Court of Prussia.

His friend Vans Murray had succeeded him at the Hague, and brother Thomas journeyed, still in the capacity of secretary, with him to Berlin.

They sailed in late October, aboard a Prussian merchant vessel, embarking directly at London. The journey was hard on Louisa. Her first child was on its way, and the prospect of a sea voyage of eight days' duration could not but shake her. More, the voyage itself was rough and stormy beyond expectation; but they arrived in Hamburg at last, not too unduly put out by the turbulence of the waves.

They remained in Hamburg for a week, facing a further journey

by land to the Prussian capital. There was little to hurry them, for the news from Berlin was gloomy in the extreme. The King, Frederick Wilhelm II, had for some time been gravely ill, and now it appeared rather more than doubtful whether he would live for many days longer. To John Quincy Adams this intelligence meant that, if the King died, the credentials of a new minister would have to be amended for his successor's acceptance—or in other words that once again Mr. Adams would have to cool his heels before his status as Minister was established.

But meanwhile he could congratulate himself that his lady had endured the rigorous journey without noticeable strain, and was facing the trip by road with fortitude.

The trip by road, however, five days long, proved worse than the voyage by sea. The going was rough, the drivers incompetent, the accommodations in inns and taverns bad.

Nor did they enter Berlin with banners flying, or with any sort of *éclat*. To the contrary.

Arrived at the Brandenburg gate, they were confronted by a "dapper lieutenant", who questioned them.

"The Minister from the United States," said Thomas. "The United States of America."

"The United States of America?" repeated the Herr Lieutenant. "What *are* the United States of America?"

It was patently a question that could not be answered in brief, even had it been expected. As it was, it appears that John Quincy once more lost his well-known powers of oratory, and had to be everlastingly grateful to a private soldier in the Lieutenant's company, who happened to know what the United States of America were. He enlightened his superior, and it was to him, immediately at least, that the Adamses owed their admission to the scene of their dignified labors.

But admission, once again, did not signify recognition. As he had been led to expect, circumstance once more kept him waiting while the country to which he was commissioned went through a vital

change in high places, and moved but slowly into a condition to receive him. Once again the official head of a nation passed and was supplanted while he stood ready to make his bow.

He paid his respects to the entourage, and to the available royalties, but did not see the King. For the King was indeed at death's door.

The Americans, lodged, prophetically enough, at the Hotel de Russie, spent their days strolling in the Tiergarten, inspecting the palaces and public buildings that massed themselves at one end of Unter den Linden, and the imposing Brandenburg gate, the scene of their late confusion, which reared itself at the other. It was a Berlin of great beauty and imposing acquisition, for all that its streets lacked sidewalks, its houses sanitation. . . .

Frederick Wilhelm II died on November sixteenth, 1797. He was not to go down in history in the company of the illustrious. His had been a reign of profligacy that had largely undermined the reforms effectuated by Frederick the Great. He was now succeeded by a mild-mannered, unimaginative but honest young soldier, who brought to the companion throne a gay and youthful queen of surpassing beauty. Also he brought a determination to restore the principles of Frederick the Great, where he could, and to preserve the neutrality of his country at all costs, soldier though he was. The latter was to prove neither easy of accomplishment nor, considering the times, wise. For already the star of Napoleon Bonaparte had emerged upon the European firmament. . . .

Frederick Wilhelm III received John Quincy Adams in private audience, and accorded him temporary recognition pending the receipt of his amended credentials. And the queen, Louisa, received Louisa Adams with an endearing camaraderie. The young bride's memories of this queen and her court were to be of the happiest, though the happiness was to mingle, later, with sorrow. For the lovely queen was to lose the radiance of her smile, and the sun of her days was to set in the darkness of Napoleonic frustration and despair.

As for the Ambassador's lady, she on her part was to pass four years as the daughter-in-law of that stalwart head of the American republic, upon the rock of whose staunch neutrality all the fury of the European waves was to launch itself. Or almost all. For a portion of that fury was to be hurled upon his son, her husband, John Quincy Adams.

As Napoleon's ascendancy increased, and France's lust for world domination grew correspondingly, so did America's neutrality become harder to sustain. France would kill the Jay treaty, at all odds. She would kill the power of Britain, at any cost. And if the United States would not help in these ambitions, she would suppress the United States. John Quincy's observations had begun in a Holland subservient to France. He perceived that Holland, though a creditor of the United States, was ready to help France crush American commerce, if the Americans persisted in a friendliness with England. He saw that France's policy towards America was part of her scheme for world power. And as the cry "War with France" began to drown the cry "War with England" in the cities of the United States, he still saw the danger of both, and helped his father, the President, by word of mouth and of pen, to fight, not for war, but for peace.

John Adams won that fight, but he and his party, the Federalists, both went down in the aftermath. His hard-won commission of three—Marshall, Pinckney and Gerry—sent to establish relations with France, met the mouthpieces of an ungrateful Talleyrand, returned to power, and the X, Y, Z scandal was the result.

There were other results—a greater popularity for the theory and practice of neutrality; an alarmed if only partial acquiescence in the desirability of a naval force; a realization of that looked-for and fought-for peace. But the name of Adams was anathema, not only in the mouths of those who favored the French, against whom the President had armed while preparing for peace negotiation, but in those of his own party also, which had died in the attempt.

The son of John Adams, and that son's wife, saw the European

side of the President's victorious defeat. John Quincy felt the force of insidious French and Dutch proposals, of vituperation both British and French.

And Louisa, who had come out as a bride with unsullied ideals of human kind, saw with a shock the rise and fall of the price of patriotism on the international market. She saw her husband's old school-friend, Benjamin Franklin Bache, revile John Quincy Adams in the columns of the "Aurora," because John Quincy Adams would avow no allegiance save to his own country. She saw Talleyrand, the late honored guest of America, ready to sell America a spurious alliance, for cash. She saw a Europe rife with Americans who would barter their own country to protect their European interests.

And that was not all that shook her soul. Hard on the setbacks that had attended their entry into Berlin had come sickness. As Mr. Adams rejoiced in the fact that his lady had endured the journey, with all its annoyances, as radiantly as he could have wished, she was suddenly seized with violent fever, and laid low for three whole weeks while he danced constant attendance on her. And when she arose, weakly convalescent and with all her fond hopes destroyed, Thomas took his turn, and had a fever and a recurrence of the rheumatism from which he had suffered since childhood.

Sicknesses passed, however, and though Louisa was never to be quite well here in Berlin, the natural radiance of the young bride soon rose to the surface. The court mourning over, youth, as personified by the ravishing Queen Louisa, held court of its own. The Queen dearly loved to dance, and did so at every opportunity, even in the face of disapproval. Balls were frequent and brilliant affairs under the new régime, and the Adamses were caught up in a whirl of social engagements, balls and routs and parties, theatrical performances and concerts and the opera.

The Minister could not always avail himself; but when he was absent at some official dinner or unofficial conclave, Thomas made

for his sister-in-law a willing cavalier. Thomas, now very much a man of the world, and a seasoned diplomatic attaché, seems to have had capacities beyond his duties, or outside them. There is in existence a manuscript diary of this period in the life of a future Chief Justice,* in which he pays tribute to the eyes and the charms of many of the ladies of Berlin, and to the vintage of the best of Prussia's wines. Thomas enjoyed himself in Prussia, and knew a sympathetic spirit and a good companion in his pretty new sister. They rode to Charlottenburg, and to the lovely Sans Souci Palace, once the retreat of Frederick the Great, and now the favorite abiding-place of the latest Frederick's consort.

Louisa had become intimate with the King's cousins, the Prince and Princess Anton Radziwill, and through them made many enduring friendships. The Prince was a kindred soul, a connoisseur of art, the Princess a willing guide to the mazes of Prussian court life.

The Minister meanwhile, once his official recognition had been secured, had been working hard toward the consummation of his duties with regard to a renewal of the treaty. On July eleventh, 1799, he gained his objective. The new treaty was signed, embodying some at least of the desired amendments, and Mr. Adams could turn his thoughts to negotiating, through the Minister from Sweden, for a similar treaty with the latter country, which was a subordinate part of his present duties.

In the summer of 1799, Mr. Adams took his wife on a tour of the principal towns of Prussia.

It was to be a long-remembered trip—a mixture of extreme discomfort and surpassing interest. The party numbered four—two gentlemen besides the Adamses—with the addition of Louisa's maid, Epps.

And all four, it seemed—or all five—must share a room in Mittenwalde, the first stopping-place, or go without quarters for the night. As for Epps, she must sleep on straw.

* Thomas B. Adams was Chief Justice of the Southern Circuit of the Court of Common Pleas in Massachusetts from 1811 to 1819.

"The Duchess of Courland," said the postmistress, "stopped here and made no difficulty to lie upon straw. I cannot take the beds of the people of my house, to accommodate you."

They agreed to take one room, with two beds, and a straw pallet for Epps; but the landlady thereupon relented, and gave the gentlemen another bedchamber after all.

That was hardly the worst. At these post-houses the pillows were guiltless of covering, save for a strip of linen sewed to one side, "and therefore very rarely washed." At Grossenhayn they slept on the floor, between sheets that were far from immaculate. And the only covering was a heavy feather bed.

The food was generally in keeping.

But the sights they saw, and Dresden in particular, where decent hotels at last abounded, recompensed them. They met many friends by the way. They bowed to Princes, and received the hospitality—though unfortunately not overnight—of ducal houses. Dresden, straddling the lovely Elbe, was a feast of art and music, opera and fine religious service. They went sightseeing in the mountains, and Louisa had the experience of being carried down the Geyersberg in a sedan chair. They floated in a barge down the Elbe, between hills and rocks surmounted by magnificent castles; and they went to the Dresden fair, and bought baubles with the crowd.

Each day Louisa was busy with company. She was popular here as in Berlin. They went out to dine, to the opera and to the court of the Saxon Elector.

But while they holidayed, the world had trembled. That summer was a critical one. The strength of the French Directory was not what it had been, and some of the Royalist party were creeping back into power. The Directory had appealed to the commander of the forces, Bonaparte, for aid, but he had turned greater attention toward crushing out the British power in the East. There came a moment when the powers combined against France could have crushed out Napoleon in his turn. But unfortunately the coöperation

of the King of Prussia, who had pledged his country to neutrality, was required—and was not forthcoming. The French had time to recoup their strength. Napoleon had time to return from Egypt. And by the autumn, when the Adamses came back to Berlin from their tour, the situation had changed again. Bonaparte, as First Consul of France, was rampant on the path that was soon to lead Frederick Wilhelm's country into darkness. Frederick's Queen was never to emerge from that darkness, though her country would, in time. Sans Souci, her gay villa, was to become merely a monument and a name. Already the gaiety of the court of Berlin was not so spontaneous as it had been.

But meanwhile the tour of the Adamses had proved a complete success. Indeed, so much in love with Dresden, in particular, was John Quincy that he vowed to return there before long.

He kept that vow. They were back in Dresden the following year, on their return from the Silesian mountains and a more elevated summer tour. The reason was Louisa's health, which once more was cause for anxiety.

Between the two dates there traveled to Europe the news of the death of George Washington, the good friend of John Quincy Adams and the idol, once more unreservedly, of the American nation.

Adams wrote to Vans Murray in February of 1800:

> . . . The report of General Washington's death was but too true. Nothing of him now remains but his immortal spirit and one of the greatest names that ever appeared upon earth for the pride and consolation of the human race. I feel it as an inestimable happiness to have been the contemporary and countryman of that man. . . .

It was amid the loveliness of the Silesian mountains that the Adamses enjoyed what was perhaps the first semblance of a honeymoon that had presented itself to them. For here they were undisturbed by royal teas and formal courts. John Quincy named it as one of the most pleasant tours he ever made—and fortunately he

preserved its delights in a series of letters addressed to his brother Thomas.

That Thomas did not keep these letters private was not altogether with John Quincy's consent. A Philadelphia friend of Thomas' happened to be launching a new periodical, the *Portfolio,* at that time, and the younger Adams, having obtained from his brother a promise to contribute occasional papers, consented to the publication of John Quincy's Silesian letters. To John Quincy's chagrin, this wholly unedited correspondence was later copied in London and put out in book form in England, France and Germany. Yet the graceful Thomas is to be thanked for some unstudied and unguarded epistles which are obviously more natural and more characteristic of their writer, within the somewhat narrow bounds of letters penned in a foreign country by a working diplomat, than any of John Quincy's other personal writings then or since available.

It is pleasant to accompany John and Louisa on that pleasure-jaunt, even though a journey of ten German miles occupied a whole day, while such things as turnpikes and dirt roads existed only in the future plans of a new young monarch. Louisa had to ride in a peasant's cart, that had no springs and even had no seats, over a portion of the rockiest mountain road, that fringed a precipice withal. Fortunately, it was only a portion, and there were certainly delights that more than compensated.

They gathered sweet berries amid the ruins of an ancient castle at Warmbrünn; revelled in the cool, refreshing beauty of a famous waterfall at Schreibershau. At Schneekoppe, on a Sunday, while Louisa rested, her husband entered a tiny church perched on the mountain side, and "sat between an old farmer and a young peasant lass," each of whom in turn held a book open, so that the stranger might join in the singing.

There were rare discoveries to be made in these old Silesian towns—beautiful sights and quaint objects.

There were object-lessons, too. John Quincy saw a community factory in working trim—a village devoted to the weaving of broad-

cloth. But he noted that each man performed the whole process. It was evidently food for thought. Those letters to Thomas, which were currently taking the place of the diary, observed that specialized work would be more efficient, but would rob the workers of their individuality. As soon as a man ceased to be responsible for the whole article and became the servant of a manufacturer in the sense of specialized work on one part of the article only, his personal well-being would suffer. He would become a part of the machine instead of a human being. Those views were to remain with him, even after the long years of the industrialization of his own country. . . .

They traveled onward.

Louisa painted little pictures of the scenes through which they passed, and John began to indulge again his bent for allusive poetizing. There were letters from America, from his parents and also from hers, who had gone home at last. And from Holland Vans Murray, who had known Louisa as a child, sent her little poems and stories to amuse her on vacation, and by the same mail congratulated his old friend her husband on the companion he had taken.

The name of Vans Murray was a name to conjure with, that year. For the President, persisting in pacific overtures to France, even in the face of rebuffs abroad and abuse at home, had named Murray to a new commission. And the new commission, meeting Napoleon in his new situation as First Consul and head of the French administration, had won an honorable recognition at last. It seemed that Napoleon was making friends where he deemed it unwise to invite enmity.

John and his Louisa tarried in the mountains, and scaled the Riesenkopf, or Giant's head, at daybreak, to see the sun rise from the highest point in the land. And when they came down, John Quincy found his enthusiasm waxing familiarly poetic. He seized the visitors' book at the inn, and dashed off an ode to the mountain—and, of course, to Louisa. He was steeped in his holiday mood. "Simple, virtuous, happy patriarchs," he remarked when a mar-

tinet landlady was flogged by her martinet husband. And the Ursuline nuns who dwelt in seclusion at Schwiednitz he described as "seven and twenty poor sisters bewailing their virginity."

After the Giant's Head, Louisa seems to have lost her taste for climbing. John negotiated the rest of his mountains alone, and in September they set out upon the return journey, visiting Breslau, the capital of Silesia, and Dresden again, where they met once more with lavish hospitality.

It was a restored Louisa who came back to Berlin in October—a Louisa secluded now, but hopeful in expectation. There would be a birth in the Spring.

The Adams' first child, a boy, was born in Berlin on the twelfth of April, 1801. John Quincy wrote to Thomas. who had long since returned to America:

> My child was yesterday baptized by the name of George Washington; and may the grace of Almighty God guard his life and enable him, when he is come to manhood, to prove himself worthy of it! I was not induced merely by the public character of that great and good man to show his memory this token of respect. President Washington was, next to my own father, the man upon earth to whom I was indebted for the greatest personal obligations. I know not whether upon rigorous philosophic principles it be wise to give a great and venerable name to such a lottery-ticket as a new-born infant—but my logical scruples have in this case been overpowered by my instinctive sentiments.

The doctor was an Englishman named Brown, the Queen's physician, under whose care Louisa had been since her early illness. Her Majesty, herself already a bounteous mother, was charmingly attentive and ready with advice, and the ladies of the Court and friends of all nationalities followed her lead.

Particularly kind was young Lady Carysfort, a daughter of Lord Grenville, and grandchild of the author of the Stamp Act—an irony that did not pass John Quincy Adams' pen. His appreciation was none the less warm, however; his sense of indebtedness none the less profound.

"Lady C. has been continuously kind to my Louisa," he wrote to his brother Thomas. And obviously, anyone who was kind to "my Louisa" was *persona grata* with him. . . .

The advent of George Washington Adams was hailed on both sides of the Atlantic. But on the further side, it was the only gleam in a gloomy sky.

In 1800, at the very moment when the star of President John Adams was dimming amid political thunderclouds, a far more personal and deadly blow had fallen upon the family, always so close-knit and devoted. Charles, who had married a sister of William Stephens Smith, and settled down to a law-practice in New York, died in December. He had never been robust in health.

So it would be to a depleted home circle that John Quincy would take his wife and his child.

> . . . With a wife whom I tenderly love in such a state of health; with a child three weeks old—a long-expected, ardently desired, painfully born and only child—I had almost said only *hope*—I ought not to complain, but the strings of the heart will vibrate—the prospect of my return is a view to which I look forward with profound anxiety. . . .

That letter was written to Thomas from Potsdam, whither John Quincy had gone to take his leave of the King and Queen.

For it was home for him, with the eclipse of his father as President and the rise to that office of his father's one-time friend, now a bitter rival, Thomas Jefferson, the leader of the Jacobins.

A son of John Adams in a foreign post—in any public post—would be an embarrassment for a Jacobin President. And to cause such embarrassment was quite unthinkable.

It seemed, considering the circumstances, that diplomatic life was over.

CHAPTER XI A STRAIGHT COURSE

IN the year 1801, John Quincy Adams introduced his young wife to the land of her fathers.

After a voyage from Hamburg of fifty-eight days, they landed at Philadelphia on September fourteenth. John took his wife and child to her father in Washington, where Joshua now held the office of Commissioner of Stamps, dwelling in a house "on K Street, near the bridge." There Louisa remained for a short visit, while her husband made his way to his Massachusetts home—to a disillusioned father and a proud mother; and to the sad gap which death had made in the family circle.

They did not need many words to convey the fullness of their hearts, these New England parents and their eldest son, who knew the story of defeat and of accomplishment unsung. He had put his feelings into writing before he came from Prussia, penning words of sympathy and insight well calculated to sustain and encourage the former President in the moment of his defeat.

So now they talked of Prussia; of Washington, the primitive capital of the nation, that had only been settled this year; and of France, which had, while John Quincy sailed the ocean, made a truce with England.

A week later he went to Washington again, and brought Louisa and the baby home.

Abigail took her daughter-in-law and the child to her heart, both for Johnny's sake and for their own. But if the United States in general was strange to the younger Mrs. Adams, how much more so must Massachusetts in particular have been? She was a Southerner by breeding, a cosmopolite by experience. And now, it seemed, she must change into a New Englander.

It would have been a hard task for her at the best of times—and indeed she was never in her long and gracious life to accomplish it

completely. But at that moment the former President's house at Quincy * struck far colder than it might have, had the circumstances been otherwise.

The love and veneration of his native village had not yet entered into the soul of John Adams. The enmities, jealousies, vanities that he had allowed to seep in and sometimes clog the machinery of his administration had not yet dropped away, to show how nobly turning he had kept the wheels. He had saved his country from a suicidal war. If he had sacrificed his party in the doing of it—well, that was living up to his principles, which prohibited party spirit from obscuring national good.

But he was a man hated, a man who stood alone, defeated, as far as men and politics went.

Thus an embittered father, and a mother who would shut the bitterness out, greeted a son whose eyes were already prepared to see through this world's illusions, a daughter-in-law who in that accomplishment was no longer far behind him.

The young pair obtained a house—it stood at the corner of Boylston and Nassau Streets †—in Boston, and John Quincy took up his law books again, and gathered the beginnings of a practice where many of his juniors in legal study were already well established. A short time later, the judge of the district court appointed him a commissioner in bankruptcy. But before he had well assumed his office, a new right devolved on the President of the United States to dismiss such officers at his discretion. It was in an initial exercise of this right that Thomas Jefferson, John Adams' victorious rival, dismissed John Adams' son—and never, in all the years afterwards, could Jefferson convince his former friend, the mother Abigail, that it had not been an act of personal and petty spite.

For a few months the old story was recapitulated in John Quincy's

* That portion of Braintree in which the Adams and Quincy homesteads were situated had been renamed "Quincy" in 1792, in honor of that Colonel John Quincy for whom J. Q. Adams himself had been named.

† On the site now occupied by the Hotel Touraine, at Boylston Street and what is now Tremont Street.

daily life—a dutiful practice of the law, a longing eye on politics. But the longing was not unqualified.

> I feel strong temptation and have great provocation to plunge into political controversy, but I hope to preserve myself from it by the considerations which have led me to the resolution of renouncing. A politician in this country must be the man of a party. I would fain be the man of my whole country.

And that might stand as the motto of his entire political career—for of course his entry into the political field was inevitable.

In 1802, the State of Massachusetts, via the Federalist party, which was still predominant in those parts, called John Quincy Adams to a seat in the Massachusetts State Senate. It need hardly be remarked that he accepted.

Nor need it be said that his political creed soon made itself apparent.

Someone once asked him what, in his opinion, were the recognized principles of politics.

"There are no principles in politics," he answered. "There are recognized *precepts,* but they are bad ones."

"Is not the precept 'To seek the greatest good of the greatest number' a good one?" his inquisitor said.

"No," he replied. "That is the worst of all, for it looks specious, while it is ominous. What is to become of the minority in that case? No—the only principle to seek is this:—"the greatest good of all."

His first noticeable political action was in keeping. He moved to give proportionate representation in the Governor's council to the Republican minority. Up to that time it had been the practice to confine the membership to the majority party. And indeed it continued to be. His Federalist colleagues were shocked.

But it was only the first of a series of independent and nonpartisan moves on the part of this stripling that showed he could outdo his own father when it came to free-minded legislation. He opposed a powerful combination of Boston banking interests—Federalist interests, seeking a charter for a closed financial corporation. When they succeeded, he strove to open the share holdings to

all Massachusetts citizens. And when that failed, he registered his protest.

"This man is not our friend, but against us," said the Federalist leaders, according to the Independent Chronicle and Boston Patriot.

But they were not yet ready to lose faith in him. A short while later, a Massachusetts seat in the United States House of Representatives falling vacant, they nominated John Quincy Adams to fill the vacancy. More, when he failed of election, they nominated him for a vacancy in the United States Senate—and this was the more surprising because he was a mere political adolescent of thirty-five, and the logical candidate was his father's arch-enemy, old Timothy Pickering, a Federalist veteran of the die-hard school.

Meanwhile, in the year 1802, John Quincy Adams delivered two addresses in the town of Boston, which he himself considered important incidents in the history of his life. The first was an address to the Massachusetts Fire Society, and formed an impassioned appeal to the people of Boston to give up their wooden houses for brick and granite. What is more, it produced results.

"If you will know the good I have done, set this down for one of the best deeds of my life," he wrote to Rufus King.

The other was an oration at the annual festival of the Pilgrims—"a brief argument upon the *right* of Europeans to form establishments in the American wilderness, and to extinguish upon just and reasonable terms all the natural rights of the aboriginal Indians conflicting with it." He was to find this declamation highly useful a few years later, at Ghent. . . .

On February third, 1803, John Quincy Adams was elected to the United States Senate.

On the fourth of July, his second son, John Adams, was born.

He moved his family to Washington in October; took his seat on the twenty-third of that month—and proceeded to reap the whirlwind where his father had sowed the wind. . . .

The Federalist party in Washington was a trampled underdog in this day of Jeffersonian triumph. And of course John Adams alone

was responsible. That is, if one did not count the suave machinations of an astute New York lawyer named Alexander Hamilton, who had made the Federalist party what it was.

But now here came John Adams' son, a lofty young man of superior achievement. What more favorable safety-valve for the surplus steam of the Federalist fury?

The Hamiltonian faction turned on him, to wither him in the very budding of his governmental career.

It was an unmistakable gesture. He met it without flinching, and almost without comment. Indeed, for a great part of his first session he did not try to make himself heard at all.

It was as well. Early in the second session, he found that he was not to be allowed to make himself heard.

He was not deterred. If he had motions to make, soon realizing that all his motions met the same fate—a negative one—he grew into the habit of suggesting them to members more favored, in which case the motions often met with favor likewise.

Yet personally he was not inactive. Just prior to his arrival in Washington,—he had been held up on the way by the illness of Louisa—President Jefferson had concluded his plans for the purchase of Louisiana from France. John Quincy Adams, to whom an equitable expansion was always to be both desirable and inevitable, gave his whole-hearted support to the purchase, though not to the means by which Jefferson proposed to exercise dominion over the acquired territory.

Later he opposed the impeachment of Judges Chase and Pickering, which he believed to be a move of Jefferson, ably aided by John Randolph of Virginia, to discredit the judiciary and subordinate its Federalist strength to the Republican interest.

Socially, he and his lady were on excellent terms with President Jefferson and his family. They dined frequently at the White House, and if John Quincy was a little scornful of the stories recounted by Jefferson for the edification of his dinner guests, we can imagine Louisa as being rather amused.

Mrs. Adams had many friends. Her mother was a popular hostess in Washington, and with her numerous daughters moved in a large and attractive circle of acquaintance. Also Louisa herself possessed the faculty of gaining the liking of the political ladies of her set.

She and her husband dwelt with her sister, Mrs. Hellen, whose small son Johnson and infant daughter Mary found an ally in their uncle-by-marriage. A younger Miss Johnson, Catherine, also dwelt beneath this roof.

There Louisa began to hold regular social gatherings, which gradually took on something in the nature of the salon—a rather sketchy salon, considering the lack of facilities in the Washington of that day. But then, the host of these occasions lacked facility too. He regretted it, but with strangers he had no small-talk. He envied those who had—who could summon airy persiflage, vagrant nothings, to their assistance, setting the conversational ball a-rolling to the success of the social gathering. But neither regret nor envy was of help. He was stiff and obviously ill-at-ease; but only at such semi-public affairs.

In the bosom of his family and the circle of his close friends he was a different person. In that house such favored connections as Louisa's parents and her several married sisters, her brother Thomas, young Catherine and a select few strangers, could meet a John Quincy Adams who was both sociable and pleasant, who loved small children and was loved by them; who liked to hear his wife singing to her own accompaniment on the harp, and was delighted to read aloud to her and the other ladies of an evening. One thus privileged has classed Mr. Adams as an excellent reader of plays and poems and discourses that set the wheels of discussion to turning. He kept up the practice till he was very old, and there is every indication that he remained in strong demand.

He was no longer in demand, however, in Federalist circles.

Old Timothy Pickering had followed him to Washington, taking the other Massachusetts seat. He proved a queer colleague, polite

and amenable in outward appearance; vindictive and curiously obstructive under the rose.

But John Quincy was the man to thrive on a diet of partisan obstruction and gratuitous enmity.

And if the Federalists now hated him because he was his father's son, they were soon to hate him for a different reason.

Meanwhile the years were not without their alarums and excursions. The year 1803 was one of real personal distress for John Quincy. Inadvertently, he had managed to involve his father in a serious financial embarrassment. It seemed that John Adams, in negotiating his original loans in Holland, had sought to inspire confidence by subscribing to them himself. Now, as the loans were redeemed, the elder Adams had been credited with the sums that were his due.

To facilitate the payment of these sums to his father, John Quincy had arranged to place them on deposit with the banking house of Bird, Savage and Bird, who had served as fiscal agents of the United States, in London. But on April first, 1803, word came from London that Bird, Savage and Bird had failed.

John Quincy was troubled beyond words. His father could not afford the loss, nor would the son allow it. With the aid of good friends in both London and Boston, and by virtue of selling some of his own property, the younger Adams met some of the first bills that he had drawn on London in behalf of his father. And eventually the bankers emerged from their troubles and began to pay their debts. The last instalment was paid in due course, but by that time John Adams, the payee, was dead.

The year 1805 was notable in Adams' career for the first sign of a fight which he was to take up with both hands many years later. In the Senate that year he moved a resolution to levy a tax on the importation of slaves. It is only significant as a beginning, since it met with no success. His voice was not to be clearly heard in the Senate for another year or two.

Then, the same aspect of the slavery question arose again. That year, which saw the slave trade abolished in the British dominions, saw also the fight over a similar bill in the United States Congress.

There was a new young member in the Senate at the time—a man still under thirty years of age. He filled a temporary vacancy caused by the resignation of General Adair, of Kentucky. John Quincy links this gentleman with the discussions on the slave bill.

> Mr. Clay, the new member from Kentucky, made an ardent speech upon one of the sections. He is quite a young man—an orator—and a Republican of the first fire. I took, and intend to take, no part in the debates on this subject. . . .

This last was a resolve whose motives were deeply seated, as will duly become apparent. In 1808 the importation of slaves was declared illegal in this country—but the institution of human bondage, of slave-breeding, and, indeed, of slave importation also, under the rose, lived on. . . . So did the patient motives of John Quincy Adams. . . .

In the summer of 1805 the governing board of Harvard University appointed John Quincy Adams Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory—the first under the new Boylston Foundation.

It was a compliment to warm his heart, and incidentally an occupation which gave him not only variety to spice official life, but also the chance to display unsuspected powers.

For he was an eminently successful Professor, popular and respected both by his young hearers and by the many from outside who formed the habit of attending the lectures.

Those lectures constituted, according to Edward Everett,

> an era in the University; and were, I believe, the first successful attempt in this country, at this form of instruction in any department of literature. They were collected and published in two volumes, completing the theoretical part of the subject. I think it may be fairly said, that they will bear a favorable comparison with any treatise on the subject, at that time extant in our language. . . .

And since Edward Everett was one of Mr. Adams' young pupils, whose own rise to eminence both in his native State and in the affairs of his country was contributed to largely by oratorical prowess drawn from this source, his estimate may be accepted.

These summers at Cambridge were soothing to a breast that seethed with political furies. On the occasions when his family remained in Washington, Mr. Adams lodged at the home of his old friend Dr. Waterhouse, a renowned wit, and regaled the absent Louisa with collegiate and local news in return for her gossip of the capital. Also he found time to read from the Greek and to study at some length, for the benefit of its compiler, a new dictionary produced by a gentleman named Noah Webster.

Louisa had divided her time between Washington and Quincy, with short residences at Boston.

She was in Boston on the twelfth of February, 1807—her thirty-second birthday. A birthday distinguished from other such anniversaries by the receipt of a special poem in honor of the occasion, penned by a lyrical John Quincy. Mr. Adams was in Washington, of course, still lodging with his relations-in-law. This is the poem, in part:

TO LOUISA

Friend of my bosom! wouldst thou know
  How, far from thee, the days I spend,
And how the passing moments flow,
  To this short, simple tale attend.
When first emerging from the East
  The sunbeam flashes upon my curtain,
I start from slumber's ties released,
  And make the weather's temper certain.

Next on the closet's shelf I seek
  My pocket Homer, and compel
The man of many wiles, in Greek,
  Again his fabled woes to tell. . . .

Then, forth I sally for the day,
  And musing politics or rhyme,
Take to the Capitol my way,
  To join in colloquy sublime. . . .

The labors of the Senate o'er,
  Again with solitary pace,
Down to Potomac's glassy floor
  My morning footsteps I retrace;
And oft dejected or elate
  With painful or with pleased reflection,
In thought renew the day's debate,
  And canvass votes by retrospection.

At home I find the table spread,
  And dinner's fragrant steams invite,
But first the twofold stairs I tread,
  My atmospheric tale to write.
Then, seated round the social board,
  We feast, till absent friends are toasted,
Though sometimes my delays afford
  The beef or mutton over-roasted. . . .

As eve approaches, I ascend,
  And hours of solitude ensue;
To public papers I attend,
  Or write, my bosom's friend, to you. . . .

I see the partner of my soul,
  I hear my darling children play;
Before me, fairy visions roll
  And steal me from myself away. . . .

Anon, the supper's bread and cheese
  Begins with grave and solemn face,
Till, silence yielding by degrees,
  The festive spirit takes its place.
Good humor comes, with waggish mien,
  And shakes his sides with laughter hearty,
And satire's face is not unseen,
  Reflected from the last night's party.

At last, dispersing, we retire.
  Again the glass's state I learn,
Then for the night compose my fire,
  And to my lonely couch return. . . .

Thus in succession pass my days,
  While time with flagging pinion flies,
And still the promised hour delays
  When thou shalt once more charm my eyes.
Louisa! thus remote from thee,
  Still something to each joy is wanting,
While thy affection can to me
  Make the most dreary scene enchanting.

John Quincy himself was in Boston in June of that year, when the affair of the Chesapeake and the Leopard was fought over again in the streets.

The British ship "Leopard" had seized three Americans and one British sailor from the American frigate "Chesapeake" outside the Hampton Roads, after shattering the American vessel with her gunfire.

John Quincy in Boston heard a prominent Federalist publicly upholding the "Leopard's" action. The tenets of Federalism still leaned toward England and away from France—and more particularly away from the "Jacobin" President, Jefferson.

From that day, Adams admitted later, he definitely abandoned his support of the Federalist party.

For with memories of London and a series of conferences with the British Foreign Minister fresh in his mind, he had watched the growing depredations and aggressions of England at sea with a comprehensive eye. And when, at war again against the growing power of Napoleon, but reaching none more devastatingly than the commerce of the United States, Britain allowed her obstruction of what was termed neutral shipping to grow beyond endurance, John Quincy Adams believed war for his own country at last to be inevitable, and saw his own duty plain.

Not that Britain stood alone in these aggressions. She issued her Orders in Council, prohibiting all trading with the ports of France and her allies. Napoleon, now Emperor of the French, came back with his Milan and Berlin Decrees, forbidding any maritime commerce with England and hers.

And since these moves capped, on each side, a long list of restraints on neutral shipping, the likely outcome was the extinction of the American merchant marine. For in effect, the two decrees blockaded the best part of the civilized world.

England, however, was alone in the impressment of American seamen and the forcible boarding of American vessels, both of which policies led to outrages by masters of British ships that perhaps exceeded their orders. Yet there came no orders to cease. . . .

Had Jefferson, and Madison, his Secretary of State, followed the precedent set by his predecessor in a similar situation, that war which already threatened might have been averted. John Adams in 1800 had accompanied his overtures of peace by the equipping of ships of battle. And peace had ensued.

But neither Jefferson nor Madison was the man to accompany an obvious desire for peace with an obvious preparedness for war.

And so Senator John Quincy Adams, who would have voted with his last breath for a show of force in the circumstances, was constrained to uphold the Republican government in its strongest moves of protest, regretting only that they were not more violent yet, and convinced that such moderation would be costly.

The feelings of the Federalists may be conjectured. That stronghold of Federalism, New England, might also be the centre of those very shipping activities that Britain was seeking to cripple, but the convictions and the articles of Federalism did not die so easily. It was Jefferson, they cried, who was crippling American shipping, by his embargoes and his non-intercourse moves. If he had not had the interests of the agricultural states alone at heart, he would have sought the favor, on land and sea, of England. And if England, who was at war with France, harried America at sea, it was

because the Republicans of the United States, by their obvious friendliness toward France, drove her to it.

The New England Federalists were rather more than ready to mitigate the deeds of Great Britain in their effort to save a trade that had shown such promise by reason of England's naval preoccupation with France. Why, they said, the number of men actually impressed was trivial.

John Quincy answered that.

He avowed that if the number had never exceeded a single one, the rights of that one were none the less vital, the offense against the usages of nations none the less heinous.

But in his own part of the country, such protestations amounted almost to treason.

The extremists in New England, of what was known as the Essex Junto—the sympathizers of the shipping interests, who controlled the Federalist party—were ready to place themselves openly under the protection of England, and the word "secession" was heard in the land.

As a Massachusetts man and officially a Federalist protégé, John Quincy Adams naturally bore a fire of questioning regarding this movement. He had some conversation with the President on the subject—innocuous conversation, since the movement was freely spoken of in Washington, and since he himself never believed that it would come to its dread fruition. But the incident was to be used against him in peculiarly embarrassing circumstances, many years later.

One immediate effect of his stand was a final break with Parsons, his former mentor, now the Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, who went so far as to express himself as believing that the British navy was the sole hope of American shipping.

John Quincy, by request, joined a Republican committee of protest against the Chesapeake affair. A week later the Federalists, somewhat shaken by the occurrence, or somewhat chagrined, appointed

him to a like committee of their own, and placed him in the chair, in the same breath threatening to "take his head off for apostasy."

But they never forgave him. In Boston, many years afterwards, his descendants were still to feel the chill of the disapproval that his defection from the party had engendered.

On the eighteenth of August, 1807, the Adamses' third son, Charles Francis, was born, in Boston. Much of that year Louisa had spent with "the President" and his lady in the Quincy mansion. A serene old President now, nearing seventy, and safe in the pleasant perspective of the years.

Safe in his own perspective, but a little askew, it must be admitted, with regard to his son, a supporter of Jefferson's efforts against Britain. . . .

Louisa wrote from Quincy on one occasion, early that year:

> Your father was for a considerable time much concerned about the bill which passed so rapidly through the Senate, and still cannot account for the vote of a certain friend of mine. It never caused me the slightest anxiety as I know your opinions to be generally formed upon mature reflection and deliberation, and almost always correct. He has taxed me once or twice upon two of your former votes, as if he suspected my having been concerned in the subject, which makes me smile. No woman certainly ever interfered less in affairs of this kind than I have, and if I ever possessed any influence, I certainly have never exerted it. However, these two votes he says, he never can forgive, and I suspect he has since included the last among the number.

The soreness, if any real soreness there was, did not endure. The son was a chip of the old block, and the block that he was chipped from could never disown him.

His mother still could write to him

> . . . Keep your mind free from party influence, and vote as your conscience aided by your judgment should dictate; and though upon some occasions I might think your vote would have been different, it is impossible to judge accurately because we see not the causes which have operated towards the decision. . . . You will proceed in a consistent uniform tenor of conduct regardless of the goads and stings you will have to encounter.

Louisa and her parents-in-law got along exceedingly well. From Washington, of winters, she would delight them with racy reports on political figures of the day, and the news of the hour. She was supremely at home in Washington. In Boston, though it was her domicile, and she an ornament to it, and in Quincy, she was, as her grandchildren were later to perceive, like a transplanted hothouse bloom.

Yet it was all too likely that she would have to turn her back on Washington permanently. Her husband had redoubled the vigor of his efforts in the fight against British aggressions, and the effect in Federalist circles was devastating. If he had been an object of contumely before, now he was anathema. They cast him out. Eight months before his term was due to expire, they went so far as to elect his successor. Adams took the hint—a broader one never saw the light. In June, 1808, he resigned from the Senate and returned to Boston, feeling that he had really quit public life at last.

The Republicans now began to pay him the most flattering attentions. Indeed, even in that Jeffersonian day, it was mooted that he might be ripe for another foreign post.

But supporting Jefferson's right moves was one thing; and taking office under his administration was another.

He did not look for gifts, from Jefferson.

CHAPTER XII RUSSIA REVISITED

ON March fourth, 1809, James Madison was inaugurated as fourth President of the United States.

It happened that John Quincy Adams was in Washington at the time, engaged in the Supreme Court in an argument on corporation law, and in the appeal of a civil suit. He attended the Presidential inauguration, and wrote of the day's proceedings to his wife:

> The oath of office was yesterday administered to the new President in the chamber of the House of Representatives. . . .

The body of the House was excessively crowded and the galleries were equally thronged, which gave it altogether a very magnificent appearance. The city was very much crowded with strangers, and I believe I may say without exaggeration that in the course of the day yesterday I saw more people than in the whole time I have ever been here.

Immediately after the ceremony was performed the President and his lady received company at their own house. I paid my visit with your mamma and Mr. and Mrs. Hellen. It was not at the President's house, which Mr. Jefferson has not yet left. He was with the company who visited his successor.

In the evening there was a ball at Long's on the Capitol Hill, the house which last winter was kept by Stelle. The crowd there was excessive; the rooms suffocating and the entertainment bad. Your sister Hellen literally took me with her, for I should not have gone but at special invitation that I would attend her. The President and his family were also there, and also Mr. Jefferson. I had some conversation with him in the course of the evening, in the course of which he asked me whether I continued as fond of poetry as I was in my youth. I told him yes; that I did not perceive I had lost any of my relish for good poetry, though my taste for the minor poets and particularly for amatory verse, was not so keen as it had been when I was young. He said he was still fond of reading Homer, but did not take much delight in Virgil.

Next day Mr. Adams returned to his difficult pleading in the Supreme Court.

He was engaged there over a number of days, whose duties he interspersed with visits to his wife's family and his many Washington acquaintances. He did not lack invitations. Rather, he lacked both the inclination and the opportunity to avail himself of many of them.

On March sixth an invitation not wholly social came to him while he was at breakfast. Mr. Madison requested that Mr. Adams would call at the President's House on a matter of importance.

He complied.

"I have sent for you, sir," said Mr. Madison, "to inform you that I propose to nominate you to the Senate as Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia. As you probably know, Mr. Jefferson sent Mr. Short there last summer, but on his nominating him the Senate rejected the

nomination. I have been informed that the objection was not to the mission, however, but to the man. The Emperor of Russia has so frequently and so strongly urged a wish for an interchange of Ministers with this country that I am very desirous of complying. The commercial relations between the two countries are important, and in this disposition of the Emperor, perhaps some valuable advantages may be obtained. I must apologize, Mr. Adams, for not having given you earlier notice of this proposition, but I must plead the extraordinary pressure of business which the recent occurrences have thrown upon me, and tell you that the nomination must be sent in within the next half hour."

It is to be hoped that the notification was lengthy enough to allow the nominee to collect himself. He uttered his thanks for the confidence of the new President. He inquired what the particular objects of negotiation would be, and at what time he would be required to go.

There would be no particular immediate subject of negotiation, Madison told him. He would watch for an opportunity to make commercial treaties, and he would stand prepared, in the event of a peace among the warring nations of Europe, to guard the interests of the United States. Furthermore, the friendship of the Russian Emperor would be valuable should any combination of the warring powers against the United States take place after such a peace. The commission would extend for perhaps four years.

It was very sudden; but upon brief consideration Adams could see no sufficient reason for refusing. Madison assured him that if, after further thought, he should perceive any insuperable obstacle to an acceptance, he might still decline; and on that condition he consented to the nomination. There was considerable doubt in his own mind as to his confirmation by the Senate.

His doubt proved well-founded, for the time being. A Senate majority did negative the appointment, on the ground that it was inexpedient to send a minister to Russia at that time.

But the President continued to receive assurances from abroad

that the Emperor of Russia earnestly desired to establish diplomatic intercourse. The nomination of John Q. Adams was repeated on June twenty-sixth of that year, and on the twenty-seventh was duly confirmed by a majority in the Senate.

John Quincy received his commission on the fourth of July, in Boston. On the fifth, he wrote in his diary thus:

> I answered the Secretary of State's letter enclosing the commission, and accepted the office. It is with a deep sense of the stormy and dangerous career upon which I enter, of the heavy responsibility that will press upon it, and of the unpromising prospect which it presents in perspective. My personal motives for staying at home are of the strongest kind: the age of my parents and the infancy of my children both urge to the same result. My connection with the college is another strong tie, which I break with great reluctance; and by refusing the office I should promote my personal popularity more than by accepting it. In my own opinion, also, I would do more for the public service in a private station than abroad upon this mission. To oppose all this, I have the duty of a citizen to obey the call of his country signified by the regular constituted authority; the satisfaction of being removed, at least for a time, and with honor, from a situation where the deepest retirement has not sheltered me from the most virulent and unrelenting persecution, and the vague *hope* of rendering to my country some important service, as intended by the mission; finally, the desire to justify the confidence reposed by Mr. Madison in me, by assuming the station which *he* has chosen to assign me, and by devoting all my powers to the support of his administration, so far as it shall aim, as I am perfectly convinced it does and will aim, at the welfare of this whole Union. These are my motives—and I implore the blessing of Almighty God upon this my undertaking. . . . I humbly ask, from perfecting goodness, for the extrication of my country from her difficulties and dangers, and for myself, the continued consciousness of purity in my motives, and, so far as it has been or may be deserved, the approbation of my countrymen.

The eleventh of July was his forty-second birthday. He showed now, in appearance, not his years so much as the effect of the past bitter half-decade upon him. Also, on the occasions when he dispensed with his wig, it was to be perceived that he was rapidly becoming bald. But his five feet and seven inches were noticeably up-

right. . . . And in his heart still dwelt a single loyalty and a single purpose.

On the twenty-sixth of July—it was the twelfth anniversary of his marriage—he received his final instructions from Washington. Two days later, he went with his wife, his mother and his brother to deliver his final lecture at Harvard College, and to take his leave of his classes. Both faculty and students showed sincere regret at the leave-taking; and he received a request that the series of lectures should be published, which they later were.

On August fifth, 1809, John Quincy Adams sailed with his wife and his youngest child—Charles Francis Adams, aged two—for Russia and another diplomatic post. There went with them Mrs. Adams' young sister, Catherine Johnson, and also the elder son of "little Abby," William Steuben Smith, who was to act as secretary to his uncle. For retinue there was a colored manservant named Thomas Nelson, and a maid for Louisa. And two young men, Francis Gray and Alexander Everett, were attached to the mission at their own expense, as additional secretaries.

The aging Abigail wrote to her son a parting letter "which would have melted the heart of a Stoic . . ." She understood him; knew everything that he had endured in the past few years; knew that he might be courting worse encounters in the next few; and feared, with him, that she would not be here to greet him on his return. But it occurred to her no more than to him that he should dream of refusing.

It was his fourth journey across the Atlantic, and with his wife and young son in his care, he thanked God that the menace of war, that had accompanied him on other voyages, at least was removed from this.

He was too sanguine. He had yet to learn the true significance of Napoleon's "continental system," as it affected the waterways of the northern passage.

Their voyage occupied seventy-five days. In the course of it they met with sleet and gale, with calm and storm and fog. And when

they reached the Baltic and the approach to the Gulf of Finland, they encountered in its turn the menace of the hour.

Their ship was fired on by the British, and boarded and questioned and reluctantly allowed to proceed because of the unassailability of the Minister's person and credentials. But then France would not let their procedure be. They must not enter a port of Denmark to rest and take on supplies, because France wished to keep British trade from the ports of the world, and all American vessels, it seemed, were suspect in the matter of carrying British merchandise. Indeed, in the harbor at Elsineur John Quincy found a small fleet of American merchantmen sequestered, their masters and crews held in the Danish capital till further notice, at the behest of France.

His own ship was finally allowed into Elsineur, on his credentials, and almost immediately thereafter he journeyed to Copenhagen to investigate the plight of his countrymen, and make representations to the French commissioner there.

The young men of his party had landed with him, leaving the ladies and the child on board. But some of the leading residents of Elsineur would make the acquaintance of the ladies, and show them hospitality. A boat brought Louisa, Catherine and the boy to shore for a little diversion; and there they remained for a few days, seeing the sights; going to the fair; and getting their land-legs again.

If the Minister wished to reach his goal before the Russian winter should shut him out, however, he must proceed with what haste the winds would allow. For merchant ships and men-of-war were hurrying, "crowding sail" before the menace of gale and of ice. There would be no getting through a little later.

The party re-embarked on the second of October, and battled oncoming winter all along the Baltic and in the Finland Gulf. In truth it was the Minister's determination alone that battled it. The Captain would have lain to for the cold months, having no taste for navigating those waters amid the ice.

The elements let them through, under difficulties. On October

twenty-third they reached St. Petersburg at last, and stood on the quay above the Neva river, before the magnificent statue of Peter the Great. American friends appeared, and made themselves helpful. One gentleman procured a carriage for the ladies and the child, and took the whole party to his lodging. Another secured quarters for them, at the Hotel de Londres in the "Newsky Perspective."

It was even stranger, this land to which they had journeyed, than they had expected. Snows that lasted from September to May. Peasants in barbaric-looking national attire. Aristocracy in Parisian creations, plentifully jeweled. Strange houses and complicated cooking arrangements. Curious vehicles, and domestic customs in general that were difficult to grasp. Even the beverages were strange, with queer-sounding names—*quas,* and *chitsliszky,* that tasted like particularly bitter small beer and made Louisa pull a wry face, though her husband seems to have found it palatable.

They attended Russian churches, where one stood throughout the service for the simple reason that there were no seats. Nor was there, as in more familiar parishes, the accompaniment of instrumental music. Instead, there was chanting—magnificent chanting, that lent, somehow, an added barbaric touch to the strangeness of the devotions.

St. Petersburg was a beautiful city—the most beautiful in all Europe at that day. John Quincy had not forgotten it. The Chancellor of the Empire, Count Romanzoff, lived in state in the very house that the Marquis de Verac had occupied in 1781, when John Quincy Adams had dined there, a lad of fourteen. Now he dined with the Royal Chancellor, in full dress and ministerial panoply, and met the representatives from all the friendly nations—many of them gentlemen he had met before.

The Emperor could not receive him at once, being confined to his couch with an inflammation of the legs. Meanwhile Mr. Adams and his family improved an acquaintance with Levett Harris, the American Consul, and by him were shown the honors of his office, and the sights of Petersburg. The ladies and the boy rode in a

droshky along the quays and over the Neva and around the Fontanka Canal, while the Minister procured him a Russian-French dictionary and set himself to learn the language.

He was presented to the Emperor Alexander on November fifth, 1809, and found the Emperor's satisfaction reflected in his own impressions. Alexander I was by ten years Mr. Adams' junior. He was a personable young man, of patriotic ideals and a liberal viewpoint. He also possessed a keen intelligence, a fearless independence and a great deal of charm. It would be all these qualities that would attract a John Quincy Adams. He greeted Mr. Adams most informally, and talked of his friendship for the United States; of the European situation; of the need for bringing England to terms; of the plight of the Austrians and the Prussians. It was with mixed feelings that Adams listened to the tragic story of Prussia, from such a source. The beautiful Queen Louisa had gone into an exile that was to end in her early death, while her king stood hard-pressed and alien to his former stern neutrality. The heel of Napoleon had ground them under. And this charming young man, who had once been their friend, was, at the moment, Napoleon's ally. . . .

The first week was a series of presentations. John Quincy made his bow to the Empress Elizabeth, and actually noticed that she wore a lace gown without a hoop, and a chain of rubies in her hair. She was a lady who had been married in her fifteenth year to a prince for whom she bore no love, nor he for her. For long now it had been public property that another woman held Alexander's affections, and bore his children. There was no direct heir to the Russian throne, and his young brother would succeed him.

The mother-in-law of this lady was the widow of the unhappy Paul, the murdered Czar. She was a dowager who stood much upon etiquette, and she received Mr. Adams, and Mr. Adams' wife, in full state and with much friendly conversation.

Louisa made her curtsey and her polite replies, and later received an audience from the reigning monarchs.

It was all conducted in the correct Russian court style, as prescribed

Louisa Catherine Adams

by Monsieur de Maisonneuve, the Master of Ceremonies. French gentlemen were much in evidence around Alexander's throne, in 1809. The French Ambassador, M. de Caulaincourt, was constantly at his elbow. The Napoleonic influence was marked.

Not so marked in the Petersburg streets, or the Russian villages and towns. There was an inherent kinship with England, and against France, which not all the propaganda of the allied court could completely crush out. The menace of Napoleon remained a menace, in spite of assurances and alliance.

Even at Court, and on the throne itself, that menace was not altogether dormant; nor was it destined long to remain subdued.

CHAPTER XIII 1812

LIFE in St. Petersburg for this New England family must have seemed like existence on another planet. The Russian Court and the ministers thereto lived in a degree of splendor totally undreamed of. When the Adamses had found a suitable house, and had been inducted into the niceties of social arrangements by the helpful Mr. Harris, dismay might well have been their chief emotion.

On the slender salary of an American plenipotentiary, Mr. Adams was required to set up his household in the style of the country. He must engage mujiks, or footmen, a "Swiss," or porter, a coachman and postilion, a maid for Mrs. Adams and a man for himself, house-workers and laundry-workers. And not only engage them, but house and feed them—and their families as well. The maid they had brought—a pretty girl who lived in mortal terror of all Russians—would serve as nurse for Charles.

Mr. Adams plunged immediately into a round of official visits to his diplomatic confrères—a most exhausting process, but strictly required. He conversed with the Dutch minister, Chevalier Six d'Oterbeck, in that gentleman's own language, on current affairs in

Holland. He dined off pure gold dishes, in a perfect blaze of ceremony, with the magnificent Caulaincourt, and learned from Monsieur's young men how great was the power and the glory of the master, Emperor Napoleon. He met again some of his friends from the Prussian Court, and the gentlemen from Sweden and Denmark, Poland and Spain and Italy. With England, Russia, was in a state of war, as the ally of Napoleon.

Nevertheless John Quincy bent his efforts toward convincing the Russian Emperor, and also his satellite the French Ambassador, of the folly of Napoleon's continental system, which, ostensibly aimed at England, really crippled neutral trade and helped Britain's commerce along. For England was still supreme on the sea.

Adams was not yet aware that distrust of Napoleon already lived in the heart of Alexander. He made his representations through Count Romanzoff, who by no means distrusted Napoleon. And to Caulaincourt he expressed his opinion that Napoleon, if he persisted, would make America's peace with England by uniting them in a common grievance. For British depredations at sea were no worse than Napoleon's attempted autocratic sway in the Northern waters.

Romanzoff expressed doubt as to whether Alexander would intervene in behalf of Mr. Adams' compatriots held in Danish ports. Such intervention would be an obvious affront to the French Emperor. But he transmitted Mr. Adams' representations.

And Alexander responded. His advice to the Danes to release American shipping was the first signal act of friendship towards America—if one does not count the fact that he had given American shipping free entry himself. It was also the first plain move of lack of confidence in the direction of Napoleon.

A combination of exhausting social amenities and unceasing effort toward unhampered American trading must represent the major portion of Mr. Adams' life in Russia. That, and a growing anxiety with regard to expense. His salary as minister was fixed—nine thousand dollars a year. And in Petersburg nine thousand dol-

lars a year, for the head of a diplomatic mission at least, was something less than a pittance.

The anxiety was creeping into his letters home, and was apparently not unobserved in Petersburg itself, for Harris and others came forward with offers of substantial loans to tide him through. These he could not accept. He had fought a hard fight to make himself financially unhampered. He would not borrow from strangers, and add to his burden.

The divergence of Louisa's training from his own now made itself evident. Mrs. Adams would have paid for a greater amenity in living. She would have undergone a little risk for the sake of bringing the American Minister's household more nearly on a level with the others, and his facilities for returning hospitalities into a working alignment with theirs. As it was, she had to forego such of the compensations for existence in this cruel climate as were not commensurate with the return she could offer.

But that was not so bad as the frequent enforced absences from Court functions for want of a suitable gown. How could Mr. Adams explain to the Czar that his wife could not avail herself of many of his Majesty's hospitalities because her husband had not the wherewithal to gown her suitably? Louisa was "indisposed" even oftener than she need have been, in Russia.

Also she had to forego many gifts which her new friends would have pressed upon her. Her husband here formulated an almost unvarying rule against the receipt of such gifts by any member of his family. *Almost* unvarying, because there did arise occasions when Louisa's obvious pleasure at some proffered present would melt his determination, so that he would let the tribute remain, and search among his own belongings for some trifle that he could give in return. Louisa and Catherine became the possessors of a gay shawl apiece, presented by Consul Harris, through such feminine strategy.

Life was still gay, when she was well enough to enjoy it. The ladies around the throne had made her one of themselves, and the gentlemen saw that she drew her share of attention. She managed to

run the city house, with its double windows and foreign aspect, all winter, and in summer they moved, in the style, to a cooler residence on an island in the Neva. Thence she made excursions with her husband to the country home of Caulaincourt, for week-end parties of an opulence that dismayed her. In winter the French Ambassador's estate at Kammenoi-ostrow offered sport and revelry amid the snows of Monsieur's private "ice-hills," which transcended even those at the Emperor's winter palace.

There were suppers to the Empresses; to the Grand Duchess Catherine on her marriage; to visiting potentates. There were state balls where the Emperor walked the Polonaise with ladies of the court, and supped after midnight in a company of thousands.

The most splendid affair was the ball given by the French Ambassador in celebration of the second marriage of Napoleon to the Austrian Grand-Duchess, Marie-Louisa. It was May, and broad daylight at nine in the evening, so that the myriad candles illuminating the outside of the Ambassador's mansion were pure extravagance of decoration. The Emperor and the two Empresses, guests of honor, came pleasant and gay in the spirit of the occasion.

John Quincy and the Emperor were old friends by this time. Most mornings, on his daily walk, Mr. Adams would encounter his Majesty similarly engaged, and they would stop and chat, of trivialities and world affairs, of customs and of classics.

At the Ambassador's ball the Emperor requested Mr. Harris to show him where Mrs. Adams sat, and strolled over to ask her to be his partner in a dance. So Louisa Adams and the Emperor walked the Polonaise, and when the measure ended, Alexander singled out the youthful Catherine, and danced the next with her. It caused some wonder. Catherine had not been presented. But she was considered as presented from that time on.

As for John Quincy, he was enjoying Petersburg, for all its extremes in climate and custom, more than he realized. In the long nights of winter, when darkness lasted from two in the afternoon till ten next morning, he had leisure for those pursuits which were

his peculiar relaxation. He read the Bible through each year, in his own language and in others. Also his interest in astronomy had grown; and he was conducting experiments in comparison of weights and measures. At this time, too, he was trying to help Robert Fulton, whose steamboats had recently achieved success in America, to introduce them into Russia.

More, he was re-educating himself in the sciences, so that he could, when he got an opportunity, be a good father to his sons.

Those two of his sons who had remained in America dwelt with his mother, Abigail, and were learning their letters under the aegis of an ex-President and a learned judge—to wit, Grandfather Adams and Uncle Thomas.

John Quincy wrote to his brother Thomas, who had married a Miss Ann Harod in 1805, and settled down in Boston:

My dear boys are never out of my thoughts. Your account of John's rapid improvement in learning to read was a banquet to my soul. There are so many things that I want them to learn that I can scarcely wait with proper patience for the time when they ought to be taught them. I presume they are now with you, and am sure they will have all the kind care and attention both of yourself and of your wife. I have already expressed to you my anxiety with regard to George's handwriting and his French. I wish him to begin immediately to write letters, and to be required to write them entirely from his own head, though he should have some assistance to correct the spelling. Letter writing is but learnt by practice, and upon every letter that he writes or receives you can lead him by a few short remarks to discern the true characters of the epistolary style. But while he is made to pursue his sedentary studies with all the assiduity which he can bestow upon them, I wish him also to be inured to bodily fatigues and even hardships. Let him have no effeminate indulgencies, no cockering, no encouragement to the anticipations of a life of indolence, and ease, and enjoyment. Let his sports and amusements even be of the hardy kind, which partake as much of labor as of pleasure. Teach him courage and discretion blended together in the same lessons. How much I ask you to do for him, and how easy it is to ask! The best of all possible educations I know is but a lottery, and without a corresponding disposition in the child, all that you can do for him is but labor lost. Let us do, however, all that we can and leave the result to Providence.

Meanwhile the little Charles Francis learned to speak Russian and French, German and English. His first nurse had been a German woman, and he spoke her language the most fluently; his own the least. He was a healthy, bright child. He liked to recite the psalms to his mother, and to go riding in a funny carriage with her and Aunt Catherine and one or other of the young men who were generally in evidence. He liked to walk on the Fontanka with his father, and meet the Emperor, though he was far too shy to talk to the Emperor in any language at all. . . . He was four years old, and needless to say his education had begun. His mother tried to keep him a baby for a little while longer. His father believed he should be a man as early as possible. Between them, he grew in his day to be the shining hope of his family. . . .

After the French campaign in Spain, the change in the Emperor's sentiments towards Napoleon grew more obvious. Romanzoff remained staunch.

Towards America, however, this was an entirely friendly court. Romanzoff himself was interested in America as a potential maritime rival for Britain, and did not scruple to say so.

If only his finances had been easier, life in the Russian capital would have been most supportable for John Quincy Adams. As it was, he must dismiss his cook, who made a profit on the marketing, and have the family meals sent in from a nearby hotel, which was cheaper but did not lend itself readily to the fashion for chance guests.

It was a hard struggle, to be the friend of kings and at the same time a poor man, in a land and in a milieu where, as he acknowledged, "the temptations to excess in expense amount almost to compulsion." But he kept it as the first principle of private economy that a man should live within his income, even if he had to achieve the apparently impossible to do so. And if one achieved, incidentally, a reputation for "closeness," why, one recognized that, and bore it with the rest of the discomforts.

Louisa's health was rather worse than ever. A fourth child would

soon be born—a child of destiny, it was to prove, though it lived little more than a year.

With the prospect of an increase in his family, John Quincy decided that the almost impossible was become the quite impossible. His letters home had brought a practical response from his mother. Largely through her good offices with the heads of the government, he received papers empowering him to end his mission at any time, should it become financially insupportable. And a few months later there reached him an intimation that he had been appointed to an associate justiceship in the Supreme Court of the United States.

Had he been utterly free to go home at that moment, there is little doubt that he would have done so. The judgeship he did not want, for various reasons—among them that he had never felt at home in the legal arena; but to return to America he did. Had he gone then, it is hardly too much to say that not only American relations with Russia, but the peace of the world itself, might have been appreciably affected.

It happened, however, that Louisa was too ill to take the journey now. And at such a time he could not leave her, to go to the other side of the world. He therefore decided to remain until her confinement was over.

And by the time it was over, the cards of his destiny had been entirely reshuffled.

Gradually the relations between Napoleon and the Czar grew strained and near to breaking-point. In Russia the French Ambassador sat closeted with Alexander, or held himself aloof from his diplomatic brethren. But Russia now was arming—and not in behalf of Napoleon.

In the midst of it all, news came that, for the Adamses, was far more tragic, more stirring.

England and America, their maritime unpleasantness grown to giant proportions, were on the verge of a war which it seemed that nothing could avert—the War of 1812. The forces in America of the new West, and the South, had bested the opposition of the ship-

ping interests, and the years of aggressions at sea were to be resented by force of arms after all.

War, however, was still a thing too tragic to admit until one could no longer blind oneself to it. When Adams met the Emperor upon the Quay, he was glad that no official word of the existence of a state of war had reached him.

"Monsieur Adams," cried the Emperor, at sight of him, "it is an age since I have seen you."

They shook hands, and talked of the weather, and of the coming general migration to the country for the summer.

"And do you intend to take a house in the country this summer, Mr. Adams?"

"No, Sire. I had for some time such an intention, but I have given it up."

"And why so?"

The Minister was embarrassed. His reasons were too personal. The Emperor, with understanding, pursued the subject.

"Perhaps it is for financial reasons."

They smiled.

"But, Sir," said John Quincy, "they are in a good cause."

"Excellent," said the Emperor, who had a family of his own, even if he had never known the lack of the wherewithal to support it. "You are wise. It is always well to let the expenditure match the means."

The sentiment went on record as a maxim worthy of an Emperor. But when the Emperor inquired how affairs stood between America and England, the American answered simply that though the English journals threatened war, his own advices from America did not seem to anticipate it.

He had written home declining the seat on the Bench. It was a seat that he felt, in any case, should go to another, and characteristically he wrote to President Madison, urging that other's superior qualifications. Then he proceeded to look around him for present occupation.

He had lately received from his government letters authorizing him to propose an actual treaty of commerce between the United States and Russia, and he proceeded to work toward this end.

But in his mind, ever present, was the threat of warfare to his country. And who knew the meaning of the word warfare better than he?

The Adams baby—a girl—was born in August, 1811, and was christened under the name of her mother.

John Quincy wrote to Thomas:

> . . . On the twelfth day of this present month, at seven o'clock in the evening, a young lady made her appearance in my family, if not of singular beauty, at least to us of singular importance. For while she was merely in *posse* she had strip'd her father of the judicial robes to which he seemed to have been *doomed,* and though I trust she will be a very good American patriot, she had insisted upon being born in Russia. My best friend had been for some weeks under no small alarm lest this *jeune personne* should choose to present herself on the fifteenth of August, the Emperor Napoleon's birthday. It was not, indeed, just now a favorite day of mine, and I thought she might just as well come upon another. But the day after she was born, her mother's doctor, who is a very worthy man as well as a skillful physician and a Scotchman, on coming to visit her said, "Do you know, ma'am, what this young lady your daughter has done? She is born on the King of England's birthday—for I suppose he is by this time King. I mean the Regent, the Prince of Wales. . . ."
>
> The ladies say that it is falling from the frying-pan into the fire. I do not know how my son John, so proud of his republican birthday, will relish that of his sister. . . .

The royal family exhibited sympathy and interest, and everyone was kind; but Louisa was ill and miserable in this cold, strange land which could never be naturally hospitable to her.

Her husband, however, now received orders to remain at his post. The situation both in Europe and in America was critical in the extreme. A half-hearted negotiation for peace had begun between France and England; but France and Russia must, on the face of

things, soon be at war; and, inevitably, America and England likewise.

In the room of Count Romanzoff, with a great picture of Napoleon in all his glory looking down on them, John Quincy spoke of the dark prospects of the world. And he spoke of Napoleon.

"If only it were possible that the *will* of peace and tranquillity could be inspired into his heart. The world might then be allowed to enjoy a little peace."

"No," said the Count. "It is impossible. Tranquillity is not in his nature. I can tell you, in confidence, that he once told me so himself. I was speaking to him about Spain and Portugal, and he said to me, 'I must always be *going*. After the Peace of Tilsit, where could I go but Spain? I went to Spain because I could not go anywhere else.' "

The Count evidently felt—indeed, he said as much—that it was more than possible for Napoleon to turn on Russia for the same reason—for want of any other place to go.

So, while the land of his sojourn and the land of his birth both waited, not inactive, for the wrath of the gods of war, John Quincy Adams warred with time, and pursued his mathematical experiments, and read a German bible for a change, and wrote to his sons that they must love their country and their God. His "Letters on the Bible" written from Russia to George and John, show how closely his sons were bound up with his religious thought at this time.

John Quincy Adams and Louisa and Charles lived in Russia through the days of 1812, while Moscow burned in sorrow and then blazed in joy, while Napoleon arrogantly advanced and ignominiously fell back, and was lost at last. And in 1812 the war-cloud burst upon America also; and John Quincy's boys dwelt amid the alarums of battle, as he had done years ago.

When I was of their age, (he wrote to his brother) I remember with what delight I used to walk over to grandfather's at Weymouth. . . . It is as you remember. . . . There is a charm in the remembrance of our infancy which

to my feelings becomes more vivid the farther I advance in years. Those were times of public distress, and terrors, and sufferings, still more than the present. I remember the melting of the pewter spoons in our house into bullets immediately after the nineteenth of April, 1775. I remember the smoke and the flames of Charlestown which I saw from the orchard on Penn's Hill. I remember the packing up and sending away of the books and furniture from the reach of Gage's troops, while we ourselves were hourly exposed for many months to have been butchered by them. All this has passed away like a troublesome dream, and all this adds pleasure to every recollection of that time. The same spirit from the same nation has now kindled against us another war. I pray God that it may not expose the infancy of our children to such perils as those which surrounded your childhood and mine. But if it is the will of Providence that it should, my next prayer is that to them, as to me, after the lapse of forty years, the alarms and dangers which befall them in consequence of their country's struggle for her rights may serve but to rivet their affections to their country and her cause, and to mingle the remembrance of evils overcome and of deliverance from distress with all the first traces of conscious existence and of opening intellect.

Nor was war the only anguish of that year. Letters came—reluctant, sad letters addressed to John Quincy, bidding him break the news to his wife that her mother was dead, and, within a few weeks, a dearly-loved sister also.

And while he consoled her, she must comfort him, for Aunt and Uncle Cranch both died that year, within a day of each other.

The young Emperor of Russia was no longer seen on the Quay by the side of the Neva. He was fighting at the head of his troops, on from Moscow along the bloody road that led to Paris.

The first battle of Moscow confirmed Alexander in his determination to pursue this war. The second made him a conqueror, and carried him to glory.

Te Deums were sung in Petersburg then. Peasants shouted their joy in fields and streets, and the myriad candles blazed once more on public buildings and private.

Alexander, the hero of the hour, was now a more active friend to Mr. Adams and his country than ever before. For many reasons

he did not wish to see America and England prolong their war. He sent to Mr. Adams an offer to mediate.

There was, of course, no reason to believe that Britain would fall in with any such suggestion; but John Quincy Adams transmitted it to his government forthwith.

His government, engaged in a war seemingly without end, with exhausted resources and an alarmingly dwindling public enthusiasm for the conflict, promptly sent two gentlemen to assist Mr. Adams in treating for peace, should the offer be accepted.

Madison was faced with the growing menace of Eastern secession, and also with the reproaches of the belligerent faction. The damage done by the British troops—particularly the unobstructed sacking of the public buildings in Washington—had destroyed confidence. The President was charged with ignorance of the conduct of war. And it was not altogether an unjust charge.

The broad view that could compass a great and well-trained naval force, a group of commanders competent to coördinate a national army, was not Madison's. Had it been, he might now have been dictating his own terms. As it was, he sped the messengers of peace at the first hint of opportunity, in a desperate hope of preserving the Union.

John Quincy wrote later to William Eustis, new Minister at the Hague:

> . . . As to our beloved native New England, I blush to think of the part she has performed, for her shame is still the disgrace of the nation—faction for patriotism, a whining hypocrisy for political morals, dismemberment for union, and prostitution to the enemy for state sovereignty. You tell me they are ashamed of themselves. I rejoice to hear it. As a true New England man and American I feel the infection of their shame, while I abhor the acts by which they have brought it upon us.

The Emperor's offer was forwarded to Britain through the recently-established envoy from that country to Russia, Lord Cathcart; and was promptly refused.

Meanwhile the two gentlemen—Albert Gallatin, the Secretary of

the Treasury; and James A. Bayard, a member of the Senate—were arrived in Petersburg, somewhat to the embarrassment of all concerned. . . .

CHAPTER XIV GHENT

Dear Sir,

This day thirty years ago you signed a definitive treaty of peace between the United States of America and Great Britain, and here am I authorized together with two others of our fellow citizens to perform the same service, but with little prospect of a like successful issue. . . .

Thus John Quincy Adams from St. Petersburg on September third, 1813, to his father in Quincy, Mass. Thirty years before, his father had been appointed, by a Congress possessing little power, to a commission holding but slender hopes, and had ultimately performed his good portion of fulfillment. But John Quincy's prospects now were worse, for though he and his fellows were offered full powers, they confronted an adversary who refused to treat with them.

It was a vastly awkward situation. Awkward for the Russian Court, whose mediation had been refused, for the American government, who appeared to have acted too hastily; most of all for the unfortunate gentlemen waiting in St. Petersburg, and particularly for the one who stood as sponsor for the other two. Constrained to present his associates to the Empresses as envoys extraordinary, Mr. Adams was forced, and they also, to accept their reception as an unofficial courtesy.

After their arrival, however, and on the strength of it, Alexander renewed his offer of mediation. It met with a second refusal—but coupled with refusal there arose a rumor that Britain, while rejecting the intervention of another power, would not be averse to treating directly.

This, if rumor should prove true, hardly benefited the perplexed

commission. Their powers were to treat through Alexander. They possessed no other authority.

That year was not a happy one for John Quincy Adams, or for his lady. Their infant daughter did not survive.

It was a cruel blow.

. . . She was our only daughter (wrote John Quincy to Thomas) and lovely as a seraph upon earth.

And hard on the heels of that loss came still more bad news from America. Sister Abby, so fondly loved, had died also, in the prime of womanhood.

There was not much light amid the shadow. One bright spot was the marriage of Catherine to young William Steuben Smith, but the news of the death of William's mother soon overshadowed the joy.

Yet Abigail in America no longer sought for her eldest son's return. She longed, she wrote to President Madison, with all her heart to see that son again; but she wished more deeply still for him to answer this new call from his country, and to help make his country's peace. . . .

Bayard and Gallatin remained in St. Petersburg through the winter, with every intention of sailing for home as soon as the ice would allow. Meanwhile the Adamses strove to show to these gentlemen an adequate hospitality—which, under all the circumstances, was hardly easy.

But the word went home that England might treat directly, and early in 1814, new powers were transmitted to the trio in the Russian capital, to cover such a contingency. By that time Gallatin and Bayard had sailed, with the intention of diverting their course homeward through England, so that they might learn the real disposition there.

That disposition proved as rumor had had it. The war in America looked never-ending. The British won battles on land, the Americans were sometimes amazingly victorious at sea, but no decisive victory could be looked for. Nothing save further expenses of the

campaign, and England needed money for campaigns in Europe at that moment.

At last, therefore, Britain officially offered to treat directly with the United States, at Gothenburg or at London. The United States chose the former place, and elected Henry Clay and Jonathan Russell, then Minister to Sweden, as additional members of the commission.

John Quincy Adams packed his boxes and prepared for a wintry voyage. In the absence of the Emperor, he made his adieux to the royal ladies, for the Emperor was still carving out his fame on the face of the European continent. Victorious, Alexander had swept on, and won into the new alliance the Austrian Emperor. England, Prussia, Austria and Russia were erasing the mark of Napoleon from the continent of Europe; and harrying Napoleon himself toward his doom.

The ominous knell of that doom sounded on the eve of John Quincy Adams' departure from Alexander's domains. Sounded, there in Russia, not as a tolling requiem, but in peals of riotous joy. John and Louisa, Catherine and William and Charles, saw the capital of Russia burst into a brilliant flame of patriotic fervor. Such fêtes, such *Te Deums,* such illuminations were never equaled, even in that land of regal display.

The echo of triumphal joy followed Adams to Reval. Paris had fallen! Napoleon had abdicated! And Alexander was the whole world's hero.

Louisa and Charles rode with John Quincy on the first stage of his journey, but no further. They would go back from there, to wait in St. Petersburg until he should return—which he felt would be soon. . . .

But it was a terribly forlorn Louisa, a vastly perplexed little schoolboy Charles, who embraced him after a farewell dinner at the post-house. And it was an unhappy man who watched them go.

At Reval he had to wait, for the winds were familiarly fractious; but Reval was humming with joy, and people were dancing in

the streets as they had danced at St. Petersburg; and there were plays and churches and artistic sights and a great many interesting friends. And at last the ice-floes and the breezes let him through, though grudgingly.

He took his carriage on board and sailed for Stockholm, where Russell met him and gave him the somewhat disquieting news that Bayard and Gallatin were endeavoring to have the seat of the conference changed to the Hague or to London. Eventually definite word came from Henry Clay, who was arrived in Europe, that the place had been officially designated—the city of Ghent, in Belgium.

It was not a pleasing choice. Belgium, free from French sway, was almost certain to come under that of the British. So that Ghent did not seem much more propitious than London as a meeting-place.

Adams rode to Gothenburg, was joined there by Russell, and with him boarded the corvette "John Adams," with his carriage aboard once more, and sailed for Holland on another stage of the journey.

He saw Holland briefly, stopped a few days in Amsterdam, at his old hotel, called on such of his old friends as still were living there; and heaved a sentimental sigh, for old times' sake, as he passed once more through the Hague where he had passed from adolescence to young manhood. The Stadtholder had returned to his palace again, in the guise of "Sovereign Prince." The French were gone, and the people seemed much the same as ever, save for a certain "gallic briskness. . . ."

They reached their goal on the twenty-ninth of June, to find a city in gala array. The Emperor of Russia, the man of the hour, was making a triumphal entry into Ghent on his return from a state visit to London. John Quincy saw his friend Alexander again, riding in the rain in an open *calèche,* to the sound of Belgian cheers and carillons, the flutter of banners and kerchiefs.

Bayard, Russell and Adams were joined by Clay. Gallatin lingered in Paris a while, but these four met in conference together for the first time in Adams' rooms at the Hotel de Ville on July thirtieth, and thus officially began a four months' struggle for peace

The Stuart-Sully Portrait (*the head by Gilbert Stuart, the body by Thomas Sully*)

COURTESY OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

between two nations—and, incidentally, among the five American commissioners.

Much has been written of the "utter discord" that reigned among the delegates in those four months. It is not all just.

Obviously, to place a lusty Westerner such as Clay, a foreign-born diplomat like Gallatin, a sportsman of the calibre of Bayard, and a John Quincy Adams on one commission, was to invite the need of a peace treaty in little. That Clay, who at home had eloquently supported the war movement, largely in the interests of his native West, now would fight for the rights of that West; that Adams would stand firm for the preservation of the fisheries of the East; that Bayard would be blunt and Gallatin conciliatory, was a foregone conclusion. But in essentials it was, intended or not, a most judicious selection.

They did not fight ceaselessly among themselves, on public matters and private, as has often been alleged. The relaxations of Clay, certainly, were not those of Adams. Adams, who was as usual making duty the rule of his existence, wrote in his room of evenings, retiring to bed at nine and rising at five, to write some more. Clay, who believed in a time and a place for everything, played cards and drank wine in his room, sometimes throughout the night, retiring at five and rising when it pleased him. The fact that Clay's parties were just breaking up when Adams arose from his bed did not escape the famous diary.

There were rather petty squabbles as to precedence. Adams was conscious of his seniority in current European diplomacy, and was inclined to take it too seriously. Clay would have none of his seniority.

But these five men went housekeeping together. On sound advice they found a house, and a man to run it who knew both good food and good wines, and could be trusted for comfortable shelter.

Louisa had written from St. Petersburg:

> Mr. Clay, I understand, is one of the most amiable and finest temper'd men in the world, and I am told you will be delighted with him. . . .

To which her husband replied:

. . . . What you have heard of the character and temper of Mr. Clay coincides exactly with all the experience I have had of them hitherto; but the other report of a public breach between two other gentlemen is altogether unfounded. So far from it that we now lodge all together in one house, and have a common table among ourselves; that we have engaged, as I wrote you before, a house, where we shall still lodge and dine together, and that there is on all sides a perfect good humor and understanding.

For all those four hard months the Americans dwelt together, and in the course of them we have John Quincy recording a sincere tribute to Clay's mental caliber, a whole-hearted admiration of Gallatin, and a complete revision of an earlier dislike of Bayard.

On the day following his forty-seventh birthday, Mr. Adams wrote to his wife:

. . . to my no small mortification Mr. Bayard remembered and toasted *the day*. It was, however, done by him with so good a disposition that I took it as kindly as it was meant. He has uniformly been since our arrival here in the most friendly humor, and we appear all to be animated with the same desire of harmonizing together. . . .

It seems fair to infer, therefore, that the well-aired differences between the gentlemen were natural ones, brought about by divergence of training and of origin. They dwelt in a normal amicability, and perhaps it was the most difficult for Adams, who censured himself as frequently as he censured his fellows. But he went further, this time, than censuring himself. He even drank bad wine at the hotel's *table d'hôte,* for the sake of sociability—a large concession, as he admitted, to the feelings of his associates.

The British commission arrived in due course—Admiral Lord Gambier, a Mr. Adams (a lawyer), and an Under-secretary of State, Mr. Goulburn. The usual amenities were exchanged, and are only unique for the fact that amenity hardly showed its head again throughout the peace negotiation.

There were squabbles about the place of meeting, and there was horror at Britain's initial demands, which included the creation of

a neutral territory, to be occupied by the Indians, between the dominions of Great Britain and the United States in the Western Hemisphere; the abandoning of all the American fortifications and naval armaments on the Great Lakes; the cession of a portion of Maine, so that the British would have a road from Halifax to Quebec; and a renewal of the British right to navigate the Mississippi.

The British status was vitally changed since these peace negotiations had first been mooted. Then, the air had still been thick with war—a European war that had gone on, more or less, for twenty years. Now, triumphant peace, with seeming permanence, lay over Europe—and England need not greatly care if the distant war with America should be unduly prolonged.

It seemed that the negotiations would break down before they started. As far as John Quincy Adams was concerned, he lived in a constant state of planning for his journey back to St. Petersburg.

The initial British overtures were all in the same vein. The English Adams, when asked what would happen to the citizens of the debated portions of Michigan, Ohio and Illinois—that is, to the considerable number of pioneers who had settled in the territory which it was proposed to make neutrally Indian—replied that that hundred thousand or so must "shift for themselves". The Great Lakes proposal seemed like that of a triumphant conqueror, while the fact that the acquisition of Louisiana had brought the Mississippi entirely within American territory since the treaty of 1783 was utterly ignored. Nor did the character of the British commissoners blend well with those of the Americans. They dined together frequently, but almost as frequently the banquet table was the scene of hot—or cold—encounter.

Despite themselves, the Americans invariably took the defensive—a circumstance that may be accounted for by the fact that their anxieties were, on the face of things, greater than those of their adversaries. Clay said, grimly, that Britain would change her tune—but there was little ground for the supposition. Britain, as has been

remarked, could afford to continue the war. America—hardly, any longer.

John Quincy Adams fought, however, for an offensive tone to counter the undoubtedly arrogant note in the British proposals. When Gallatin smoothed that out he went further, and urged that extravagant demands should be met by demands just as extravagant. He even urged that Canada should be demanded of Britain, and sincerely believed that peace could not reign in the North American continent until Canada was gained.

It is to be seen that his visionary powers still had their limitations, even if his desire to show as overbearing a front as the others in this encounter had none.

There were lighter sides to life. The Americans introduced into Ghent the tune of "Hail, Columbia," as a change from "God Save the King." Gallatin's black servant had whistled it to a Belgian bandsman, and someone else had murmured the words. The Belgians called it "gai," and it was everywhere heard.

Messieurs the Commissioners could be "gai" themselves, on occasion, and gallant also. In this connection Mr. Adams early received an unlooked-for reputation, for to all advances from the fair sex in his direction Mr. Gallatin interposed himself, assuring the ladies that Mr. Adams, away from home, knew no affections that were not platonic, at which John Quincy took mock umbrage, and urged him to allow the ladies to "find out for themselves."

But a reputation for gallantry was a part of the diplomatic character, John wrote to Louisa.

> . . . Madame d'Hane . . . is a young and beautiful woman; but to answer your question, she is not the fair lady who according to your cards takes up so much of my attention. *That* fair lady is younger still, and unmarried. I refer you for her name to my letter of the sixth inst. . . .

Louisa need not be anxious. The lady's name was Marianne Meulemeester, and she was twelve years old. . . .

There is a revealing episode in the unofficial record of the commission's existence at this time. It occurred on a winter's day, at

the end of a particularly trying three-hour session with the British plenipotentiaries. The Americans had returned to their house, and were talking over the events of the afternoon, when Clay said,

"I think Mr. Goulburn is a man of much irritation."

"Irritability," said Adams. "That is the word, Mr. Clay, 'irritability' "; and he looked at the Westerner more fixedly, and added —"like somebody else that I know."

But Clay was ready for him.

"Aye," he laughed. "That we do. All know him, and none better than yourself."

Mr. Gallatin half-humorously interposed himself, giving Mr. Adams the same look that Adams had bestowed on Clay.

"That is your *best friend,* Mr. Adams," said Gallatin.

"Agreed," said Adams, "—but one. . . ."

John Quincy told the story in a letter to his wife, and added:

. . . There was, however, truth in the joking on all sides. Of the five members of the American mission the Chevalier has the most perfect control of his temper, the most deliberate coolness; and it is the more meritorious because it is real self-command. His feelings are as quick, and his spirit as high as those of anyone among us; but he certainly has them more under government. I can scarcely express to you how much both he and Mr. Gallatin have risen in my esteem since we have been here, living together. Mr. Gallatin has not quite so constant a supremacy over his own emotions; yet he seldom yields to an ebullition of temper, and recovers from it immediately. He has a faculty, when discussion grows too warm of turning off its edge by a joke, which I envy him more than all his other talents. . . .

Our next personage in the sensitive scale is Mr. Russell. As the youngest member of the mission he has taken the least active part in the business. He is more solitary and less social in his disposition than the rest of us. . . . In the conduct of our business he has the greatest deference for the opinions of Mr. Clay.

The greatest diversities of sentiment and the most animated mutual oppositions have been between this last gentleman and *your* best friend. They are unquestionably the two members of the mission most under the influence of that irritability which we impute to Mr. Goulburn; and perhaps it would be difficult to say which of them gives way to it the most. Whether Mr. Clay is as conscious of this infirmity as your friend, whether

he has made it as much the study of his life to acquire a victory over it, and whether he feels with as much regret after it has passed . . . he knows better than I do. There is the same dogmatical, overbearing manner, the same harshness of look and expression, and the same forgetfulness of the courtesies of society in both. An impartial person judging between them I think would say that one has the strongest, and the other the most cultivated understanding; that one has the most ardency, and the other the most experience of mankind; that one has a mind more gifted by nature, and the other a mind less cankered by prejudice. Mr. Clay is by ten years the younger man of the two, and as such has perhaps more claim to indulgence for irritability. Nothing of this weakness has been shown in our conferences with the British plenipotentiaries. From two of them, and particularly from Mr. Goulburn, we have endured much; but I do not recollect that one expression has escaped the lips of anyone of us that we would wish to be recalled.

One thing is certain. It must have been worth a journey to Ghent to see the tall, blond, blue-eyed Henry Clay and the short, unbending, bald-headed John Quincy Adams indulging in one of their "animated mutual oppositions". . . .

Meanwhile the course of the peace negotiations ran anything but smooth. On September fifteenth, matters were still at a deadlock.

"Do you intend to return to St. Petersburg?" the elderly Lord Gambier asked Adams at one of those inimical dinners.

"Yes—that is, if you send us away," said Adams.

His Lordship was disconcerted, but he was Castlereagh's man, and he saw no more end to the discussions than did John Quincy.

"I lament it," said his Lordship. "All I can hope is that some day we shall be friends again."

Yet both sides clung to a desire for peace—the Americans a little the more tenaciously. And the wish bred moderation where moderation had not been. By November, Adams himself was proposing a peace on the basis of the *status ante bellum*.

Clay ridiculed him. The British would never let America get out of the war as well as she got into it.

But on November twenty-seventh, Mr. Adams' diary contained the following significant entry:

All the difficulties to the conclusion of a peace appear to be now so nearly removed, that my colleagues all consider it as certain. I myself think it probable.

There was a little internecine war yet to come, however—in the "bachelor" household of the American delegation. Adams and Clay, in those weeks, fought again the fight of East versus West—the northern fisheries, that is to say, against the Americanization of the Mississippi. Clay laughed at the importance of those fisheries for which John Quincy Adams' father had fought thirty years before.

"The right to dry fish in a desert," he called it.

John Quincy in his turn could not take seriously the admission of the British to the western river. As he saw it, it was a mere point of pride, and could never be useful to Britain.

December came, and new distrusts. Adams felt that England was purposely making many minor concessions, while holding back the few important ones, and striving to put the Americans in a false position for a refusal. As for Clay, he was ready to talk back at the Englishmen and urge his country to fight for three years more. There were fireworks at the sessions those days.

"I will never sign a treaty upon the *status ante bellum* with the Indian article. So help me God!" cried Clay.

Mr. Goulburn lost his temper, and the English Mr. Adams followed suit.

The news of the British capture of Moose Island brought another hot argument. The Americans proposed that the British restore the island to America pending arbitration. Mr. Goulburn, who was a very young man, lost his temper again.

Mr. Bayard spoke of the earlier affair of the Falkland Islands.

"Why," said Goulburn, in a transport of rage, "in that case we sent a fleet and troops and drove the fellows off; and that is what we ought to have done in this case."

"You are mistaken, sir," put in J. Q. Adams, surprised—but never lacking on a point of history. "In *that* case the Spaniards drove the *British* off."

It was for my Lord Gambier to play a Gallatin rôle this time, and by a change of subject put his discomfited colleague at his ease.

The joint dinners continued, in an atmosphere tense and reserved.

Mr. Clay began to feel that they were going to make "a damned bad treaty," and Mr. Adams believed that his colleagues were going to cede the fisheries, in which case he could not sign.

In Britain, however, things suddenly took a different turn. The chief antagonist to a peace with America had been the Foreign Minister, Lord Castlereagh. But recently my Lord had journeyed to Vienna, and there had got into certain difficulties with Czar Alexander and Frederick Wilhelm. As a result, his views on making peace with America had changed substantially . . . which was part of the reason why peace, when it came, came with a staggering suddenness.

The final note of the British Commission omitted all mention of fisheries and Mississippi alike.

Mr. Clay, however, was not won over, and asked Adams to join him in breaking off negotiations. But Adams now saw peace well in sight at last, and refused. Clay wanted to stand out for a definite abandonment of Britain's declaration of the right of impressment, which after all had been one of America's objects in pursuing the war. But the others felt that America had now made her gesture of protest, and also that she now possessed a navy more adequate to take care of oceanic outrages—including those pertaining to the fisheries. So no one would join Mr. Clay, and in the end he saw it expedient to join with them instead.

Peace was signed on December twenty-fourth, 1814, with the general basis of the *status ante bellum*.

A few days later, General Jackson's army won the battle of New Orleans. And such were the vagaries of the postal services in that day that news of the peace and news of New Orleans reached many homes in the United States together.

Thus General Andrew Jackson stole a portion of the peace commissioners' glory, to add to his own heavy laurels.

But how glorious a piece of work those commissioners had done at Ghent, only an onlooker at Ghent could have told. They had conquered themselves, conquered each other, and conquered the terribly long odds with which they had started. They had stood their ground till the crucial moment, and the vilifications which the British were now directing against their own commissioners, through the press, showed how right that moment had been.

With the peace, all aspects changed. Adversaries, reactionaries, appeared in the mellow light of agreement. Minor squabbles were no longer of vast significance. All was well.

But John Quincy Adams would not go back to Russia, after all. With his original commission he had received an intimation from Monroe, the Secretary of State, that in the event of a peace the President contemplated sending him to London.

So Adams wrote to his wife, bidding her close the house, take her leave, gather up Charles and make her way across ravaged Europe to join him in Paris.

Calmly he wrote, having come himself by way of the comparatively easy North. And calmly, having written, he took his way to Paris, and arrived there as a rumor started,—a rumor that was to spread and run throughout the country, and trickle slowly along the road that led to France from Russia.

CHAPTER XV VIVE NAPOLEON!

LOUISA had felt the Russian cold, in every sense of the word, a thousand times magnified since her husband had left her. In the beginning, Catherine and William were there, which tempered the desolation a great deal. But later the young Smiths departed also, to visit Ghent on their way home to America.

And now the desolation, for Louisa, was complete. She was alone in a land whose language she had never mastered, whose chills she had never withstood. Even the six-year-old Charles Francis, who

spoke "the Russian," was in school all day, and her acquaintance in Petersburg had never extended, as in Prussia, to close friendships.

The court circle tried in all ways to be kind. She attended a ball or two, and once she danced with an Englishman who boldly questioned her concerning the prospect of peace at Ghent.

He must have had a poor opinion of your discretion, or been sadly deficient in that quality himself,

wrote Mr. Adams when she described the incident.

But for the most part she was alone in her strange house with her strange domestics. Life was rather terrifying.

Eventualities proved, however, that it could become more so. There came the sudden summons from John. It overwhelmed her.

Conceive the astonishment your letter caused me if you can. . . . I know not what to do about the selling of the goods, and I fear I shall be much imposed upon. This is a heavy trial, but I must get through it at all risks, and if you receive me with the conviction that I have done my best, I shall be amply rewarded. I am in so much confusion that it is hardly possible for me to write you, and my letter will be very disjointed. . . . I missed two posts by the idea of your being here before you could get my letters. . . .

But there was nothing to be done save to collect herself, and make her plans. She went to Court and curtsied to the Empresses; bade farewell to the ministers and their wives; took her leave of the domestics she was discharging. Gifts were lavished on her, and upon Charles, who prized in particular a handsome silver cup, presented to him by the Westphalian minister.

Her adieux fairly over, she engaged an elderly French nurse for Charles, to accompany them to Paris, and hired two menservants to guard her carriage. One of these men had been in Mr. Smith's employ for a while; the other was a released prisoner from Napoleon's army.

The Russian Government, solicitous for her welfare, pressed on her every possible paper or passport that she could need, every letter of credit or of introduction. The Minister of the Interior insisted

that she take a *yager,* or guide, to escort her through the Imperial domains.

A day or two before she was to begin her journey, she took tea with a friend, the Countess Colombe. It chanced that the Countess was entertaining also that day a fat old noblewoman, the Countess Apraxin, who was a stranger to Louisa. This lady swiftly evidenced the fashionable weakness for telling fortunes, and obviously fancied herself as a seeress with the playing-cards. She insisted, since Louisa was departing on a journey, that she must find what was in store for her.

In a spirit of fun, Louisa acquiesced, and plucked a Queen from the deck. . . .

"It seems," said the Countess, at once, and somewhat reproachfully, "that you are rejoiced at quitting St. Petersburg. . . . But you will soon meet those from whom you have long been separated."

She examined her cards more closely, and allowed her manner to grow more portentous.

"There is something more—a great deal more," she said. "When you have achieved about half your journey, you will be much alarmed by a great change in the political world, in consequence of some extraordinary movement of a great character. This will produce utter consternation, and set all Europe into violent commotion. This circumstance, of which you will hear on the road, will necessitate a change in your plan, and will cause you great inconvenience. It will render your journey very difficult. But after all," she concluded, "you will find your husband well, and you will have a joyous meeting after so long an absence."

Louisa could not keep back her mirth as she thanked the old lady.

"I assure you, madam, notwithstanding your skill, I have no fear of the possibility of such an occurrence. I am far too insignificant, and the arrangements for my journey are too simple to attract notice. If I can escape accident, I am sure I shall accomplish the journey without meeting any obstacles of the kind you predict. Besides, is not this a time of peace?"

They were all very merry, flattering the Countess on her skill, and Mrs. Adams for having inspired it; but privately Louisa dubbed it a "string of absurdities."

She took her leave, and received the ladies' compliments, with the aristocratic fortune-teller conjuring her to remember the predictions. Louisa assured her that she could never forget them—or her; and in that assertion, at least, she was to prove as good a soothsayer as the Countess herself. During the latter part of her journey she was to remember the occasion all too constantly.

It was intensely cold when the start was made, and the snows were so deep that her carriage—a smart *berline*—had to be demounted and placed on runners. In this, with the child on a mattress upon the front seat, Mrs. Adams set forth; a *kibitka* carrying the two servants in her train.

All went well in the Russian domains, thanks in large measure to the good offices of the *yager,* and to the countless civilities she received by the way. Many friends begged her to stop and visit at various points, but she was constrained to decline. She wished to move with all possible speed. She was afraid of this journey, and she wanted to conquer that fear forthwith, if she could.

At Riga, a thaw came, and the carriage had to be slung on wheels again. But the drop in the temperature was not soon enough for her provisions, carried against emergency. The food froze hard; and a solitary bottle of Madeira wine was solid all through.

Nor was that the fullest extent of her distresses. Charles' cherished silver cup was missing. Stolen on the way, most obviously, but by whom, she could only conjecture—and that not aloud. She was hardly in a position to voice an inescapable suspicion of her Napoleonic bodyguard. . . .

They waited for wheels; for horses and postilions. The Governor of Riga came to call, and she had to decline one more offer of lodging, though she accepted an invitation to dine.

The next stage took her into Courland—and into the worst of the thaw. Now the carriage sank, at times, so deep in the snow that

they had to summon aid in order to be dug out with pickaxes and shovels.

They arrived at Mitau, the capital of Courland. As Louisa rested at an unusually comfortable post-house, intending to proceed the same night for one more stage, a certain Countess Mengs, whom she had known slightly at St. Petersburg, came calling. She was a charming person, and it was thus all the harder to refuse the inevitable invitation. But Mrs. Adams' impatience was growing with her fears, which remained far from conquered. She longed to be gone.

She therefore took her dinner at the inn, and, having seen that her small entourage was adequately fed, prepared to gather herself for flight once more. But there was an interruption.

There came to her the master of the post-house, wearing a most mysterious air. He told her he had something to say that was of vital importance to her. He was a friend of the Countess Mengs, he said, and wished to render a service.

He was a kindly man enough, but his present manner was queer, to say the least. Louisa's fears sprang into new life, and it was with difficulty that she managed to conceal them. With something more than difficulty, indeed, in the light of the landlord's tidings. . . .

A terrible murder had been committed on the road over which she must pass that night, the landlord told her. And he urged her to wait till morning.

Louisa trembled in good earnest now, but a brief reflection did not encourage a change in her plans. She only intended to go four German miles further, she said, and her servants were well armed. She would easily reach the next post-house by nine or ten o'clock, and she was anxious to complete her journey with all possible speed.

He shook his head. He had daughters of his own. Wait till morning, he urged her, again. And he told her something more, that added to her fears.

It seemed that her French servant was well known in Mitau . . . known to be a desperate character of the deepest dye. Her life would

not be safe, her self-appointed counsellor assured her, if she continued the fellow in her service——

"—though I trust you will not discard him here in Mitau, Madame, lest the post-house be sacked as a revenge. . . ."

"That I will not," she promised, bracing herself. "I am under bond to take the man to his own country, unless he behaves improperly; and on the contrary he has been active in the management of my affairs. My other servant, though honest, is slow and timid."

"Very well, then," said the landlord. "Appear to place unlimited confidence in this fellow. Seem to accept his advice in every emergency—until you are among friends. . . ."

She assured him that she would, and gave him her word—somewhat superfluously, considering her resolution to retain the man's services—that she would not repeat what he had told her.

"I gave the warning for your own good, Madame," he said, "and not because I wished to keep one more guest at my post-house for the night. . . ."

If Louisa had trembled before, she quaked now. Indeed she would not have proceeded after all, but that she feared the possible effects of a sudden change in her plan. So on she went— "I fear from a proud and foolhardy spirit. . . ." she wrote later, in recording for her family's benefit the story of her journey. Most uneasily, she got into her carriage, with the woman and the child.

It was worse, even, than she had imagined. Four miles away from the post-house, the postilion brought the horses to a halt.

"Madame, I have missed the road."

"Missed the road! Have you not traveled it frequently?"

"No, Madame. The man who is accustomed to drive is sick. I have never been this road before. I cannot tell where we are."

Nevertheless, they jogged along until eleven at night, over hills and into holes and ruts. Louisa was now consumed with terror, above all for the safety of the child.

As far as the menservants were concerned, they were fully occupied in trying to prevent the overturning of the carriage. Mrs. Adams

consulted Baptiste, the former soldier of France, frequently, and displayed an ostentatious trust in his judgment.

But midnight brought no end to their aimless wandering in the dark. It was decided that Baptiste should take one of the horses and try to find the road.

He departed.

Fifteen minutes later, there came to the ears of the women, waiting in the blackness, a sound of horses' hoofs, and presently of men's voices. Louisa's heart thumped again, "till she thought it would burst." If only Charles would continue to sleep so sweetly!

Baptiste rode up. He had found a house. He had knocked, and a Russian officer had come out with him to offer assistance and guidance. The finding of the road apparently required great skill.

And now came the officer himself. Louisa addressed him in "execrable German," and thanked him for his courtesy. Lights were brought. Soon, at a snail's pace, they were traveling again; but it was half past one before they reached an inn.

Louisa ordered drinks for the men and coffee for herself and the nurse, and pressed a gift of money on the departing officer.

But it was a very poor inn, and the restless lady prepared to leave it with all dispatch. She called her men, and thanked them for their care; and when that was done she knelt and thanked her Maker.

Sleep hardly visited her that night. She had concealed her moneybags about her person, so that the menservants might not know of them. At each stage she exhibited the letters of credit which she carried, to make it appear as if she only took from one town as much as she might need to reach the next. She also carried a letter from the Russian Government, recommending her to the care of all whom she might meet; and she had been instructed to inform the Minister of the Interior of any shortcomings in this respect.

Yet her fears persisted.

They proceeded next day, and placidly—until they crossed the Vistula. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when they reached the near shore of the river, and the ice that must bear the weight

of the carriage was too obviously in a critical state. The men with the post-horses took long, hooked poles, and walked out on that dubious surface, to find the firmest path. The horses followed . . . with the carriage. . . .

Round the edges it was worst. On the far border of the river the carriage almost toppled over. Almost; but they did make the bank at last, in safety.

They were in Poland now, halted in the "dirtiest, meanest village" Louisa had ever set eyes on. They therefore tarried for only the briefest while, and did not pause again until they came to the Prussian frontier.

But if it was not dirt or danger it was insolence. The guards on the border were extremely surly, and there was a total lack of horses, which was not remedied for hours. Indeed, it was only by producing her letter, which established her as a personage of international importance, and by threats of writing to the Minister to complain, that Louisa obtained adequate attention in the end.

Then her passports must be shown, and endless questions answered. But she was finally allowed to proceed.

They came within sight of the sea. So suddenly, and so close, that little Charles cried out in terror.

"Mamma, Mamma!" He clung to her. "Are we going into that great water?"

The horses turned, and the water came alongside.

That afternoon they reached the Hartz mountains. The road across was forbidding, and very soon Louisa's spirits had sunk correspondingly low. For they had come to the battle-lands. . . .

Here, held now in the rigid grasp of the ice, were "the fearful remnants of man's fury." The ruined walls of burned houses reared themselves in the whiteness, with here and there an inhabited dwelling and a few lone women moving about in a general atmosphere of desertion, devastation, despair. . . .

The carriage traveled onward, and came in time to Königsberg. They halted for a day, and Louisa delivered one of her letters of

credit, and bought some amber, and would have liked to go to the theatre, only her "gentleman" was not with her.

Now that they had crossed the Prussian frontier, Baptiste was not so agreeable as he had been. His tone, indeed, was quite alarming, so that Louisa was constrained to inform him that he might leave her as soon as he pleased. She was, she added, in a country where she was very well known. She had lived four years in Berlin, and was acquainted with the King and the royal family.

His tone altered a little. He said he wanted to go to his own country; that she had agreed to take him all the way.

"—if you continue diligent and attentive," she amended, with some intrepidity.

Yet it was not servants that were to annoy her most that day. They took the road once more. That is, they proceeded for a very few miles. Then, suddenly, the front wheel of the carriage fell off, in pieces. They were stranded, more than a mile from any habitation; and once again it was nightfall.

This time the postilions proved resourceful. One of them offered to return to a small house they had passed on the road, and try to get another conveyance. since the road was too bad for the women to walk. Louisa assented, and the man set off, and presently came back driving a "miserable common cart." Into this they all climbed, and thus they rode back to what proved less a house than a hovel of two rooms adjoining a blacksmith's shop. A "dirty, ugly, ill-natured woman" and a trio of unprepossessing males were asked by Baptiste if they could convey the party back to the city.

"No," said one of the men; "but we will make the wheel good if you want to stay here for the night."

Once more Louisa consulted her servants, who advised her to comply. It would be midnight, they told her, before she could get a carriage to take her back—and they were well-armed. One of them would keep watch on her sleeping-chamber.

So she had Charles' bed brought into the house, and, while he slept, she and the old French nurse sat up, feeling anything but

secure, and fortified themselves with their own provisions, which someone had had the foresight to place with them in the cart.

A wheel, of sorts, was ready in the morning—a clumsy, unpainted, but serviceable affair. They rode on.

That day they stopped at Kustrin, in the shadow of the fortress. To her utter astonishment, Mrs. Adams now began to hear nothing but praise for the gallantry of Napoleon—here in this land so lately wrested from Napoleon's clutches. He was a great man, a great commander, they insisted. His officers were gentlemen. It was too bad that the allies had had to bombard this beautiful fortress.

"From here," they told her, "you will travel the most beautiful road in the world. It was completed by Napoleon's orders. All would have been like that, if only the allies had not driven him away." And they sighed, though guardedly; and shrugged, there amid the significant signs of war. "It is the Cossacks whom we hate," they said; and Louisa, who rode in a Russian coach, saw women turn pale at the very name.

The passports examined, they proceeded again. Along the way one of the postilions pointed to a modest little house.

"There, Madame, is the house in which Queen Louisa took refuge with her sick child, after she had been driven from Berlin by the French."

It was not a moment for Louisa Adams to receive such information, or look on such a spot, with equanimity.

> My heart thrilled with emotion for the sufferings of one whom I had so dearly loved, and I could not refrain from tears at the recital of her sufferings. . . .

Her carriage took her onward, and in the course of time she came to Berlin, and to the Hotel de Russie, where she had sojourned as a bride. . . . There she established herself for a week. The carriage was in need of repair, and the clumsy wheel must be painted. Well, Berlin was attractive enough. . . .

She wrote to one of her old friends, the Countess Pauline de Neale,

and "waited with no little agitation," because the Countess was one who had last known her as a young and blooming bride. But the meeting was marked by the warmest affection. The ladies talked and laughed and wept together till it grew late, and made arrangements to visit the Princesses Radziwill and all the old acquaintances. Nor did they part until Louisa had promised to spend most of her time with Madame.

She slept soundly that night. In the morning, refreshed, she ordered a temporary coach and sallied forth to inspect remembered Berlin.

Everything looked much as it had done fourteen years before. The manners and costume of the people were changed, of course, and French was now the general language. But all the old landmarks remained—the Lindenstrasse, the Brandenburg Gate, the bridges and the palaces and the public buildings. Yet after a while she did begin to miss something—to feel something that damped her pleasure. There was a gloom about the gardens and the avenues that had bloomed beneath the smile of the lovely young queen. . . .

Later, when with Madame Neale she waited on the Princesses, felicity returned. Her welcome made her feel like a long-lost sister to these ladies, who had suffered so much since she had last talked with them. They vied with each other to shower attentions on her. They entertained for her at tea, they drove with her of afternoons, they called to inquire for her welfare constantly. They took her to Charlottenburg, to view the mausoleum of the Queen, with its marble statue embowered in flowers. The men of the family were in Vienna with the King, but from the ladies she heard the story of the retreat of the French, and all the anecdotes of the campaign. At Princess Louis' house were nearly all the old friends, and between them they would have detained Mrs. Adams indefinitely.

But she had written to her husband, announcing her approach, and she was desperately anxious to be with him.

She rode out of Berlin very early one morning, with no little regret. She had felt at home there. Tender memories had been

awakened, and the icy cold of Russia seemed to have thawed away from her heart. Yet she was glad to be a little nearer to her goal.

Now along the sandy roads came parties of disbanded soldiery; drifting slowly homeward. Louisa was more than a little afraid of their looks. Of evenings, she would pull onto her head little Charles' military cap with its tall feather, and place his sword across the window of the carriage. For she had been told in Berlin that anything that looked military escaped insult. . . .

Her two men still rode armed on the box.

"Avoid Leipzig," her friends had warned her, "or you will have to cross the battlefields of a year ago."

She therefore took the route to Eisenach, and, arrived at the posthouse there, heard a piece of news—of rumor, rather—astonishing beyond words.

The rumor said that Napoleon had returned from Elba to France.

"Of course," said the landlord, "it is only rumor. Everyone knows that Napoleon is securely imprisoned on his island."

In spite of herself, Louisa's thoughts flew back to the Countess Apraxin and the fortune-telling cards. Her brain was spinning when she went to bed. Indeed, in the excitement of the moment she forgot to secrete, as usual, her bag of gold and silver. . . .

In the morning it was gone.

Her nurse, who had come to her with a thirty-year recommendation from Madame Colombe, slept in the same room with her and the boy. The woman was returning to Paris to be with relations. It had been her duty to lock the door when they went to bed. . . . And now the bedside lamp was gone, and the purse that had held the money was empty.

Mrs. Adams ordered her carriage forthwith. Her bankers at Berlin had advised her to go by way of Frankfort-on-Main, and had given her letters of introduction to friends there. To Frankfort, therefore, she directed her postilions.

But she had proceeded no further than Hanau when horror overtook her. Just outside the town were acres and acres of agonized

land that held on its bosom the fragments of warfare, the bones of men. . . . Louisa saw, with profoundest horror, parts of footwear, clothes and hats, bleaching bones . . . in fields that seemed to have been newly ploughed. . . . She grew sick and faint. This was the spot where the Bavarians had turned on Napoleon, and ten thousand men had been slain. . . .

Before she left Hanau, horror turned to dismay. Rumor arose again, and stronger—and it said, again, that Napoleon was actually returned to France. Here in Hanau they were preparing to call together the lately disbanded troops. It was, indeed, more than rumor. . . . Before long she was forced to recognize it as incontrovertible fact.

On her journey, the news had the immediate effect of further delay. She began to be closely questioned, and horses were hard to get. Her hosts now, though civil, were French-speaking, and ardent in their praise of the returning Emperor.

So it was, all along the way. On all sides her ears were assailed by praise of the French, and silence regarding the allied armies—save for the Cossacks, who were universally accursed.

Her servants both began to grow restless now, and to talk with fear of conscription and a renewal of the war. Soldiers were mustering everywhere. Everything, it seemed, was coming to life again. . . .

But Louisa felt anxious and unhappy. She wondered whether John would meet her at the French frontier, and in the hope that he would she hastened onward with all possible speed.

At Frankfort her servants deserted her. She could not bribe them to go any further, and she was left in a dilemma. It was impossible for her to continue without a guard, and the banker to whom she had been directed strove to persuade her to remain in Frankfort for a few days, until he could make some arrangement for her. He said that the news of Napoleon's return had caused upheaval everywhere, and that servants would be hard to procure.

By now, however, Louisa's desire to proceed to France with all speed had grown beyond all bounds. She must hasten, before the

armies could begin to move. She mentioned to the banker her belief that her husband would meet her at the frontier. Still he demurred. Troops, he said, would be sent to the frontier without delay, and there would be considerable danger from stragglers.

His caution was unavailing. There would be no rest for Louisa until she proceeded, and he was constrained merely to advise a different route again—more circuitous, but safer. He made a drawing of the road for her, and, what was still more helpful, managed to secure for her a Prussian boy of fourteen. And at last, after arranging for her supply of money, he put her in her carriage and consigned her to this youthful guard.

Wagon-loads of soldiers passed them now, the men roaring out martial songs and obviously riotously happy at the prospect of new hostilities.

At Kiel, after being "questioned and troubled," they crossed the Rhine. On the other side was Strasbourg. Here Louisa was stopped again; her passports demanded; her baggage taken from the carriage. An officer came, and told her she might proceed, but that the country was in a very unsettled state, and her journey to Paris would be difficult. Strasbourg was quiet for the moment, but for how long, nobody knew. The Emperor Napoleon had certainly returned, and was on his way to Paris. . . .

Louisa remained at Strasbourg for a day or two, and by way of relaxation took a walk in the town with Charles. But when the genial landlord, with some difficulty, had managed to secure another manservant for her, she was more than ready to proceed. She felt ill and tired, and her mind dwelt sadly on the fact that she had been absent a whole year from her husband, and for "five long, long years and a half" from her two eldest sons. War had interfered with communication, and ill-health had hampered her. There had been so many losses, so many messages of tragic family news. And now here she was, traveling in the utmost danger, and she knew not whether reunion would ever come. She fixed her thoughts on that reunion. . . .

Next day they were off again. That night they stopped at a "miserable house," and drank milk in a dirty room in company with several evil-looking men. Charles was frightened. He would not answer when the men spoke to him. His mother told them he was sleepy, and Dupin, the servant, asked for a room for the child to rest in.

There was only one. It led off the parlor. . . . In that room they passed the night, Charles sleeping, Louisa and the nurse awake as usual, and listening perforce to the loud voices of the men, boasting of what Napoleon would do now he had come to drive out Louis XVIII. Her own postilions could be heard joining in the discussion, and in the curses against the allied sovereigns and the hated Cossacks. . . .

How glad she was when day came, even though they must take the dread road again! Dupin, at least, was reliable, and possessed unlimited tact.

Louisa lodged at Château-Thierry that night. . . .

. . . good beds and comfortable lodgings; but poor Charles was much annoyed by a gendarme, who told him he must be a very good boy and not speak a word on the road, for that little children of his age often did much mischief. He was very inquisitive, expressed great astonishment at my travelling to Paris in such a state of things, and seemed by no means satisfied with my answers, which were very simple. . . .

Next morning, fine weather brought a corresponding rise in spirits. That afternoon, at Epernay, the waiter brought Mrs. Adams a bottle of champagne with her dinner, and insisted that she drink it, for, he said, she would lose the opportunity as soon as she departed from the champagne country.

It was as well that she did partake. . . . An hour later, when they were on their way again, that happened which confirmed her darkest fears. They had covered a mile and a half of the road, when a sudden flood of oaths assailed her ears. Oaths unmistakably delivered by feminine voices.

Louisa thrust her head out of the carriage window. . . .

There were troops all around them . . . and women, following the troops. . . . The postilions had led her into the midst of Napoleon's Imperial Guards, on their way to meet the Emperor.

And there she sat, in a coach that was most distinctly of Russian origin, and heard the women who hated the Cossacks cursing her and hers. . . .

Madame Babet, the nurse, was as pale as death. Those women out there, and the soldiers too, were shouting,

"Tear them out of the carriage! They are Russians! Take them out! Kill them!"

Already the soldiers had seized the horses; had turned their muskets against the drivers. . . .

Louisa took out her passports, and strove to be calm. A group of officers, headed by a general of Napoleon's forces, rode up and asked her business. She presented her papers.

The general looked at them, closely, and raised his head.

"It is an American lady," he called out; "going to meet her husband in Paris!"

There were immediate shouts—but different from the last.

"Vivent les Americains!" cried some of the soldiers. And "Madame," they called to her, "say after us, *'Vive Napoléon!'"*

With all the fervor she could muster, Louisa complied.

"Vive Napoléon!" she cried, and waved her handkerchief.

"Vive Napoléon!" yelled the soldiers. *"Vivent les Americains!* Down with Louis the Eighteenth! *Vivent les Americains!* They are our friends!"

For all that, a detachment formed in front of the horses, and Louisa was left in no doubt whatever that she would be fired on if she attempted to get away. The General and his staff, resplendent in cocked hats and refurbished, gleaming uniforms, rode by her side.

"Your situation, Madame," the General warned her, "is very precarious. The army is totally undisciplined; the men will not obey a single order. You must try to appear at your ease and unconcerned. And when they shout their *'Vives,'* you must shout, too.

I will endeavor to get you lodging for the night, and I would advise you to delay your procedure until the troops have all passed, and then take a circuitous route to Paris. The whole army is ready to meet the Emperor."

Louisa said "Thank you" sincerely, and assured him she would follow his advice.

"You speak French perfectly, Madame," he complimented her. "It is a fact that will contribute much to your safety. No one would believe you to be a foreigner. . . ."

Meanwhile little Charles sat "petrified," and as his need of her increased, so also did her own calm. Only those drumbeats in her ears, which were the sounds of her own heart, told her she was equally afraid.

It was no easy ride. The unruly soldiers continually teased the servants and the postilions with their bayonets, and poured blustering threats on them. The roadside oozed drunken men, yelling their *'Vives'* and other cries. . . .

And when at length they reached a post-house, the lady of the house refused to take them in. But the General—his name was Michaux—argued and pleaded with her; and at last she said she would agree, provided Madame would remain in a darkened room, have her servants concealed, and hide her offending Russian coach.

The exhausted Louisa was glad to agree to anything. Indeed she could hardly believe her own good fortune when she found herself in a comfortable room, before a roaring fire.

She learned that she would probably get through without further trouble, that the General had merely wished her detained for fear his plans should be revealed. He had already gone on, with his troops.

And now that immediate danger was past, Louisa's courage seemed to collapse. She was weak and ill, and sleep was once more out of the question, both by reason of her condition and of the fact that drunken soldiery packed the house almost throughout the night.

The landlady, a sprightly Frenchwoman, brought her coffee, but

would not allow her a light. Nor would she remain for more than a moment. She must run back and bandy jokes with the soldiers, she said, and fill them with wine, or they would plunder her house.

So Louisa sat in the dark, with a sleeping Charles and an all too wakeful Madame Babet. The Frenchwoman had been frightened literally out of her senses. She had visions of the Revolution beginning again—the horror and the bloodshed and the Terror. . . . She was no reassuring companion.

Meanwhile, outside, Louisa's Prussian boy had come under the notice of the troops. They forced him to burn his Prussian military cap, and amused themselves by prodding him with their bayonets. . . .

All this went on till five next morning, at which hour the innkeepers decided to bar the doors and let those outside roar for admission. Then only, those within slept, if fitfully. At nine o'clock Louisa was ready to depart.

They rode now, on advice, by way of Chatillon, where they were met by the news that forty thousand men were at the gates of Paris, and a battle was expected.

Mrs. Adams was newly dismayed, but only temporarily. She had come too far, and too hazardously, to pause now. She had been forced to spend too much money, and besides, she felt certain that John would have come out to meet her, had there been difficulty in reaching the city—that is, if her latest letter from Strasbourg, informing him that she had changed her route, had ever reached him.

Moreover, Dupin advised her to push on to the outskirts of Paris, where she would at least be within means of communication with her husband. He told her there was a rumor abroad that she was one of Napoleon's sisters, hastening to meet him. And as the idea was so favorable to a successful completion of her journey, said Dupin, he did not deny it, but merely shrugged his shoulders mysteriously when the subject was mentioned.

They rode to Sens, and on to Meaux, which the Cossacks had ravaged a few months previously.

And as they neared Paris, there appeared on the road behind them a man on horseback, trying his hardest to overtake the carriage. Louisa thought immediately, and not unnaturally, of highwaymen. Why did not her postilions quicken their pace? Instead, for some reason, they slackened. . . .

The man drew alongside, breathless.

"I have been trying to come up with you for the last half hour," he said. "I was apprehensive that you would be overset. The hind-wheel of your carriage is nearly off."

So she must have Dupin fix the hind wheel as well as he could, and turn back to get it repaired. But there was no delaying, for she must reach her goal tonight, at all costs. It was late in the evening already, but she pressed onward. . . .

And that night in the Hotel du Nord, in Paris, having seen her waiting-woman carried away, a sufferer from "brain-fever," Louisa faced a John Quincy Adams who was "perfectly astonished at her adventures."

CHAPTER XVI THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

HE had received her letter from Berlin, but not the message from Strasbourg. He had been anxious at the delay, but had believed it might have been occasioned by the streams of people leaving Paris, and a consequent scarcity of post-horses. He had never directly connected her journey with Napoleonic alarms.

For, viewed from Paris, the return of Napoleon Bonaparte had been singularly unobstructed.

Clay and Bayard and Russell were all in Paris immediately after the peace of Ghent, and received the ratification there. With the circle of William H. Crawford, the American Ambassador, and the various young attachés, the trans-Atlantic group was a gay one. The Commissioners were presented to King Louis XVIII. They attended

the courts, and went together to the Théâtre Française and the opera, and were entertained lavishly.

By mid-March Clay was gone to London, and Russell to Sweden, but Bayard and Gallatin and Adams were in Paris on the nineteenth, when John Quincy wrote to his mother:

> . . . Europe had the prospect of a long and profound peace when, on the first day of this month, Napoleon Bonaparte landed with eleven hundred and forty men and four pieces of cannon at Cannes in the Department of Var, not far from Marseilles. It is five hundred miles distant from Paris, and I am afraid you will think I am sporting with credulity when I assure you that now, at the moment when I am writing, the impression almost universal throughout Paris is, that within six days he will enter this city as a conqueror, without having spent an ounce of gunpowder on his march.
>
> I have not yet brought myself to that belief. I am no longer indeed confident that it is impossible, because the progress that he has undoubtedly made has by the simple fact disproved the correctness of my anticipations. At the first news of his landing I considered it as the last struggle of desperation on his part. I did not believe that he would be joined by five hundred adherents, and fully expected that he would within ten days pay the forfeit of his rashness with his life. . . .

Indeed there had appeared to be reason for the expectation. Louis XVIII had sworn to his people that he would die for his country, rather than surrender. Hawkers in the streets shouted the royal proclamations, declaring Bonaparte a rebel and a traitor, who would be exterminated by the royal forces. Louis' soldiers vowed their fealty toward him, and pledged themselves to shed their blood in his behalf. . . .

Yet a sojourner in Paris in the days that followed could realize how hollow was that fealty, how superficial that devotion. As Napoleon swept triumphantly nearer, and at length approached, on March twentieth, the gates of Paris itself, Louis XVIII silently stole away. . . .

And John Quincy Adams stood with the crowds on the boulevards, waiting to see Napoleon come. The cry of *"Vive le Roi"* was changed to *"Vive l'Empereur"* as Napoleon took Marshal Ney and

a horde of his former troops into his embrace. There had been too many powers behind the throne of Louis. Paris was ready to rejoice that Bonaparte was returned.

The entry itself was without display. On the night of March twenty-first, while Mr. Adams sat watching the actors at the Théâtre Française, Napoleon came quietly into Paris and took up his residence at the Tuileries.

True, he did not escape the crowds—but the celebration was both spontaneous and informal. A mob seized the Imperial person, and, cheering lustily, carried him shoulder high up the staircase of the Tuileries Palace. And some said that at their head was no less a personage than John Quincy's old friend Monsieur Caulaincourt. . . .

Mr. Adams had had the young Smiths with him in Paris thus far. He bade them godspeed on their journey back to America the day after Napoleon's return.

And now, on the twenty-third, came Louisa and Charles, at last. . . .

So the Adamses dwelt in Paris for a part of that world-shaking period known to history as the "Hundred Days." It was a time of joy and feasting. Little Charles could gaze at the tricolor floating over the Tuileries; could watch with wonder the Emperor's gaudy troops as they mustered in the Place du Carrousel. After all the stress, the excitement, outside, Paris was flocking gladly to the standard of Bonaparte, and it was *"à bas Louis dix-huit"* indeed.

John Quincy Adams had come back to Paris after thirty years, and found it little changed. Monsieur de la Fayette was here again, an aging man scarred by a bitter imprisonment and exile, a bitter loss. Adams had been of some slight service to the family of Monsieur during his imprisonment, and had grieved that he could not aid his old friend personally. La Fayette acknowledged both the wish and the service now. Louisa and John and the boy spent some happy days at La Grange, though there was no longer a sweet Marquise to dispense the hospitality of the mansion; and the children

who had clustered at her knee so many years ago were substantial heads of families. It was a subdued if distinguished group, with the vivacity supplied by such friends and allies as Madame de Stäel.

Meanwhile the conqueror was ubiquitous. The Adamses saw him acclaimed at the play, in the streets and squares.

On the twenty-third they attended the mass at the chapel of the Tuileries. There Mr. Adams enjoyed "a full and steady view of the Emperor's countenance." Not his first, but apparently his most searching inspection of the brooding profile of the little Corsican, whose lines of aspiration and determination seem to have been a fascinating study.

April brought a reshuffling of the members of the commission. Adams and Gallatin were ordered to London, to join Henry Clay in formulating a treaty of commerce with England there. Bayard was named to succeed John Quincy in Russia; Gallatin to the Napoleonic Court. And at the close of the treaty negotiation, Mr. Adams would remain in England, as Minister Plenipotentiary.

Thus George Washington's prediction duly bore its fruit. At forty-eight, John Quincy Adams stood at the head of the diplomatic representation of his country.

He wrote to his mother, asking her to send to him his two elder sons. And in May, with his wife and Charles, he went to London to meet them, and to receive his waiting commission.

> We met on the road a regiment of soldiers, marching to Dover, to embark for Flanders; many beggars, and families of apparent paupers, wandering about the country, without shed or shelter. The cities have all the show of prosperity, but with an extraordinary proportion of cards upon the houses, advertising them for sale. We did not stop to dine on the road, but took at Dartford a sandwich and a glass of ale. We stopped at the "Green Man," Blackheath, at the six-mile stone, and found there Mr. Williams, one of Mr. Beasley's clerks with a letter from him, informing me that he had taken lodgings for me at No. 67 Harley Street, Cavendish Square.

Louisa had all her boys around her once again—Charles and two rather shy elder brothers, grown out of all recognition, but ex-

cited as she at the reunion. And London, the city of her birth and of her girlhood, seemed fair, despite the fact that America was none too popular at the court of St. James's. London was still a place well-known, a climate familiar.

It was not George III who received Mr. Adams this time. King George had retired into the mental darkness of his declining years, and a Prince Regent, who would one day be George IV, took Mr. Adams' bow and his credentials. The Prince was a stout and somewhat vapid middle-aged man, more popular in the center of his glittering court than outside it.

This Prince had sent the Duke of Wellington once more into the field, to attend to the necessity for destroying Napoleon's power permanently. And with the aid of Field-Marshal von Blücher the Duke did his part. . . . The Hundred Days passed, and Napoleon met his final doom.

And as Paris had gone wild in the ecstasy of that Hundred Days, so London now thrilled to the echoes of Waterloo. It was England's hour, and John Quincy Adams, whose presence seemed destined to attract national crises, dwelt through one crisis more.

He dined at the Mansion House in company with the Duke after Waterloo.

> Before dinner, the Lord Mayor introduced me to the Duke of Wellington. I observed that I had already been introduced to him. "Oh, yes," said he; "at Paris." "No; at the Prince Regent's last levee at Carlton House, by your Grace's brother Mr. Wellesley Pole." "Oh! ay! yes!" said the Duke, who had obviously forgotten me and my introduction. This is one of the many incidents from which I can perceive how very small a space my person, or my station, occupies in the notice of these persons, and at these places. . . .
>
> The dinner was of turtle and venison, and otherwise luxurious as usual. At the dessert the loving cups of champagne punch and the basins of rose-water went round. The steward, at the passing of the cups, and at the first toast, "The King," went through the nomenclature of the company, according to custom, naming the American Minister immediately after Lord Erskine. . . . Every toast, excepting the first, was drunk standing, with what they call three times three—hip! hip! hip! and nine huzzas—for the Lord

Mayor observed that it was impossible to do anything in the City without noise. With all this, the dinner was inexpressibly dull. The company was obviously not well assorted. The Duke of Wellington yawned like L'Eveillé in the *Barbier de Seville,* and his aids occasionally laughed in the sardonic manner, as if it was at themselves for being in company with the City. Wellington has no lively flow of conversation, but he bore the daubing of flattery spread over him at every toast with moderate composure. The general aspect of his countenance is grave and stern, but sometimes it opens to a very pleasing smile. . . .

A treaty of commerce was signed on July third, 1815, by Clay, Gallatin and Adams for the United States, and the familiar Adams and Goulburn, with Mr. Robinson, Vice-President of the Board of Trade, for England.

It was neither a satisfactory nor a permanent treaty, and it occasioned more petty squabbling, in proportion, between the three Americans than ever the treaty of Ghent had caused. Mr. Clay and Mr. Gallatin went home, and John Quincy continued to sit closeted on frequent occasions with Lord Castlereagh, the Foreign Minister, in an effort to ease the commercial situation of his country. At length, to a small degree, he did succeed in doing so. He obtained at least an easing of the restrictions on American trade with the West Indies, which had long been something very much to be desired.

The Adamses in due course, and for reasons of economy, took a house a short way out of town—at Ealing. Its name, before they came there, was Boston House, and of a certainty it was not changed. . . . Here they settled down to live the diplomatic life. The boys went to school, and of evenings were coached by their father. John Quincy went to his new office in Craven Street, to transact his official affairs, and from there to my Lord Castlereagh's, to argue the well-worn questions of fishery rights, impressment rights, Mississippi navigation. . . .

There was also the matter of naval forces on the Great Lakes—which my Lord Castlereagh still seemed to feel should be almost entirely British naval forces. Adams was ordered by the President to

propose a pacific arrangement toward disarmament in that quarter. And thus another series of discussions began.

It was a proposal that did not meet with a warm welcome, but, though mutual disarmament on the Great Lakes had been mooted before, chiefly in a negatived suggestion by Gallatin at the Ghent conference, this new diplomatic attempt was the entering wedge that opened the way. Disarmament actually came a few years later, largely through the coöperation of Richard Rush, briefly acting as Secretary of State, and Charles Bagot, the Minister from England to the United States.

Louisa meanwhile had formed a close friendship with Mrs. King, the young daughter-in-law of the Federalist Rufus King. It was at the house of this lady, then visiting in London, that Louisa arrayed herself for her presentation to Queen Charlotte. A gala occasion, that robing, and well attended. Judging by the size of the admiring crowd of ladies in the rooms of Mrs. King, Louisa must have surpassed herself that evening, when she went with her husband to make her bow to the Queen.

There followed a round of great dinners, pleasant friendships. The Carysforts were here, eager to pursue the pleasant friendship begun in Berlin. Mr. Adams took his wife and his boys to the "Israel in Egypt" Oratorio at Drury Lane, and to the pantomime there, and to see the play at Covent Garden. He and his lady dined at the civic boards, and gave small dinners to great people on their own account, and viewed the art collections, and rode in an official barge along the Thames to partake of a "water party" at the invitation of their friend Mr. Wood, the Lord Mayor of London. With his eldest son George Mr. Adams attended the House of Commons, and sat in the gallery to hear luminous debates and speeches that were sometimes not so luminous.

George was having a most exciting time—particularly in the holiday periods of his not too attractive school at Ealing. These periods he and his brothers contrived, by the familiar artifices known to schoolboys, to stretch out invariably to the straining-point. That is,

to the point where their father began to show obvious signs of strain. George went with a grown-up friend to the races at Newmarket, and visited the University at Cambridge, and wrote to his grandmother Abigail an account of it all. He was officially deputized now to write the weekly family letter to America, but that novelty soon wore off. His school-master, he told his father, said that his handwriting might suffer if he exercised it too much at present. So "John Quincy Adams" began to appear at the foot of Abigail's letters once more, and she was gladdened with the story of his days. He read his Bible as of yore, and read the classics and lighter fare to his family. He made his mathematical experiments and studied the stars. It all came under the head of diplomatic life.

To maintain his position as Minister, however, on his usual slender salary, was still a trial. And to win respect for himself in spite of it, as he did before he went away again, was no mean accomplishment. He made many friends. The luminaries of the civic and business worlds sought his company, and the great Canning went out of his way to be introduced to the American Minister.

On December eighteenth, 1816, Mr. Adams' diary took note of an innovation:

> In our walk into the City this day I was struck with the gas-lights which are introduced in the streets and most of the shops in the neighborhood of the Mansion House. They are remarkably brilliant, and shed a light almost too dazzling for my eyes. They are also attended with an inconvenience of offensive smell, which I thought perceptible even in the streets, and they are thought to be unhealthy. For lighting streets, however, and open places, it is probable they will supersede the use of oil.

Life in London was pleasant enough, and restful. Louisa, at any rate, found it so. Her house was spacious and comfortable; her garden was lovely.

"You will gain few laurels in England!" John Adams wrote to his son; but the son replied that his garden at Ealing was bordered round with laurels, and those were the only garlands he desired.

Far nearer his heart was the education of his boys, and for a little

leisure to prosecute this he was thankful. He supervised their study of the classics, grounded them in religion, by word of mouth as he had always done by letter, and strove to render the face of duty as lovable to them as it was to him. He was not invariably successful. . . . There had been something of prophecy in a certain early letter of John Adams to his wife, in which he had said:

> . . . I must study politics and war that my sons may have liberty to study mathematics and philosophy. My sons ought to study mathematics and philosophy, geography, natural history and naval architecture, navigation, commerce and agriculture, in order to give their children a right to study painting, poetry, music, architecture, statuary, tapestry and porcelain. . . .

Moreover, in the cases of young George and John, Grandmother Adams had been far more indulgent than ever she was with her own. And so, where Charles had had the constant supervision of their father, these two now appeared more fertile for the sowing of their mother's graces. Old Abigail, unrepentant, urged John Quincy to let them be young, and play. Perhaps she still regretted the stern realities that had robbed him of so much of his own extreme youth.

But his sons were not the only striplings whose growth he sought to strengthen. Many young men wrote to him for advice, and among the most promising was Alexander H. Everett, who had worked with Mr. Adams in Russia. John Quincy knew a high personal regard, both for Alexander and for his brother Edward. He wrote to the former:

> I will give you one word which you may lay down as the foundation of the whole political system, to which you may boldly and safely devote from this moment all the energies of your character, all your talents and all your genius—that word is *union*. Let that be the centre from which all your future exertions emanate, and to which all your motives tend. Let your conduct be at once bold, resolute and wary. Preserve inflexibly your personal independence, even while acting in concurrence with any party; and take my word for it, you will not need to go in search of public office, at home or abroad; for public office, at home or abroad, at your option, will soon come in search of you. . . .

The Adamses dwelt in London till 1817, their existence an admixture of suburban simplicity and court formalities, of social contacts and ministerial duties. There was the Lord Mayor's banquet at the Mansion House, where the mobs of people were so great that numbers stood on the dinner-tables after the meal was over, and the Lady Mayoress sat with a smelling-bottle at her nostrils, to keep herself from fainting. Louisa had been with her earlier in the evening, as she tried to pass among the crowds of guests. It was impossible. It was even impossible to get out, unless one walked across those dinner-tables—which is precisely what the American Minister and his exhausted lady were eventually forced to do.

Louisa was charming in a slim gown of snowy net over ivory silk, girdled and embroidered in bright steel thread. There were roses in her hair—white roses to match her gown—and silvery roses at her waist. And she carried a fan and a kerchief as finely embroidered as her attire.

On April twenty-fourth, 1817,

> The Duke of Wellington called in person, and invited me and Mrs. Adams to the wedding at his house this evening. The Duchess afterwards called and left her card. Mrs. Adams also went and left cards for herself and me at the Duke's house. We were obliged to make a short dinner, and left the table at nine o'clock to go to Apsley House, at Hyde Park Corner, which is now the Duke of Wellington's. . . .

It was one of the last of the gala visits. A week earlier, Mr. Adams had received a letter from James Monroe, who on March fourth had succeeded Mr. Madison as President of the United States. It informed Mr. Adams that Mr. Monroe, with the sanction of the Senate, had appointed him Secretary of State in the new administration.

CHAPTER XVII SECRETARY OF STATE

THUS came John Quincy Adams for the final time from Europe to America—from a London in all the splendor of the Regency to a provincial Washington, hastily repaired after the depredations of British arms in the late war—a settlement scattered, still primitive, and even, at times, menacing, for snakes abounded in the swamps that Washingtonians politely called roads. Not much of l'Enfant's dream, and that of his illustrious patron the first President of the United States, had come to pass in 1817, sixteen years from the date of the "city's" first officialdom.

The Adamses had sailed from Cowes on June fifteenth, with the compliments of the court and the good wishes of friends.

> . . . Mr. Chester, the Assistant Master of the Ceremonies . . . enquired of me in what manner I should choose to receive the usual present given to foreign Ministers on the termination of their missions, which, he said, was for Ambassadors one thousand pounds, and for Ministers of the second order, five hundred. I told him that by the Constitution of the United States no person in their service was permitted to accept a present from any foreign sovereign. . . . The prohibition of the Constitution of the United States in this case has my hearty approbation. . . .

Fifty odd days or so later, John Quincy Adams took dinner in New York with Governor De Witt Clinton and a distinguished company, at Tammany Hall, and received the added hospitality, for him and his family, of John Jacob Astor.

He proceeded to Washington by way of Quincy, and put the two younger boys to school in Boston before resuming his journey.

It was good to see the old folks again—the white-haired "President," who held his little court outside the Quincy meeting-house each Sunday, after service; the fragile Abigail, so near now to the hereafter. Near, but still burning with the human fires—with ambition for her sons, and love for that which was theirs. Only one year

was left for Abigail, but no one can doubt that as she saw her eldest son mount to the chair of the Secretaryship, her mind's eye penetrated further, and visioned him, with smiles and with tears, in the troubled but preëminent seat of the Presidency.

After friendly welcomes, both official and unofficial, in Boston and Quincy, John Quincy and Louisa and George proceeded to Washington, and to further greeting—formal and informal, glad and resentful.

For the seats of the mighty, as represented by the government of the United States, at that moment held Henry Clay, who aspired to the Secretaryship himself and had not been guiltless of opposing the Adams appointment; Crawford, newly created Secretary of the Treasury, who already encompassed the Presidency in his own future aspirations, and had no stomach for a New England "heir apparent"; and John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina—Mr. Monroe's choice for Secretary of War.

Calhoun at this time was thirty-six years of age—a slender man of high and nobly proportioned brow, brilliant eyes set under a bush of light hair, a strong, determined chin and considerable personal charm. His greatest convictions and beliefs, like his private ambition, had not yet solidified to render that gaze more fierce, that chin more stubborn. John Quincy's early estimate of him, formed after Mr. Monroe had officially introduced them, was highly favorable:

> Calhoun thinks for himself, independently of all the rest, with sound judgment, quick discrimination and keen observation. He supports his opinions, too, with powerful eloquence.

There was considerable friendship and mutual esteem between them. They rode together frequently; and on a slightly later occasion, when Adams was sounding Calhoun as to whether the latter would accept the mission to France in succession to Gallatin, he accompanied the tentative offer with the handsome assertion that he expected more from Calhoun for the good of the country than from any man living.

It seems deplorable that the roads of these two gentlemen were soon to diverge as completely as does North from South. . . .

Meanwhile there were other Washington undercurrents, far stronger. . . . It was a day of fusion of the parties, but that fact meant less a consolidation of the whole body politic than a chance for the ambitious man to work for himself. Hence Clay and Crawford, and that other aspirant to the Presidency, Governor De Witt Clinton of New York. . . .

Clay was quite deliberately obstructive from the start. Disappointed in his aspirations toward the Secretaryship of State—the more or less recognized seat of the "heir-apparent"—he had refused the Secretaryship of War and also the mission to England, stating to Monroe that he thought he could be more useful to the country as Speaker of the House. And from that important station he opposed most of the President's moves and criticized most of the Secretary of State's actions.

The diary has a comment dated March eighteenth, 1818:

. . . When Everett was here, he asked me if it would not be advisable to expose Clay's conduct and motives in the newspapers, to which I answered very explicitly in the negative. He also asked me if I was determined to do nothing with a view to promote my future election to the Presidency as the successor of Mr. Monroe. I told him I should do absolutely nothing. He said that as others would not be so scrupulous, I should not stand upon equal footing with them. I told him that was not my fault—my business was to serve the public to the best of my abilities in the station assigned to me, and not to intrigue for further advancement. I never, by the most distant hint to any one, expressed a wish for any public office, and I should not now begin to ask for that which of all others ought to be most freely and spontaneously bestowed.

The pleasantries of life were mostly in private, though even there, there were undercurrents.

Since Louisa was last in Washington, the bugbear of social precedence had raised its head. The lady of a new incumbent must make the first calls, all round. When Louisa failed to comply, Mrs. Monroe was called upon to set her in the right path. But prece-

dents and precedence alike failed to intimidate John Quincy Adams' wife. The President himself was appealed to. Mr. Adams told Mr. Monroe that Louisa was not new to Washington, that all her family resided there, and that she wished to follow her own precedents in the matter of social obligations.

It proved a wise stand. Certainly it saved both time and the annoyance of social smallnesses. Louisa's drawing-room became one of the three, not counting the President's, in which the niceties of social usage sunned themselves in congenial contact. Monsieur de Neuville, the French Ambassador, lived in the French court style; Mr. Bagot and his immediate successors upheld the dignities of the British; and Mrs. Adams, on her famous "Tuesday evenings," practiced her cosmopolitan arts and dedicated them to American hospitality.

In this she was not particularly aided by her husband. Washington society at the moment was too great a mixture of the attractive and the inimical for John Quincy Adams, never one to conceal his feelings, to be at his ease in a semi-official assemblage. He was hardly more at home at his wife's Tuesday evenings than he was at the President's weekly dinner-parties, where he squirmed beneath small-talk and "table-cloth oratory."

Louisa was backed, rather, by her Washington friends of long standing; and, fortified further by the amicability of the elegant Elizabeth Monroe, she gradually assumed a more than ever conspicuous place in Washington society.

It was a circle sophisticate and yet ingenuous, where men and women played cards for extravagant stakes, and bought lottery tickets, and danced the cotillion on Saturday nights—unless they were New Englanders; and still carried points of honor, if necessary, to the duelling-field.

John Quincy Adams preferred simpler pleasures. He took to swimming in the Potomac before breakfast each fine summer morning; and to riding his horse for further exercise; and to extensive walking.

Old Abigail died in the year 1818, of a combination of typhus and years.

On November second, John Quincy Adams wrote to his own son John, in Boston,

> You have lost, my dear son, one of the kindest and most precious of parents, for such she truly was to you and to all my children. If you live as I hope and pray you may to an age as advanced as hers, you will never meet on earth one to whom you will owe deeper obligations, or who will be to you a more faithful and affectionate friend. May it be your lot in life to enjoy the society even of a few spirits so nearly approaching to perfection as hers; and above all, my son, may he who is the Supreme good inspire and guide your conduct through your worldly career, so that at the final scene you may surrender your spirit to its creator as unsullied as was hers. I have no greater blessing to bestow—be it yours, and be it that of your brothers. . . .

But it was to his bereaved father that he poured out all his heart—to an ancient of eighty-two, whose brain was still as alive as his hands were palsied. They knew, those two, how great was the loss of her who had been guide, philosopher and friend to them both.

And the Secretary of State needed friendship and philosophy and guidance more than ever, in 1818.

It was to be known as the era of good feeling, and as far as party animadversions went, the appellation was just. But one-man parties were rife, and obstacles in their way suffered abrasion and contumely.

Nevertheless, it was to be an Adams day.

There was danger of war with Spain—at first mainly by reason of the efforts of Spain's South American colonies toward independence. The coöperation of the republic to the north, so lately won for freedom, seemed to them logical. And certain interests in the United States itself appeared to share the view. Privateers from United States ports had, indeed, already gone to the aid of the rebels.

An early result of all this was the first Neutrality Act, but it hardly helped. It looked to North American eyes as if South

America would win, and besides, a natural sympathy for those fighting for independence could not be downed.

When Monroe met with his Cabinet, Adams preached "reserve," and a caution with regard to the righteousness of this Southern rebellion; and Calhoun was with him.

On the opposite side of this question was Clay, in the Chair of the House of Representatives. Clay was eager to give both recognition and aid to the Southward—even if it embarrassed the Monroe administration. . . .

Nor was this all of the situation with regard to Spain. The United States had always, since the Louisiana purchase, desired to acquire West Florida, and was ready to treat with Spain for that territory now. But at the crucial moment General Jackson, in Florida, on the too-elastic boundary of the Louisianan state, happened to be working his will with scant regard for Spaniards or boundaries either, and hanging and firing where it seemed to him propitious.

Adams was destined now to appear in the rôle—and in the light of future events it was a remarkable one—of sole champion of the actions of Andrew Jackson. John Quincy was to save his country from war, and he was also to snatch Andrew Jackson from contumely and disgrace.

The General had been ordered to cross the Florida boundary, if necessary, in ridding Louisiana of Seminole Indian raiders, who were under the protection of Spain. He proceeded to do so, according to his own lights. He shot two Indian chiefs without any formal trial, and executed two British subjects, Ambrister and Arbuthnot, out of hand, for alleged interference. He seized Pensacola and applied the torch where he chose.

Great Britain as well as Spain promptly threatened war.

And in Mr. Monroe's Cabinet, Secretary of War Calhoun pronounced that no punishment was bad enough for Jackson. Clay, from the House, agreed with him, in terms even less uncertain. Crawford, the Secretary of the Treasury, was almost violent in his condemnation; and the President himself felt strongly, with most of

his officers, that Jackson should be disciplined for transcending his orders. The dissenting voice was that of Adams.

He insisted that the Government was officially responsible, both to Spain and to England, for all Jackson's acts after he crossed the border. He said it was the Government's duty, and also to its best interests, to justify the General's actions before the other nations, whatever they might wish to do to him personally for the manner in which he had interpreted his orders.

And he managed to win both President and Cabinet, in effect, over to this point of view. What is more, through the ministers to Spain and England, he persuaded those countries to accept the force behind Jackson, with a lengthy justification and an offer of at least partial reparation.

Jackson came to Washington, and found himself still a hero—thanks alone to John Quincy Adams. And they met; but of that more hereafter. . . .

It was now Adams' task to settle the Louisiana boundary question, and the differences with Spain. That country, still licking her wounds, was represented by a cunning, keen aristocrat, Don Onis—a man of business and of the world who would go to great lengths to further his country's interests.

Don Onis was intimidating, suave, tactful and deprecatory by turns. His masters in council in Spain, he intimated, might not be master minds, but they pressed him hard, for redress against Jackson's campaign in Florida, and for acquisition as tangible sign of that redress.

Adams fenced with him. And while he fenced, he suffered under the constant harrying of Clay and Crawford. Clay was by now sworn to oppose any concession in the matter of boundaries. Crawford seemed equally pledged to obstruct any negotiation at all. His job was apparently to foster the public dissatisfaction—to make the administration unpopular as a means of clearing his own path to the President's House. Or so it seemed to Adams.

President Monroe, on the other hand, was so anxious to see a

treaty go through, that before it had actually become an accomplished fact, he was ready to make far greater concessions than his Secretary of State could swallow. That gentleman therefore pushed ahead in his own fashion, taking in his stride a refusal of the proffered mediation of Great Britain.

A mediator whom he did accept, however, was Monsieur de Neuville, the French minister, for whom he had considerable esteem. This gentleman acted as unofficial go-between. And thus Adams achieved a suavity by intermediary dealing which he could never have summoned to a direct negotiation. Meanwhile he set his adversary and his adversary's condition in the scale of his mathematical mind, and gave to the last inch which he thought it was necessary to concede; and then stood firm.

The only possible catch in this method was that the Don might find a last ground of his own, and stand as firm as Adams. But in estimating men Mr. Adams rarely erred on the side of weakness.

And when the negotiation ended, the United States had won Florida from the Spaniards, with trifling concessions and invaluable gains. The new boundary agreement gave the United States access to the Pacific south of the Columbia river, and complete control of the Red and Arkansas rivers with all their islands.

It seemed a triumph for Adams.

"Perhaps the most important day of my life," he called the day when he and Onis jointly signed the Florida treaty.

Clay made an effort to discredit the American concessions on the ground that the new Sabine boundary was unsatisfactory as the Southwestern border of the new territory; but the Senate confirmed the treaty by a unanimous vote, and the threat of war in the immediate future seemed to have been wiped out.

There were, however, to be further complications. Some private grants, held by Spanish concessionaires, held up the starting of the treaty machinery. The Spanish Government, in the person of Don Onis, did not quite know what could be done about those grants.

There were more conferences—further encounters of the rapier-

points of international diplomacy; and for a while it appeared as if Adams had counted his victory too soon.

The United States grew restless again, and at length the Secretary of State himself was weighing the advisability of taking Florida by force.

President Monroe, however, preferred a continuance of the diplomatic war until all hope from that was passed, and the remaining members of his Cabinet upheld him. Representations also came from France and England, praying for a stay of violent action as long as possible.

And finally a new Spanish minister was despatched, to open further negotiations.

While Adams waited for this gentleman's arrival, certain other business arose to fill his working time—which on occasion was *all* his time. This was the business of the admission or non-admission of Missouri into the Union. It was not strictly his affair, and only because he made it so did his name come to be connected with the question. It happened to be mixed up, in certain aspects, with the Spanish controversy. The interest of portions of the South in the acquisition of Florida had rested largely on the hope of creating further slave states. The admission of Missouri would include another such state in the Union.

And in John Quincy Adams' mind there had come to the fullest fruition that hatred of slavery that was to mark his later days with greatness. He saw in the spread of slavery in the South "the title page to a great tragic volume." He saw, if spread it did, inevitable conflict between slave states and free. He saw the threat of a dissolution of the Union; indeed, he felt that a dissolution was inevitable, if slavery was ever to be eradicated from the States.

It was the beginning of a rupture with Calhoun. The divergence of their respective attitudes toward the slavery question was the divergence of totally irreconcilable usages. The growing mutual distrust between the two sections of the country—agricultural and industrial—formed the background of their differences; and the

tariff agitation of 1824 was to crystallize this distrust. Where the North had long felt that agriculture wished to gain the upper hand by the inclusion of new slave states, the South became equally certain that "protection" in the mouths of Northerners spelt doom to Southern prosperity. The two questions—Missouri and Protection—mark the beginning and the fruition of the Adams-Calhoun break, which in the end was to be a final break.

For the present, however, the slavery question was merely agitating them to friendly enough argument. Adams was proud that his State had been the first to place on the census forms, in the column headed "Number of slaves," the word "None."

Calhoun was willing to concede that in theory the institution of human slavery was deplorable, but in practice in the Southern States he was convinced that it had many good points. There were tasks, he told Adams, that could only be performed by slaves. . . . John Quincy wrote:

> Never since human sentiments and human conduct were reflected by human speech, was there a theme for eloquence like the free side of this question. . . . Oh, if but one man could arise with a genius capable of comprehending, and an utterance capable of communicating those eternal truths that belong to this question, to lay bare in all its nakedness that outrage upon the goodness of God, human slavery!

The day of the Abolitionist was still to come. John Quincy Adams now fought to prove that neither State governments nor United States Congress could establish slavery in a new State.

And when the Missouri controversy terminated at last in the Compromise of 1820, which made the new territory part slave-soil and part free, Adams wrote in his diary:

> . . . And so a law for perpetuating slavery in Missouri, and perhaps in North America, has been smuggled through both Houses of Congress. I have been convinced from the first starting of this question that it could not end otherwise. The fault is in the Constitution of the United States, which has sanctioned a dishonorable compromise with slavery. There is henceforth no remedy for it but a new organization of the Union, to effect which a concert of all the white States is indispensable. Whether that can ever be

accomplished is doubtful. It is a contemplation not very creditable to human nature that the cement of common interest produced by slavery is stronger and more solid than that of unmingled freedom. In this instance the slave States have clung together in one unbroken phalanx, and have been victorious by the means of accomplices and deserters from the ranks of freedom.

Time only can show whether the contest may ever be with equal advantage renewed. . . .

It was Henry Clay, as Speaker of the House, who had ensured the passing of the first of those acts that were to earn for him the title of "the great compromiser."

By now the new Spanish Minister, Vivés, was arrived, and soon new complications had reared their heads which seemed to show that only force could win Florida, after all, for the United States. Adams himself grew cold to the negotiations.

But as he grew cold, the new and seemingly implacable Spaniard showed a correspondingly increasing warmth. And at last, in the face of a general indifference and a growing indignation in the United States, the King of Spain announced his readiness to ratify the treaty in its original shape, with the addition of the annulment of the grants held by the Spanish concessionaires.

Once more Clay was obstructive. But once again the Senate assented.

Andrew Jackson was made Governor of Florida.

Two years had gone by since the end of the original negotiations, but by reason of them, Adams' triumph at the last was the greater. He had kept his dignity and that of his country. He had preserved his country's rights, and gained in peace what he had once been ready to seize in bloodshed.

What was more, he had confounded all those—and their name was legion—who had predicted his own downfall by reason of the failure of the Spanish negotiation.

Nor was this all that he had done in the period just elapsed.

He had, at the request of a gentleman from Luxemburg, who had been sent to this country to investigate immigration conditions,

looked into those conditions rather minutely for himself. He discovered that the condition of immigrants—mostly impecunious victims of European adversity—was little better than that of slaves, on arriving in the free United States. What was known as the "redemptioner system" was then a usual procedure. It was a system by which men and women were transported across the Atlantic on the possibility of a relative's or a friend's ability to "redeem" them, or pay for their passage, on their arrival. If this payment did not materialize, the unredeemed were sold into servitude, so that the companies did not lose. . . . These immigrants were known in the South as "Dutch, or White Slaves."

It is significant that the redemptioner system was abolished by act of Congress in 1819. . . .

In 1817 Congress had called on the Secretary of State to draw up a complete report on Weights and Measures. From then on, for four years, all Mr. Adams' time not devoted to his other official duties was devoted to the making of an accurate survey. He worked, perforce, in Washington through the summers, for winters were too full for adequate time for the necessary experiments. In the extremes of heat, and without anything approaching adequate facilities, he made those minute tests.

His early research now stood him in good stead. He read exhaustively, every work on the subject that was available, in every language that he knew. He studied again the foreign usages and made his comparisons and conclusions. He standardized the weights and measures of the United States, and though his report did not receive in its early days the acclaim that was its due, he was to win both honor and recognition for it in his lifetime. It remains an outstanding reference and authority on the subject.

Thus closed "two of the most memorable transactions of my life."

John Quincy Adams' greatest achievement of the Monroe era, however, was yet to come—a glory that was to shine under the

canopy of the Monroe name, and to add more honor to the fifth President than it gave to its rightful progenitor.

It is both impossible and unnecessary, in a work of this kind, to tread such well-used ground as the Monroe Doctrine. But it will be, perhaps, permissible to go a little into the part that John Quincy Adams played in the formulating of that doctrine.

John Quincy had unlimited ambitions for his country—almost unlimited schemes of peaceful acquisition; but only within the North American continent. His vision, as has been remarked, fell down a little when he failed to see a possibility of British Canada and American United States ever living in amity together. But it stood foursquare when he vigorously opposed the trans-Atlantic ambitions of European powers, and also when he included both North and South America in a "hold-off" attitude toward such obvious rapacities.

Thus he expressed himself, a great many months before President Monroe delivered his famous message to Congress at the end of 1823. South American emancipations had been brought about by now, and John Quincy Adams, as Secretary of State, had the ticklish job of recognizing the sovereignty of one new foreign State to the southward after another.

In 1823 came the threat of the Holy Alliance from across the ocean. Europe did not approve of South American liberty. That is, France and Spain and Russia did not. England, through the medium of George Canning, voiced her sentiments differently. To Richard Rush, the United States Minister to England, Canning suggested an alliance between their two countries, to champion the cause of Spain's former colonies.

Rush reported to the Secretary of State, who in turn consulted with the President. The President was a little uncertain. Indeed, so deep did Monroe's uncertainty go that he wrote to Jefferson and also to Madison for advice. But that was not known to John Quincy Adams till later.

Meanwhile Adams was positive in his own mind that the free

republics recognized by the United States should be upheld in their freedom. And he was even more certain that the competing European powers should be kept out of the Americas at all costs.

But he was averse to going into action in behalf of South American liberties "as a cockboat in the wake of Great Britain." He thought the United States should act alone.

Jefferson and Madison, however, had answered Monroe with approval of the idea of such an alliance. Calhoun also favored it.

"Well, then," said Adams, "since South American liberties belong to South America alone, and cannot be the affair of either one foreign power or all of them, why not put the rights and wrongs of the whole controversy to the test? If Britain wishes to help the cause of freedom disinterestedly, let there be an alliance for that purpose."

But in the instructions which he eventually dispatched, with the sanction of the President and the Cabinet, to the highly able Rush, he warned against more venal purposes on Mr. Canning's part, that would cancel the desire for coöperation in the United States.

In London, Rush could realize how right was the Secretary of State. For Englishmen were still ruled but not represented. And the upper-class sway in England could hardly be expected to tally with equal rights in smaller, newer countries.

It became unquestionably apparent that England feared more for her trade with South America than for the obstruction of human liberties in that sector; that she feared Spain, and also feared a possible renewal of French power in America. It grew equally obvious that Britain's assertion that she would recognize South American independence was more in the nature of a threat to France and Spain than by way of championing the cause of freedom.

There was no alliance, and Richard Rush, in London, met the situation more than adequately.

In America, Adams, early in 1824, drew up a strong protest against the general European plans. His enemies cried that he was heading his country for war against an all-powerful confederation; and that such a possibility impended could not be denied. But John

Quincy Adams felt that the stand of the United States in the matter ought to be made plain at all costs, and forthwith. He wanted no European neighbors, for he knew his nineteenth century Europe; and all the Eastern hemisphere combined could not keep him from saying so. His natural reticence must be the measure of his feeling on the subject. Non-intervention was his true creed, as he had shown in the matter of the original Spanish rebellions; and he discounted any possible community of interests between North and South America, save only for a joint exclusion of foreign power.

He had voiced such sentiments since 1820. He had entertained them for a great deal longer. "No European entanglements" had always been his cry; and he continued it in a day of great curiosity and interest in the affairs of trans-Atlantic powers.

Such a policy, he said,

> . . . had also been that of Europe, which had never considered the United States as belonging to her system. . . . It was best for both parties that they should continue so. . . .

Monroe gave his seal to this general doctrine by coöperation and by his message to Congress. But the authorship, beyond possible doubt, was Adams'.

He even refused a suggestion of Stratford Canning, the new British Minister to the United States, that Britain and the United States should unite at sea, in the region of Africa, toward a suppression of the slave trade.

It was, incidentally, with Stratford Canning that Adams had his stormiest hours. Thus far, his relations with the foreign ministers, and particularly the representatives of England and France, had been pleasant in the extreme. For Bagot, Canning's predecessor, Mr. Adams had entertained a superlative liking. But Canning was a bird of different plumage. He began by taking a rather superior tone with the American Secretary of State; but the Secretary of State, long versed in the matching of superior tones, quickly outclassed him. Canning was nonplussed at the flat turning down of his proposal for a joint anti-slavery campaign; but he was quite

impervious to the suggestion that the United States could not safely enter into a joint naval expedition with Britain while British ships were still enforcing the right to board American vessels and take off seamen who could not prove that they were not British-born. . . .

"I shall always," said Canning to Adams, "receive any observations that you may make to me with a just deference to your advance of years over me."

"This," Adams reflected later, "is one of those equivocal compliments which, according to Sterne, a Frenchman always returns with a bow."

But Canning did not always live up, even to this equivocation. There were matters of the working of the 1814 peace treaty, and other subjects which Canning believed were pertinent to British welfare and Adams did not. The feathers flew, very often; but when Canning went home, and later when Adams stepped up to a higher seat, the very real respect which the latter had won for himself in England stood undiminished.

In the meantime Mr. Monroe had won the electoral vote for the second time, and almost immediately after his new inaugural there began another Presidential campaign, marked, considering the proverbial good feeling of the day, by unprecedented personal bitterness and inveteracy.

The year 1822 saw the rise of John C. Calhoun as a Presidential possibility:

> W. Plumer, of New Hampshire, was at the office, and told me he had this morning seen and conversed with Mr. Calhoun, who had assured him that his assent to stand as a candidate at the next election for the Presidency was qualified—a candidate against any Southern man. His own opinion had invariably been in favor of a Northern man for the next President, and personally for me. But the intimation given to him had been that I should have no support from the North; and in that case he had been willing to stand against any Southern man, and particularly against Mr. Crawford, whose principles and character he could not approve.
>
> I asked Plumer if Calhoun had told him that he had spoken in the same

manner to the deputation that went to his house and invited him to stand as a candidate. He had not. . . .

Slowly the irresistible poisons of campaign oppositions seeped into the relations, still cordial up to now, between the South Carolinian and the New Englander. Crawford and Clay and Calhoun were become the main serious obstacles to the hopes of those who supported the "heir apparent." On July eighth John Quincy wrote:

In the evening Mr. Calhoun was here, and afterwards General Scott, with Mr. Dick, the District Judge of the United States in Louisiana. They came while Mr. Calhoun was with me, and interrupted our conversation. The relations in which I now stand with Calhoun are delicate and difficult. At the last session of Congress he suffered a few members of Congress . . . to set him up as a candidate for the succession to the Presidency. From that moment the caballing in Congress, in the State Legislatures, in the newspapers, and among the people, against me, has been multiplied tenfold. . . . Calhoun's partisans have countenanced it, and have been as busy as those of Mr. Crawford in their efforts to degrade me in the public opinion. Meanwhile, Calhoun has always professed to be a friend and admirer of mine, and to persons whom he knows to be my friends has said that he did not mean to be a candidate against a Northern man. . . . There was a time during the last session of Congress when so large a proportion of members was enlisted for Calhoun that they had it in contemplation to hold a caucus formally to declare him a candidate, but this prospect of success roused all Crawford's and Clay's partisans against him. . . .

It might be presumed that such treatment of Calhoun would awaken a fellow feeling in the breast of one similarly abused. But though Calhoun ultimately gave up the race for the Presidency, to win an overwhelming vote for the Vice-Presidency, their ways, bestrewn with the rocks of slavery and the growing tariff fight, continued to diverge. The Calhoun of whom John Quincy had written:

(He) is a man of fair and candid mind, of honorable principles, of clear and quick understanding, of cool self-possession, of enlarged philosophical views, and of ardent patriotism. He is above all sectional and factious prejudices more than any other statesman of this Union with whom I have ever acted,

was to change into the "grand Moloch" of the slave interests; the apostle of nullification and, if that failed, secession. . . .

That same year marked an incident in the campaign of Henry Clay, through which one of Clay's self-appointed supporters sought to destroy the chances of Mr. Adams, but only succeeded in destroying himself. This gentleman was Jonathan Russell, familiar as the junior member of the commission at Ghent. Russell now came forward to assert that in 1814 John Quincy Adams had been willing to sell Mississippi navigation to England in return for the fishery rights. Further, he announced that he himself had revealed this fell purpose in a secret dispatch to the Secretary of State, Monroe, in 1815.

Mr. Adams looked for the dispatch in the files of the State Department. It could not immediately be found. So Russell volunteered to produce his own rough draft, and to complete it from memory.

As it transpired, his memory proved slightly faulty. The document he produced was distinctly unfavorable to Adams' stand of innocence.

But unfortunately for Mr. Russell, the transmitted letter was discovered in the archives after all. Mr. Adams examined both papers closely, and found, as of course he had expected to find, that Mr. Russell had indeed used his imagination. . . . No more was necessary than the publication of the "duplicate letters." From that moment, Russell's career as a public man was closed for ever. Incidentally he obtained no help from Henry Clay.

Disposing of Jonathan Russell, however, was like blowing away one grain of sand from the desert. In the South, the press, while insisting that Adams was long since *hors de combat,* seized eagerly on each shred of accusation against him. And the South was not alone.

. . . I have notice of all this undermining from every quarter of the Union, and in several instances from persons total strangers to me; in others by anonymous letters. I have no undermining at work to blast the reputation of others, and seldom attempt even to defend my own. I make no *bargains*. I listen to no overtures for *coalition*. I give no *money*. I push for no appointments of canvassing *partisans* to office. This utter inability to support my own cause passes among the caucus-mongers for simplicity approaching to idiotism. I know it has been an avowed motive to some and a successful argument to others for resorting to other standards . . . but if canvassing be necessary to make a candidate, I shall never be one, and am beyond all question already *hors de combat*.

The days of Monroe's second administration drew to an end. We have had to deal here, not with Monroe as a President, but with the part John Quincy Adams played in his administrations. That those eight years had contributed to the peace of the world, the peace of the parties and the growth of the North American republic, is too well known for comment here.

It is John Quincy Adams who is under our biographical microscope—John Quincy Adams and Louisa, his wife, who had by no means dwelt in the dim background for those eight years.

CHAPTER XVIII VICTORY

LOUISA had shone, through those eight years, as a leading light in Washington society. With her rise to preëminence in hostess-ship, she had made a dignified background for her husband, a bright and pleasant home for her sons. Her house on F Street, which her husband had purchased in 1818, was a rendezvous for young and old, for diplomatic and governmental luminaries, and nowhere was the "era of good feeling" more manifest than in her drawing-room. There, political adversaries foregathered, and in the spirit of the day sank animosity in good-natured jest and polite exchange.

Till 1825. . . .

In summer, Louisa still enlivened the days of Quincy's aged patriarch—and indeed, in winter too, for then her pen took the place of her cheery tongue, and she wrote to old John of men and manners and politics, of women and classics and climaxes. And also of herself:

. . . I set out in life (she wrote him once) with the most elevated notions of honor and principle; ere I had entered it fairly, my hopes were blasted, and my ideas of mankind, that is, all the favorable ones almost, were suddenly chilled, and I was very near forming the horrid and erroneous opinion, that no such thing as virtue existed. This was a dreadful doctrine at the age of little more than twenty, but it taught me to reflect and not to "build my house in the sand." My life has been a life of changes, and I had early accustomed myself to the idea of retirement. The nature of our institutions, the various turns of policy to which an elective government is ever liable, has long occupied my thoughts, and I trust I may find strength to sustain any of the changes which may be in store for me, with fortitude, dignity, and I trust cheerfulness. To these changes, I can never attach the idea of disgrace. Popular governments are peculiarly liable to factions, to cabals, to intrigue, to the juggling tricks of party, and the people may often be deceived for a time, by some fair speaking demagogue, but they will never be deceived long; and though they may, in a moment of excitement, sanction an injustice toward an old and faithful servant, they appreciate his worth, and hand his name down with honor to posterity, even though that "name may not be agreeable to the fashionables." It is one which I take a pride in bearing, and one that I hope and pray my children may never dishonor. . . .

Those children were fast growing up. George was through Harvard and thinking of the law. John was preparing to act as his father's secretary, but seems to have been centring his thoughts at that moment more warmly on affairs of the heart. The object was his cousin on his mother's side, pretty Mary Hellen, and with George in his off hours offering a little healthy rivalry the affair was progressing with happy speed toward consummation.

As for Charles Francis, who had passed in his turn from the Latin School in Boston to the College at Cambridge, he was always his mother's devoted satellite. In his holidays she helped him with his classical reading, and made translations from French versions of

Greek prose, and exhibited both her own versatility and a desire to earn her husband's approval—in which she was completely successful.

Louisa had had much to ponder on in the years just past. Toward her husband her part had been to strive to offset the antagonisms, the office-seekers; to preserve in him a balance of reason to stabilize the violently tipping scales of the campaign. That she suffered over his plight—the plight of an honest man in the midst of a vote-getting mob—is increasingly obvious. She tried to live up to his expectations of her while she was in Washington, and when she dwelt in Quincy of summers, her pen was freely employed in urging him to ignore the poisoned darts, the sugared insinuations, and in keeping him entertained by her "journals."

It is therefore with a sympathy mixed with dismay that we observe Louisa in a deeply secret action—one not only totally unknown to her husband, but alien to his convictions. It happened in the early days of Monroe's first administration, however, before the acids of the later contest had started their cutting processes. And Louisa's justification was her love for her own; which term included in a wide embrace all those sisters and their husbands and their families.

Her sister Harriet, in 1818, was in deep distress. George Boyd, her husband, who had held an office under the government, had resigned in haste because of an upsetting of certain expectations. And since this step left the family with nothing to live on—a large family of growing boys—sister Harriet's position was alarming, and Louisa's distress was in keeping.

Yet what could she do? Since their earliest days together, John Quincy had made the situation clear. He could do nothing for any family connection. It was a rule that his father had practiced before him, and John Quincy had once refused this same George Boyd a recommendation to President Madison, though voicing his regret that he must do so.

So that if Louisa spoke to him of Mr. Boyd, it was with little

hope that help would be forthcoming. Her own desire to help, therefore, grew in secret, and presently grew beyond all bounds. On August seventeenth, 1818, Mrs. Adams wrote the following letter to President Monroe:

Sir,

At the risk of incurring the anger of my husband, and under the apprehension of your displeasure, I am obliged by the ties of nature, which are more powerful than either of these circumstances, however painful, to solicit your aid and compassion for my sister, whose situation fills me with alarm and dread. Mr. Boyd, who was formerly at the head of the Pension Office, in a moment of anguish at finding the salary incompetent to support his family, has resigned his situation, principally in consequence of severe and unexpected disappointment in the loss of a promised contract from the Government to procure arms for the United States. Nobody can more warmly condemn the precipitancy of his conduct on this occasion than myself; but it is hard that the innocent should suffer for the guilty; and in consequence of his trip to Europe on this business when elated with the prospect of success, he was led into expenses which have deeply involved his family in the greatest difficulties, if not hereafter in absolute ruin.

Mr. Boyd has been in the public service ten years, and has ever conducted himself with honor in the situations which he has filled. . . .

All these circumstances will I trust plead in his excuse. If not, let me at least entreat you to consider the situation of his wife, with six promising boys, the eldest not eleven years, the youngest not three months! a woman whose general character and virtues would adorn an angel's sphere. . . .

Forgive my warmth, dear Sir, and pardon the urgency of my solicitation. I know too well how often you are beset by people suffering under the same calamities, and I am likewise well convinced that the goodness of your heart and the natural benevolence of your disposition prompt you to assist the afflicted as far as the limits of your power will admit. It is therefore most unwillingly that I add to the number of oppressive petitioners. . . .

Mr. Calhoun has ever been most friendly to Mr. Boyd, and accepted his resignation with reluctance. If the renewal of the contract is not incompatible with the interests of the United States and altogether impossible, let me implore you to give it to my brother, who by this means may acquire an independence and be enabled to provide for his family without further applications to your goodness; and should this not be practicable, I would solicit a Navy Agency, where my sister would not be far removed from

her family, lest any accident should befall and she be left destitute in a land of strangers.

Knowing how contrary it is to my husband's principles to assist any individual of his family, I again repeat that I am shocked at the necessity of the step which I am now taking; but my religion sanctions it, and I prefer my duty God to my duty man.

Once more I entreat your pardon for my presumption, and request you to accept the assurance of my profoundest esteem and respect.

LOUISA CATHERINE ADAMS.

And there was a postscript, which ran as follows:

Should you condescend to answer this letter, will you enclose it to Mr. Calhoun, desiring it may be delivered to me privately.

President Monroe's reaction to this effort is not on record, save for the fact that he duly answered. The letter is quoted here as the irresistible outpouring of the warm heart of Louisa, which was intrepid enough to burst the bonds of Adamsian preclusion, if that was the only way to promote her family's welfare.

Not that John Quincy was always quite implacable. There were still occasions when she could "charm him out of" an ungracious act imposed on himself by his own rigidity. As, for instance, when a soap manufacturer sent him some small fancy samples of the product of the factory. Mr. Adams, over faithful to his rule of accepting no gifts, wished to offer payment if his wife retained the package. But his wife contrived to make him see that the cost was so trifling that it would really be an insult to the donor to offer to reimburse him for his good nature.

Her pleasure over gifts could still disarm him. In 1820, a hat manufacturer of Wethersfield sent Mrs. Adams a straw bonnet, of a new and unusual weave. Mr. Adams acknowledged the tribute characteristically. He was not in the habit of accepting presents of any kind, for himself or for members of his family, he said; but in the present case he hesitated because he did not like to disappoint Mrs. Adams' obvious delight. He was somewhat in a quandary,

from which the gentleman of Wethersfield kindly extricated him. He had merely sent Mrs. Adams the bonnet because he realized, he said, that on her head it would be certain of attracting the notice he desired for its new design and weave.

He rather made it a favor on Mr. Adams' part to accept it.

The three young people, George and John and Mary (for Charles Francis was still at College) spent a happy week in January, 1824, hanging festoons and garlanding flowers in preparation for a great occasion. A youthful Abigail, the daughter of the lost Charles, was a guest likewise, and played the dual rôle of helper and of chronicler. Eight rooms of the Adamses' F Street house were denuded of superfluous furniture and garnished that week, with welcoming mottoes and fluttering streamers, in honor of a hero.

That hero was General Andrew Jackson, who had lately come to Washington in the unfamiliar capacity of Senator from Tennessee. The occasion was the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans. And the significance of the occasion knew no bounds. . . .

For January eighth, 1824, the date of the Adamses' ball for General Jackson, was ultimately to help to make of Adams and Jackson the bitterest political and personal enemies that historic Washington has ever seen.

Two years before, the Senate of Tennessee had put Jackson in nomination for the Presidency. The act was viewed at first as a compliment and no more. For the moment, Jackson was a military idol of the people, but not a political potentiality.

Time, however, and the death of "King Caucus," were to alter that. Also the machinations of Jackson's friends, who lighted their fuses concurrently with the Tennessean nomination. And there are many who say that the courtly recognition of the Secretary of State, as manifested at the ball of January eighth, helped as much as anything else. . . .

It was a gay and brilliant affair. For days the city of Washington had talked of nothing else; nor was the talk to subside for many

days after. One gentleman—an Englishman named Agg, the editor of the "National Journal"—was even moved to burst into verse:

Wend ye to the ball tonight? . . .
All are gone to Mistress Adams' . . .

The young people had done their work well, and the spacious salons glittered and glowed, vying with the profusion of decoration on the diplomatic gentlemen and the gorgeous jewels of the ladies. Along the ranks of those assembled—and in comparison with former gatherings this was a multitude—strode the long, spare, rather uncouth figure of the General, with Mrs. Adams clinging to his arm as she introduced him to this distinguished guest or that, or stopped for an exchange of civilities in her own capacity of hostess.

Louisa was resplendent in a gown of steel-colored llama cloth, with cut-steel ornamentation. Her husband, in his blue nankeen, was among the simplest-dressed of the gentlemen present—for male fashions at the moment ran to Hessian boots and cossack trousers, with colors as vivid as the rainbow.

It was certainly the most successful affair that Washington had ever known, as well as the most ambitious. Even John Quincy was at his best, bandying somewhat heavy jokes with avowed political antagonist and rare political colleague alike. For the spirit of the day was singing its swan-song here.

Thus it was that John Quincy Adams lent a necessary mantle of dignity and honor to General Andrew Jackson, and wrought for himself, in the same hour, a dagger to pierce the heart. Thus it was, in consummating his championship of Andrew Jackson as the military implement of the power of the United States, that he transformed Jackson from a rather remote though heroic presidential possibility into the representative of the popular fancy. The people wanted to kill "King Caucus"—the custom of raising nominations by House conventions. Here was a weapon to strike him down. The military spirit bubbled over into the political machine, and the biggest wave of hero-worship swept the General with it—to clog the

works. Jackson was a social lion in that hour, especially with the ladies.

And his host of the hour was not only the Presidential "heir-apparent," but in that same month was established as the official nominee of the Northeastern States.

Not the caucus nominee, however. That year did see the last of such nominations. Indeed, already the unpopularity of the custom was grown so great that even this nomination was a rather weak affair. The nominee was Crawford, Secretary of the Treasury.

Now, Crawford was a politician in the modern sense. He knew how to man his electioneering ship. Long since, he had filled the customs offices at his disposal with friends of his campaign, and so, as nominee of even a weak caucus, he was strong. A stroke of paralysis in 1824, however, removed him from the front rank, and ultimately from the race.

There remained John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson and the choice of the West, the hope of the pioneers who were conquering the wilderness, Henry Clay. Clay was not yet at the height of his popularity, but he had a record of diplomatic achievement and of years of able performance as Speaker of the House. He was, besides, a brilliant orator and a man who, save for an overweening ambition, obviously held his country's aims the first.

The electoral vote made it a race between Adams, Jackson, and Crawford, with the plurality, but not the required majority, in favor of Jackson. And this state of affairs threw the election into the House of Representatives for the second time in history. Threw it, that is, into the lap of Henry Clay, the Speaker of the House and the possessor of unlimited influence there.

And instantaneously it threw the whole of Washington into a chaos of intrigue and partisanship; of sallyings forth and hurryings back; of go-between and offer and repudiation—or consideration. . . . It was a time to test a man—even an honest man such as John Quincy Adams. He stood the test; indeed, he gained in unpopularity with his own supporters in consequence, as early as this. He would

J. Q. Adams in Later Life

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY J. P. A. HEALY

do no slightest thing to curry favor. He would not even be complaisant where he did not feel complaisant, for the sake of the moment. As usual he wanted to serve—but only by request. . . . Therefore he grew more rigid when they wanted him to smile; more conscientious where they wanted him to ease the reins a little. . . .

As to Henry Clay, he had no overwhelming love for John Quincy Adams. They exchanged visits, and were cordial when they met, and each entertained for the other a respect more or less scarred by recent antagonisms; but had Crawford not by now been *hors de combat,* it is not to be doubted that Clay would have thrown him the vote, in preference to either of the others.

As far as Jackson was concerned, however, there was never the remotest possibility of Clay's favor. Clay had stood committed against Jackson since the days of the Seminole campaign. He had received slights and even insults at the General's hands—though none to be compared in venom with those that were coming. He had expressed himself times without number to his Kentucky friends that never, in any circumstances whatever, could he give his support to Jackson. And no one who knew the histories of all the men could possibly doubt that he thought John Quincy Adams would make the better President.

It was in no way in the nature of an overture, corrupt or otherwise, that Clay's friends sounded John Quincy Adams on Clay's prospects under a possible Adams administration. Clay had already satisfied himself that Crawford was out of the running by going to Crawford to see for himself; and Jackson had been out of the running before he started. On January ninth, 1825, the diary reported:

Mr. Clay came at six, and spent the evening with me in a long conversation explanatory of the past and prospective of the future. He said that the time was drawing near when the choice must be made in the House of Representatives of a President from the three candidates presented by the electoral colleges; that he had been much urged and solicited with regard to the part in that transaction that he should take, and had not been five minutes landed at his lodgings before he had been applied to by a friend of Mr. Crawford's, in a manner so gross that it had disgusted him; that some of my friends also,

disclaiming, indeed, to have any authority from me, had repeatedly applied to him, directly or indirectly, urging considerations personal to himself as motives to his cause. He had thought it best to reserve for some time his determination to himself; first to give a decent time for his own funeral solemnities as a candidate; and, secondly, to prepare and predispose all his friends to a state of neutrality between the three candidates who would be before the House, so that they might be free ultimately to take that course which might be most conducive to the public interest. The time had now come at which he might be explicit in his communication with me, and he had for that purpose asked this confidential interview. He wished me, as far as I might think proper, to satisfy him with regard to some principles of great public importance, but without any personal considerations for himself. In the question to come before the House between General Jackson, Mr. Crawford, and myself, he had no hesitation in saying that his preference would be for me.

On the twenty-first of January, John Scott, the sole representative from Missouri, called on Mr. Adams and, hastening to inform him that he had decided to support him in the House, questioned him concerning his administrative plans in the event of success. The entry in the diary for that day follows:

I told him that he would not expect me to enter upon details with regard to the formation of an administration, but that if I should be elected by the suffrages of the West I should naturally look to the West for much of the support that I should need.

Mr. Scott evidently thought that answer over, and it is surely highly significant that the very next day he returned to the house on F Street, and informed Mr. Adams that after all he had not quite made up his mind as to how he should cast his vote. . . .

These were only two of a legion of callers who came with similar ends in view. From Henry Clay downward, not one received a word that could by any possibility be construed as in the nature of a promise. The worst construction that can be put on Adams' attitude is that had the South shown him confidence, it would have met with confidence in return. But the South was already beginning to consolidate against John Quincy Adams, who detested slavery, believed

in the efficacy of an adequate tariff, and was a prime mover in the scheme for internal improvements—three standpoints highly provocative to Southern voters. And ultimately Calhoun and the Crawford men and Jackson were to come together in a stand against the menace of a return to power, through John Quincy Adams, of the Federalist party.

For the Federalists were showing unmistakable signs of regarding John Quincy Adams as a sort of prodigal son; a disposition to ride back to power in his Presidential barque.

On February third, Daniel Webster called and spent the evening with Mr. Adams.

> Webster's talk was about the election. He read to me a letter from Warfield, of Maryland, to him, concerning the election, and asking advice of him with regard to his vote; and the draft of an answer which he had prepared; and said he would send it or not, as I should think proper. He said that J. Lee, also of Maryland, had consulted him too, and was under impressions similar to those of Warfield. Their concern was lest, in the event of my election, the federalists should be treated as a proscribed party. Webster's answer to Warfield expressed entire confidence that I should be governed by no such considerations, and said that he should show this confidence by his vote. It intimated a hope that the object of the Administration would be to promote harmony among the people, and that the disposition would be marked by conferring some one prominent appointment upon a person of that party.
>
> I observed that if that referred to the formation of an Administration, it would imply more than I could confirm.
>
> He said it did not—but to an appointment perhaps of a Judge.
>
> I said I approved altogether of the general spirit of his answer, and should consider it as one of the objects nearest to my heart to bring the whole people of the Union to harmonize together. I must, however, candidly tell him that I believed either General Jackson or Mr. Crawford would pursue precisely the same principle, and that no Administration could possibly succeed upon any other.

The tragedy was that the Adams administration failed by reason of the very loftiness of those principles. And it was not the only tragic aspect of the situation.

For between the throwing of the election into the House and the publication of the House's decision, Andrew Jackson fell from heroism to scurrility. Under the apparent aegis of an obscure Tennessee Representative named Kremer, but manifestly emanating from Jackson's headquarters, the insinuation of "bargain and corruption" first issued forth, coiling for the death-blow like some venomous snake. A letter appeared in the press, asserting that Clay's friends had come to Jackson, promising him the Presidency in exchange for Clay's election to the Secretaryship of State; and more, that Clay's friends had previously been approached by the friends of Adams, offering him the Secretaryship at the same price.

It is possible that, had Clay not caught up the gauntlet thus flung down, the slander might have met the fate of many an electioneering ruse. But Clay demanded a show-down, and proof. Certainly, cried Jackson through the mouth of Kremer; certainly I can prove all I have said—and more.

To that apparent end, a committee was formed; but when at length Kremer was summoned to appear before this board, he squirmed into the shelter of his "privilege" and issued the somewhat weak assertion that the accusation was all that was necessary to the public. The public would judge for itself, on that.

In point of fact no shred of proof was ever submitted. Kremer sank into speedy oblivion, and the limitations or greatness of those—and their name was legion—who helped Jackson to keep the slander alive for the four whole years of Adams' administration, is to be measured by the speed with which, without exception, they retracted or faded away. In the end, only Jackson himself was left, and he continued to fan the flame to his dying day. But by that time very few believed him.

Even Martin Van Buren of New York, who, a former indefatigable worker for Crawford, went over to Jackson three months after Adams' election, was opposed to the alleged Jacksonian view of John Quincy. Van Buren, who had neither the outlook nor the incentive for plastering Adams with flattery, wrote of him:

Mr. Adams was an honest man, not only incorruptible himself, but . . . an enemy to venality in every department of public service. He loved his country, desired to serve it usefully, and was properly ambitious of the honor of doing so.

In 1825, however, too many were all too ready—more than prepared to believe that a John Quincy Adams could desire a Presidency won by barter of office.

As for Adams himself, he had listened for a clear call from his country, which in this case could only be sounded in an overwhelming electoral vote. What he heard was, in comparison, a grudging, muffled summons.

He strove to maintain the even tenor of his life. He appeared at the theatre, at parties, at all the gala occasions in honor of another anniversary of Jackson's New Orleans triumph.

That triumph was not yet to carry Jackson to Presidential victory. On Wednesday, February ninth, 1825, the count was taken by States in the House; and when this ceremony was completed, Mr. Daniel Webster of Massachusetts and Mr. John Randolph of Virginia, at their respective tables, told the result. Thirteen for Adams; seven for Jackson; four for Crawford.

That night, John Quincy Adams and a very proud and gratified Louisa attended Mrs. Monroe's drawing-room. It was the final reception of that beautiful but mostly ailing chatelaine of the White House. Lovely she was that night, in "superb black velvet, neck and arms bare and beautifully formed; her hair in puffs and dressed high on the head and ornamented with white ostrich plumes; round her neck an elegant pearl necklace." Colored menservants in livery passed salvers of wine and cake, of which the multitudinous guests partook grouped about enormous fires of hickory wood. . . .

In the crowded halls many people approached the President-elect, to shake his hand. Among them was a tall, lank, hatchet-faced gentleman, who came with a lady on his arm—General Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee. The General was all smiles, and his manner was affability itself.

"I extend you my left hand, Mr. Adams," he said, in a jocular tone. "My right, as you see, is devoted to the fair."

But Adams was no dissembler.

"Thank you, Mr. Jackson," he said, and he bowed, stiffly. "I hope Mr. Jackson is well?"

There was no more conversation between them.

Adams' friends rallied to him—and they were still many. He was surrounded for hours. It was Alexander Everett who had brought him the news. It was old Rufus King, John Adams' Federalist crony, who penned the first congratulations:

Senate Chamber, ninth February, 1825.

My Dear Sir,—We have this moment heard the issue of the election, and I send you and your venerable father my affectionate congratulations upon your choice as President of the United States on the first ballot of the House of Representatives. I include your father, as I consider your election as the best amends for the injustice of which he was made the victim.

To me and mine the choice has been such as we have cordially hoped and expected.

RUFUS KING.

This letter the new President forwarded to Quincy, with a note:

My Dear and Honored Father,—The inclosed note from Mr. King will inform you of the event of this day, upon which I can only offer you my congratulations and ask your blessings and prayers.

Your affectionate and dutiful son,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

And on the eighteenth that father wrote back:

I have received your letter of the ninth. Never did I feel so much solemnity as upon this occasion. The multitude of my thoughts and the intensity of my feelings are too much for a mind like mine, in its ninetieth year. May the blessing of God Almighty continue to protect you to the end of your life, as it has heretofore protected you in so remarkable a manner from your cradle. . . .

To old John it was the crowning glory of ninety well-spent years. He was past animosities himself, though it is not likely that he was

unaware of the machinations of the Jackson party. All he felt was the pride of the result.

One year before this, Senator John Taylor of Virginia had written to the elder Adams, asking him if it was not a fact that he had once thought of disowning the son who had differed from him in so many of his political views.

Old John replied that the mere thought of his disowning his eldest son was laughable; that in truth he had never known that son guilty of a public or even a private fault—save perhaps, wrote old John, for an occasional slovenliness in his dress, which only occurred when his mother or his wife was not around. . . . The one act of his life for which his parents had criticized him was his choice of a wife—and that only because he had not seemed sufficiently established in life to marry at that time.

"I have," wrote the elder Adams, "known my son's wife from her earliest infancy; and I have come to realize that his choice of a wife was the wisest choice of his whole career. . . ."

John Quincy Adams went to his inauguration in "a plain black suit of American manufacture," and in a characteristic address pledged himself to serve his country as her chief magistrate. Incidentally he assured his multitudinous hearers that if he could throw the election to the people once more by doing so, he would resign forthwith.

But since all that could have been accomplished along that line would have been to throw the Presidency to the newly-elected Vice-President, and since that Vice-President was none other than John C. Calhoun, Mr. Adams, not for the first time in his life, was constrained to accept the *status quo*.

Immediately after taking the oath of office and receiving the congratulations of those who clustered round him, he went to call on his predecessor, Mr. Monroe, and bid him farewell.

It was an arduous day of reviewing troops and shaking hands and bowing endlessly all evening at the tedious inaugural ball. The new President retired immediately after supper.

He needed rest, and was to need it more. . . .

For, against strong opposition among his own supporters, he had offered the chair of State to Henry Clay.

Clay asked time to consider, and to consult his friends; and while he did so, the friends of Governor De Witt Clinton of New York came to Mr. Adams and put forward their protégé's undeniable claims to high office, as well as the obvious fact that the choice of Clinton would throttle the "bargain and corruption" party.

But Clay had already been tendered the office, and ultimately Clay accepted it. Mr. Adams offered the mission to England to Mr. De Witt Clinton; but the New York Governor's friends had by no means given up their hopes of him as a future Presidential potentiality, and the offer was declined with thanks. The old Federalist Rufus King, on the eve of retirement, was induced to change his mind and go to England instead.

On March fifth, 1825, President Adams sent Clay's nomination to the Senate.

And then the storm burst.

CHAPTER XIX FAILURE

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS conceived that those four years, from 1825 to 1829—the four years of his administration—placed a padlock upon his tongue. He would not lower the dignity of his great office to answer the slanders that were poured upon him. His friends and advisers might beg him to defend himself, but their pleas went unsatisfied as had their hope that he would ever "play politics," even to the extent of handshakes and smiles.

So the scurrilities knew no bounds at all. They ranged from assertions that Adams was a freemason (and this in a day when agitation against freemasonry ran hot and strong) to charges that in

Russia he had traded the person of his beautiful serving-maid to Emperor Alexander in exchange for a friendly policy toward America.

With regard to freemasonry, as a matter of fact, his views at a slightly later date were to show themselves definitely antagonistic to that form of brotherhood. But he was convinced that if he denied any of the slanders at all, false proof would soon be forthcoming to refute him. He held his peace.

And of all the slanders, the one that was like a malignant growth was the charge of "bargain and corruption" with Clay. For four years Andrew Jackson used it as campaign material, and never let its echoes die down.

That John Quincy Adams' supporters, in the press and outside it, took the law into their own hands, and did not greatly scruple about dipping into Jacksonian mud, is true. John Quincy has denied categorically the charge that he lent himself to the revival of the slanders anent Jackson's marriage, and the rest. But Clay fought Jackson in newspaper and in public hall and through the mails. He exchanged shots in an abortive duel with John Randolph because the latter had referred in the Senate to "a conspiracy between Blifil and Black George . . . the Puritan and the Blackleg."

The net result of this duel was the descent of a shower of demands on Adams that he remove the duelling Clay forthwith.

Now, the practice of duelling, as he exhibited on more than a few occasions throughout his career, was utterly abhorrent to Adams. His own State of Massachusetts had prohibited it by law, and he himself invariably grew cold to those who participated in an encounter of that kind.

Yet it will be easily seen that the mode of procedure which he had imposed upon himself would hardly allow him to dismiss the Secretary of State for an offense of so personal a nature.

His dwindling côterie of supporters regretted it.

Clay, they said, was become a millstone round the neck of the administration.

"But it is Clay's administration!" cried the Western faction. "He created it. It is his!"

There was a storm of protest. Clay was the reason for all the calumniations that the administration was suffering. It was through the presence of Clay in the Cabinet that many were deserting from the administration party. Or so said the faithful.

It was not until those four years had gone into the past that John Quincy Adams expressed himself. Then, answering a letter from some New Jersey politicians, he said of Clay:

> Upon him the foulest slanders have been showered. Long known and appreciated, as successively a member of both Houses of your National Legislature, as the unrivaled Speaker, and at the same time most efficient leader of debates in one of them; as an able and successful negotiator of your interests, in war and peace, with foreign powers, and as a powerful candidate for the highest of your trusts, the Department of State itself was a station which by its bestowal could confer neither profit nor honor upon him, but upon which he has shed unfading honor, by the manner in which he has discharged its duties. Prejudice and passion have charged him with obtaining that office by bargain and corruption. Before you, my fellow-citizens, in the presence of our country and Heaven, I pronounce that charge totally unfounded. This tribute of justice is due from me to him, and I seize with pleasure the opportunity afforded me by your letter, of discharging the obligation.

And on the subject of his own part he added:

> As to my motives for tendering to him the Department of State when I did, let that man who questions them come forward; let him look around among statesmen and legislators, of this Nation, and of that day; let him then select and name the man whom, by his pre-eminent talents, by his splendid services, by his ardent patriotism, by his all-embracing public spirit, by his fervid eloquence in behalf of the rights and liberties of mankind, and by his long experience in the affairs of the Union, foreign and domestic, a President of the United States, intent only upon the welfare and honor of his country, ought to have preferred to Henry Clay. Let him name the man, and then judge you, my fellow-citizens, of my motives.

As yet, however, we see him on the threshold of his Presidency. There lay before him the task of appointing a Cabinet and of refill-

ing, if he chose, the various government offices. He did not choose.

Crawford refusing to remain as Secretary of the Treasury, President Adams recalled Richard Rush from England to occupy that seat. James Barbour, of Virginia, took Calhoun's place as Secretary of War; and Southard and Wirt and McLean, who had been Monroe's Secretary of the Navy, Attorney General and Postmaster General respectively, were continued as such. For the rest, no one was displaced, though there was far more opposition to this procedure than to any of the Cabinet appointments—even Clay's. For Clay's nomination was confirmed by a majority which included some of his political opponents in the Senate.

Adams kept in office many who had been loud in vilification of himself, ardent in partisanship of Crawford or of Jackson. He refused to dismiss governmental officers on personal grounds, and in fact never did dismiss anyone save for flagrant misconduct in office, of which only two instances occurred during the entire four years.

> . . . I had been urged very earnestly and from various quarters to sweep away my opponents, and provide with their places for my friends. I can justify the refusal to adopt this policy only by the steadiness and consistency of my adhesion to my own. If I depart from this in one instance, I shall be called upon by my friends to do the same in many. An invidious and inquisitorial scrutiny into the personal dispositions of public officers will creep through the whole Union, and the most selfish and sordid passions will be kindled into activity to distort the conduct and misrepresent the feelings of men whose places may become the prize of slander upon them.

Such a man is not popular. He must be rigid to stick to his path, and it is the man who is willing to unbend at times who catches the party spirit. John Quincy Adams presented no surface of warmth, of foothold. And partisanship, which has human nature as a basic element, requires both.

Thus Andrew Jackson, the hero of New Orleans, who felt about politics as he felt about war—that all was fair—won many whose convictions told them that Adams was the better man for the job.

For the present, however, Adams was the man in the job, and it is hardly necessary to add that his thoughts were centred on its duties.

He conducted his life in the White House in as close an imitation of his life in lesser mansions as he could contrive. He rose at five in the morning, lighted a fire, went for an hour's swim in the River Potomac, read his Bible, wrote in his diary—and what a safety-valve that diary now became!—took breakfast; met with his Cabinet; ate dinner with companies large and small; received innumerable visitors; added to his voluminous writings and his monumental reading; walked, or rode on his horse; played billiards with his boys; thought less and less of men in politics, and the whole world of his country; and went to bed as early as Washington would let him.

And as ever, he was something of a dual personality. We quote the surprising Van Buren again:

> In a small and agreeable party, he was one of the most entertaining table companions of his day. . . . I . . . always derived (on such occasions) unqualified delight from his society and valuable information from his conversation.

As for Louisa, though her health was worse than ever, she sustained her part. Her popularity in Washington was bounded only by such petticoat politics as could not fail to exist. But she made it her rule, and it was a rule from which she never departed, to bar no one, friend or political enemy, from her drawing-rooms. After a while a certain over-liberality in the demand for liquor at White House affairs, going against Adams' now well-known temperate views, did constrain the President to issue cards of admission, but men and women of all parties, if they themselves were broad-minded enough, approached Louisa as she stood in the circle of the Cabinet ladies, and received her courtesy; or bowed to the President and took a somewhat more austere inclination of the head.

Josiah Quincy, who was visiting in Washington in the eighteen-twenties, remarked that when Adams took up his residence in the

White House, the state of the mansion left much to be desired. Fifty thousand dollars had been voted and expended on it in Monroe's day, but the effects were hardly evident in broken fences and general dilapidations.

President Adams, Josiah observed, spent about fourteen thousand dollars on it, and when he departed, the White House shone and sparkled.

And yet, to be sure, there were criticisms.

Louisa had furnished the East Room—that vast chamber that had once held the rows of thrifty Abigail's washing hanging on improvised lines. The second Mrs. Adams transformed it into a rather modest salon with sundry pieces of fine French furniture. That was what it actually was, but not what the Jacksonians set it out to be. Such extravagance, at the expense of the nation, they cried, in horror. And backwoodsmen's wives had immediate visions of a chamber of oriental splendor where stood Louisa's few pieces of Louis Seize.

What was more, they said, the President had actually equipped the Executive Mansion with a billiard-table—the symbol of the gambling den. And backwoodsmen failed to see the humor in a picture of John Quincy Adams conducting a gambling-hell. That it was hard to pin iniquities on him is always obvious, from the very puerility of the gossip that aimed at his downfall.

Those four years had their light as well as their shade.

The President was a plain man. Washington could, had Washington been so indiscreet, have seen him for two hours every summer morning, swimming in the Potomac. But perchance it was a little too early for Washington. His "rising hour" was between four and six, and his swimming followed immediately after.

He was in the habit of taking with him his son John, and his servant, Antoine Giusta, who had entered his employ at Ghent, and was devoted to him. Paddling across in a small canoe, they would strip on the opposite bank, and swim back from there. But on June

thirteenth, 1825, there was a slight but unavoidable variation of this procedure.

Young John thought that the boat—it was an old friend—was beginning to look none too safe. What was more, he could not be persuaded to go in it, though he was unable to dissuade his father from doing so.

The President and an already nude Antoine got into the boat, while John doffed his clothes and swam out to meet them on the return. The President took off his coat and waistcoat and shoes, and carried them with him.

But disaster came before they reached the halfway mark. The canoe had leaked itself half-full of water, and on investigation there proved to be no means of bailing the water out. To make matters worse, a breeze sprang up, and began to toss the worn-out craft, and sizable waves slopped over her sides.

The President leaped into the water. Antoine did the same. The canoe floated away. And there was the spectacle of an aging Chief Executive, in shirt and pantaloons, negotiating half the width of the Potomac river, under difficulties. . . .

. . . My principal difficulty was in the loose sleeves of my shirt, which filled with water and hung like two fifty-six pound weights upon my arms. I had also my hat, which I soon gave, however, to Antoine. After reaching the shore, I took off my shirt and pantaloons, wrung them out, and gave them to Antoine to go and look out for our clothes, or for a person to send to the house for others, and for the carriage to come and fetch me. Soon after he had gone, my son John joined me, having swum wholly across the river, expecting to meet us returning with the boat. Antoine crossed the bridge, sent a man to my house for the carriage, made some search for the drifted boat and bundles, and found his own hat with his shirt and braces in it, and one of my shoes. . . . He also brought over the bridge my son's clothes with my watch and umbrella, which I had left with him.

While Antoine was gone, John and I were wading and swimming up and down on the other shore, or sitting naked basking on the bank at the margin of the river. John walked over the bridge home. The carriage came, and took me and Antoine home, half dressed. I lost an old summer

coat, white waistcoat, two napkins, two white handkerchiefs, and one shoe. Antoine lost his watch, jacket, waistcoat, pantaloons, and shoes. . . .

The river was to afford him further adventures. One morning he found there a boatload of people, engaged with a dragnet in searching for the body of an old man who had drowned while swimming. Mr. Adams saw the recovery of the corpse, and in lieu of swimming further that day he sat on the bank awhile, and contemplated giving up the practice.

But the practice was become too great a habit, and too invigorating an exercise. John Quincy always avowed that his regular course of swimming and riding each summer day, and of taking lengthy walks in winter, was responsible for the length of his life.

Before the end of the week, he was cleaving through the waters again.

A distinguished visitor graced the White House early in Mr. Adams' occupancy.

In 1824, the aged la Fayette had returned to the scenes of his glory as the guest of the American nation. In 1825 he saw his young friend John Quincy Adams inaugurated as President of the United States.

He did not, it must be confessed, wholly approve of a son's following his father to such a seat, even after a lapse of years. To him it savored of dynasties, threatening to the American system of government for which he had made his own tremendous sacrifices. Perhaps that was why, when he met a proud and youthful Charles Francis Adams in the White House, the old man turned to Charles Francis' mother and said,

"Madame, I beg of you—do not let *him* entertain thoughts of becoming President, save by the free choice of the people."

Louisa wanted to laugh, but she managed to assure the General that she would nurture no such thoughts in her youngest son.

La Fayette resided at the White House for a while, and went visiting with his host at the country seat of James Madison, and at the

houses of many other distinguished citizens. And finally he was due to set sail once more for his own country. The United States, to do him honor, fitted out a frigate for his special use, and the President of the United States named it the "Brandywine." Indeed, as his diary reports, John Quincy was "launched" in it, at the Navy Yard.

This final parting between President John Quincy Adams and General la Fayette was like that of a father and a son. Louisa had given a splendid farewell dinner, and now the elderly President and the aged warrior stood beneath the portico of the White House to utter their farewells. They embraced, many times. La Fayette, in tears, recalled the beginnings of their friendship, when John Quincy Adams was a little boy; and John Quincy brought to life again the valor of the young la Fayette. The Frenchman kissed the hand of Mrs. Adams, made his adieux to the young folks, and entered his carriage, while on the steps the bald-headed, sturdy-figured President waved his hand till the cavalcade had gone into the distance.

John Quincy Adams' term as President of the United States was a time of almost undisturbed peace in public affairs, of unprecedented turmoil in personal politics.

He took a hand in the designing of the center portion of the Capitol at Washington, which in 1825 was still in the hands of artisans. Bulfinch was the architect. The artist Trumbull, once the secretary of John Jay, had made a series of great murals for the interior of the rotunda. And Luigi Persico, an Italian sculptor, was designing the pediment of the east portico. Bulfinch and Persico brought their models to Mr. Adams at the White House, where they were set up in the East Room before a "committee of several distinguished gentlemen of science and taste." And the President added his quota to the suggestions for a final design that should

represent the American Union founded on the Declaration of Independence and consummated by the organization of the general government under the

Federal Constitution, supported by Justice in the past, and relying upon Hope in Providence for the future.

There is an anecdote connected with the last visit ever paid by John Quincy Adams to his father. It took place in the summer of 1825.

On his return, the President landed from a packet-boat at New York and passed from the city before any one knew that he was there. But arriving at Providence, Rhode Island, on a Sunday, he was not so fortunate. There, the word ran around, and even the worshipers in the meeting-houses, the story goes, dropped their holy books and ran to see the new Chief Executive.

They buttonholed him on the way to his hotel, as he walked there with a portmanteau in his hand. Picture him, abashed, marching, luggage-laden, between the dividing ranks of the curious. See him later as he sits in a hotel parlor as though on hot needles, while a group of critical citizens stare him out of countenance. At last he said,

"Gentlemen, if you have business to transact with me, I shall be glad to hear it. If not—"

They departed. But if they were baffled, others were not. Soon it became apparent that the bulk of the citizenry of Providence, by sections, was ready to repeat the performance. John Quincy got him the first swift pony he could procure, and galloped away for dear life, "at five o'clock of the Sabbath day evening, at a John Gilpin speed, clad in short jacket and trousers." Pawtucket, Attleboro and Walpole saw him flash by, and over the border to Dedham, Mass. And the story has it that two Jacksonians of Dedham yelled after him in the village square, "We'll look to you hereafter. We'll see who votes at the next election for a man who violates the Sabbath!"

But there was to be little cause for the new President to look with longing toward a new election. True, his Cabinet relations were calm and friendly in the extreme. His officers, according to their

different lights, and as the outcome of constant personal contact with him, did not fail to recognize his tremendous energy and his unequaled grasp on world affairs and internal conditions. His divergences from the views of Henry Clay were once more the natural differences arising between two men of such contrasting backgrounds. Clay was an impetuous statesman where Adams was willing to exercise caution. His views on national economy were not so stringent as Adams'; and his hopes for the protective tariff were at this time even more sweeping than the President's own. Also he rather favored the slavery side of the growingly vexed question of North versus South.

But within the Cabinet, there was mainly mutual esteem and a general coöperation.

Not so outside.

It was to be freely admitted later, even by many of those most culpable, that never in the political history of the country had there existed an opposition to the administration so ruthless, so determined and so relentlessly unscrupulous as that which was raised against John Quincy Adams.

The Jackson men had openly vowed that "be the administration purer than the angels, it shall be overthrown." And in the Vice-Presidential chair, Calhoun was the leader in most opposition moves, and the prime mover in the anti-tariff agitations, though he favored the scheme for internal improvements.

There was no secret about the inveteracy against the new President, personally and politically. John Quincy's boys, as they went about the city, heard plenty of words that made their blood boil. Indeed, young John's boiled over at one of the White House receptions, as he came face to face with one Jacksonian who had openly sneered at John's father.

"This is no place for *him,*" said the younger Adams, not lowering his voice though he stood but a few paces away from the guest. Next day, in the Rotunda of the Capitol, the erstwhile guest stepped up and pulled John's nose for his impertinence. Fortunately, the

youngster's ire had cooled. He behaved, it was reported to the President, "like a gentleman." . . .

In 1826 President Adams kept the Union out of a punitive war with the State of Georgia, over the acquisition of the Indian lands in that territory; and that same year he won a bitter fight to send representatives of the United States to the Congress of Panama—a victory that brought him little save added disillusion, since the Panama Congress eventually came to naught, and the opposition to the mission, led by the Vice-President, was aimed solely at the President's prestige. It was here that Calhoun and Van Buren, now a Jackson man, came together. . . .

Meanwhile the domestic scene in the White House offered a striking contrast to the conflict raging in the governmental halls. Mrs. Adams was raising silkworms, and expertly winding the lustrous product of the cocoons. And in the White House grounds, in the breathing-spaces of the administrative fight, there was a stout gardener, planting little oak-trees in the way of experiment. Had you looked under his rather battered straw hat, you might have been surprised—many were—to recognize the Chief Executive.

Louisa had a niece of her husband's residing with her for a while that year—Elizabeth, the daughter of Thomas Adams. Elizabeth, like her Aunt Louisa, could wield an artistic pencil, and so the two ladies were often to be discovered in the gardens likewise, making sketches of varying foliage for the benefit of that amateur gardener who was head both of the house and of the nation.

John Quincy wrote to Thomas:

> Your daughter is just now dancing at an evening party at Mr. Clay's. She went with me this morning to a fair at Georgetown, where she was among the fairest of the fair. . . .

That year the shadow fell on Quincy.

On the eighth of July, President Adams received a letter, dated July third, from Charles' daughter Susan, informing him that his

father's end was approaching. So much for the despatch of a message in those days. The end had in fact come already, four days before John Quincy got the letter.

On the fourth of July, 1826, John Adams died, in his ninety-first year, and within a few hours of the passing of Thomas Jefferson.

Meanwhile the city of Washington mourned Jefferson, and was unaware of that great coincidental passing, on this fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration which both men had played such a notable part in drafting.

John Quincy hurried home, accompanied by John junior, and the sad news met them on the way. The obsequies were already over. George, who met his father and brother at the Exchange Hotel in Boston, told them the story of the end. He had been sent for at the first alarm, like his Uncle Thomas. The word "Jefferson" had been on John Adams' lips as he and Jefferson both approached the hereafter. . . .

For in the last years Jefferson and Adams had become friends once more, and, all political strife behind them, had indulged in an exchange of philosophies, views and news, by letter, that ultimately bestowed a treasure on American lore.

The President went with his two sons to Quincy. His father's will had bestowed on him the right to take over the old house—that old house whose present vacancy moved him to tears. There he received his many visitors, and from there, in the days that followed, he issued sadly forth to hear the eulogies on two former Presidents, his father and his father's colleague—two grand old men of the Revolution. In Quincy and in Boston, and later in Washington, John Quincy Adams presided over memorial assemblages, with oratory delivered by Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Horace Mann and the spiritual advisers of John Adams.

John Quincy now joined his parents' church, and made his plans to rest beside them when his own time came. For, a devoted reader of the Bible, and the amateur author of many psalms and hymns, he had never affiliated himself with any particular sect. On his travels

he had suited his faithful churchgoing to the exigencies of his differing situations, and to his own curiosity concerning other people's devotional forms.

But now he cemented the bonds that held him to the Congregationalist church at Quincy—those bonds of undying affection that rendered it so hard to go away. His father's will had given to the town of Quincy the wherewithal for the erection of a new church edifice, and there in due course his body, with that of his wife, was to rest.

John Quincy spent a few peaceful evenings with his family connections. At nightfall he studied the stars, and imparted a little astronomical lore to his brother Thomas' son and his own son John. Then he returned to duty, with the void in his soul a little wider than before. He had loved his father with a reverence unusual, even in his day.

He had not loved his father's friend, Jefferson, so well. . . . And thus it was perhaps for his father's sake that before he departed from Quincy he performed a generous action.

Thomas Jefferson had died insolvent. Indeed, on the eve of his death a subscription had been raised in Washington to relieve him of his financial cares. On the twenty-sixth of July, 1826, John Quincy wrote to James Barbour, the Secretary of War:

> With respect to the subscription made . . . for the benefit of Mr. Jefferson, my wish is that my portion of it, together with so much of it as other subscribers concurring in this opinion have contributed, should be transmitted to his daughter, Mrs. Randolph, for her disposal, as her own property. How this can be done conformably to the laws of the land and of delicacy I would leave entirely to you. The sooner it may be done, I should think, the better. I enclose a check on the branch bank, payable to your order, for two hundred dollars, that if you concur with me in your opinion, the object may be carried into effect without delay. . . .

Back to Washington, and to a furtherance of his scheme to better his country during his administration. In pursuit of an adequate tariff, he became more hotly anathema to the South—and particu-

larly to Vice-President Calhoun. Also as a prime mover in the plans for internal improvements, he heaped coals of fire upon the heads of many who felt that it was one more scheme to aid industry at the expense of agriculture.

Meanwhile Andrew Jackson was a tariff man in Pennsylvania, a supporter of internal improvements when he addressed the North, and neither of these things in his own fastness of the Southwest. . . .

The year 1827 brought no sunshine. That year Jackson renewed, for the purposes of the next election, his "bargain and corruption" cry, with just as little proof to offer as before, but evidently on the principle of the constant dripping and the stone—in which he was highly successful. Indeed, when his professions of tariff leanings and improvement aspirations had soothed the East and the North, and the story of New Orleans had been revived to add glory to baseness, and all this had been added to the ceaseless attacks on the integrity of Adams and Clay, not all the efforts of the pro-Adams papers, which at times sank even lower than the pro-Jackson press, could save the Presidency for their man.

Adams worked on for his cherished improvements.

His has been commonly called an uninteresting administration. And yet it marked a greater expansion to the westward than any that had gone before. There was steady and rapid progress in increase of population in Michigan, Illinois, Arkansas and Indiana; while the population of the whole nation gained one-third in the decade between 1820 and 1830.

As for the then heroic phrase "internal improvements," it was in his day that it began to translate itself into splendid reality. Great arterial highways were planned, and work on them was commenced. The Erie Canal was opened, and that of the Chesapeake and Ohio was started. Then came the railroads.

The first railroad in the country to be operated in part by steam power, and to run on iron rails, ran from Quincy, Mass., in 1825, four miles to the Atlantic coast. It was a supply train only, carrying

Quincy granite from the quarries, and the cars were drawn by horses, save for a stationary engine at one point, which pulled them up an incline. But it was one of the sights of the day, the pioneer that showed the way to the Baltimore and Ohio Steam Railroad and all its illustrious followers. Both John Quincy Adams and his father, as citizens of Quincy, helped to make the project possible.

More commercial treaties were made in those years than in all the preceding Presidencies combined. And in 1829 the national exchequer stood in a sound and robust condition.

John Quincy Adams worked for an adequate navy, and saw a greater appropriation made for the purpose in his time than had ever been made before.

These were incidents of his "uninteresting" administration. There would have been many more—but for the fact that his ideas, like himself, were unpopular. A later day was to see them realized—as so many of his hopes were to be realized—with honor to others, when he was in his grave. . . .

There were gay doings at the White House in the year 1828. The affair of young John, the President's secretary, with Mary Hellen had progressed to its romantic climax. They were married on a February day in 1828, in the Blue Room. Mary's crony, Abigail, was one of the bridesmaids, and Mary herself was radiant in satin and orange-blossoms and pearls. There was youthful laughter, music and song in the Presidential mansion that day. There were flowers and ribbons and favors and cake, and the celebrations extended to the following evening.

Wedding-guests of the feminine sex did not display much extravagance of dress in Washington at that time. It was the era of the low-cut bodice, the high sash, the hoopless skirt. Muslins and simple bobinets were good enough even for weddings, if adorned with flowers and bows; and the hair was worn in curls, with a fillet or jeweled band to bind them. As for the men, long trousers of nankeen and fine cloths were taking the place of the old small-clothes,

and coats were getting shorter and tighter, while heads were mostly innocent of wig or powder.

Thus we can picture President John Quincy Adams, dancing at his son's wedding—for dance he did, the Virginia reel, and for once in his life unbent in public as his nieces related of him that he unbent in private. He always liked young people, and his sons were very close to his heart.

On the fourth of July, 1828, John Quincy Adams broke the first ground for the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, at a point a few miles out of Washington; and chance made the occasion one of a rare demonstration for him. The spade he wielded struck a knotty root and made no impression. Instinctively he threw it down, pulled off his coat and tried again, with vigor—and this time with success. The crowd cheered to the echo—and his enemies said he had acted for effect!

He did not court public appearances. When a committee asked his presence at the opening of an agricultural show, he decided, after cogitation, not to go, "or he would be considered as an exhibit for every such show in the country."

Nor could he attend even private affairs just then. For Louisa was ill that year—so ill that he spent most of his evenings sitting by her bedside, reading to amuse her.

In any case he was long since an unpopular President who stood in the way of a popular one. John Quincy Adams might hold the vote of the lettered, though even among the lettered he had achieved the name of a candidate who refused to work for himself.

And the government offices were crowded with Crawford men, Jackson men—men who thought the President a fool to have left them in a position to upset him. The Senate was led by Calhoun, who was now ready to line up with the man for whom he had once asserted no punishment was too severe—Andrew Jackson, whose pro-tariff protestations were so obviously mere campaign talk.

Senator Martin Van Buren once summed up the principles upon which the opposition to Mr. Adams' administration was conducted.

According to him it was: Find out what is the President's stand on the matter in question—and then oppose it. He was not the only worker for Jackson who admitted that this was the general rule, but he is, perhaps, the most entertaining. On one of the rare occasions when Adams won out on a measure, Van Buren observed to a commiserating friend,

"Ah, yes, but if he had only taken the other side—*then* we should have had him!"

Calhoun used his growing influence to the most telling effect in the matter of the personnel of both the Senate and the House committees, and eventually gave to the opposition a majority strength in each branch of the legislature.

A strong tariff passed, in spite of this opposition, in 1828. It was the last straw. Former Crawford men and Jackson men and Calhoun men and the many who thought the President a fool for not feathering his nest came together then as one, for Jackson; and the last lingering hope of a second Adams election faded away.

Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Adams were no longer on visiting terms. Mrs. Calhoun was declining invitations from Mrs. Adams. But that, as we shall see, was no social fault of the Adamses. And we shall further observe that Louisa still prosecuted her usual dignified rule with both the friends and the enemies of her husband.

So John Quincy Adams went out in 1829, with a record of peace, of improvement, of a great stride forward in naval affairs—and the most ravaging disillusionment that it is possible for a patriot to bear. No patriot, surely, had ever had more to contend with. His trials had ranged from calumny to a threat of assassination. In the winter of 1826, one G. P. Todson, a court-martialed army surgeon, gained entry into the White House and demanded reinstatement. He was told to offer proof that the court had erred, but was unable to do so, and his plea was refused. But a few days later he came into Mr. Adams' presence again, and walking up to him, informed him that he could choose between Todson's reinstatement and Adams' assassi-

nation. His threat bore no fruit. He haunted the vicinity of the White House, but the President continued to walk abroad alone, in darkness or daylight as it suited him, and finally the would-be assassin accosted Adams for the final time, declaring his threat was a joke, but he must have money to take him home. He got it.

And now John Quincy was going home himself. He had striven with all his might to be impartial, to serve his country regardless of personal well-being. He had scrupulously protected the rights of all, including the slavery interests. . . . And he had been thrown out, superseded by a man who, since he left the battlefields, had served no one but himself.

John Quincy was trying hard to retain his lifelong faith in a divine Providence. He was struggling to overcome the feeling that God had deserted him. He wanted to keep his belief, for if he did not, where was the hereafter, and eternal reunion with his mother—that reunion which his descendants were to avow was the nucleus of his later religious thought?

But it did seem, for the moment, that both God and man had forsaken him.

CHAPTER XX

THE RECALL

ON a day in late December, 1828, the mansion of the President of the United States, filled with the guests of the First Lady's Drawing-room, presented a scene of unusual brilliancy.

In the great audience-chamber, musicians played gay airs, while dancers in every degree of gala attire moved about them in the measures of the reel or the schottische. Through the many noble rooms thrown open to the visitors walked Louisa Adams, her manner never more charming, her qualities as a hostess never more apparent. With her brown locks bound high and her few jewels flashing above the low-cut "baby bodice" of her fashionable gown, she had deserted her usual mode of receiving her guests. Instead of

remaining in the fixed circle of the Cabinet ladies, curtseying to each one as he or she came up, she passed from group to group, her pale, pleasant face smiling, with cordial words and welcoming gestures for all.

In the audience-chamber stood the President, with the members of his Cabinet, making his formal bows. But it was Louisa who was taking her ship out with flying colors—Louisa who rendered it hard to believe that this was the last of the White House, for them. . . .

A nation had voted, through its electors—178 for Jackson, 83 for Adams.

And the present was the final session of acrimony and defeat. The last annual message delivered in a spirit of prayer for the welfare of his country, the President's work was done. There was little business, and there was manifest refusal to support any nominations of John Quincy Adams' on the eve of the succession.

He only attempted one, and that at the request of Clay—John J. Crittenden, to fill a vacancy on the Supreme Court Bench. It was negatived, and John Quincy put no more nominations of any importance before the Senate.

The President-elect arrived in Washington in February, 1829, and immediately flouted precedent by neglecting to call on his predecessor.

Now it happened that John Quincy Adams had determined to sink his own feelings and uphold precedent in honoring the new President. But when he came to inquire for the place assigned to him as the retiring Chief Executive in the inaugural exercises, he found that, on advice, General Jackson had left him out.

Adams continued to give the matter considerable thought, and finally consulted his Cabinet with regard to his own appearance or non-appearance at Jackson's inauguration. With the exception of Rush, his Cabinet advised him to disregard convention and absent himself. Consequently he wrote to the General a polite note, informing him that the White House would be ready for his reception on the fourth of March. To which General Jackson replied that

Mr. Adams must not press his family in leaving. That was all. The Adamses removed to Meridian Hill, in a suburb of Washington, and John Quincy spent March fourth in usual pursuits and in receiving a number of visitors.

The ranks of these visitors swelled somewhat in the days that followed. Jackson was speedy in starting his "clean sweep." There were to be no antagonists in office with him. And some of those thus summarily ousted found their way to the ex-President's suburb, though it is doubtful whether they were met by expressions of sympathy.

Few blamed John Quincy, however, for his actions at the last. Even some of the papers of the South lauded his "dignified conduct" in leaving the Presidency.

Von Holst has said, "In the person of John Quincy Adams there passed from the White House the last statesman who was to inhabit it for a long time." Von Holst, when he wrote that, knew something that John Quincy did not dream of as he went away—that his greatest heights were not yet achieved. At the end of February he had written in his diary:

> Three days more, and I shall be restored to private life, and left to an old age of retirement, though certainly not of repose. I go into it with a combination of parties and of public men against my character and reputation, such as I believe was never before exhibited against any man since this Union existed. Posterity will scarcely believe it, but so it is, that this combination against me has been formed, and is now exulting in triumph over me, for the devotion of my life and of all the faculties of my soul to the Union, and to the improvement, physical, moral, and intellectual, of my country. The North assail me for my fidelity to the Union; the South, for my ardent aspirations of improvement. Yet, "bate I not a jot of heart and hope." Passion, prejudice, envy, and jealousy will pass. The cause of Union and of improvement will remain, and I have duties to it and to my country yet to discharge.

But he referred merely to the remnants and the aftermath of his Presidential career, and to his ordinary duties as a citizen. No pre-

monition of the future gladdened him. On July eleventh he made this entry:

> I have no right to hope or expect so well of the future as I can think of the past. My life for the public is closed, and it only remains for me to use my endeavors to make the remainder of it useful to my family and my neighbors, if possible. To this I am directing my purposes, for which I find a great deficiency of energy. I pray that it may be supplied me from above.

He was wrong. His life for the public had hardly opened, if achievement take the place of years. For after more than thirty years as Minister to Holland, Prussia, Russia, England, as Peace Commissioner at Ghent, as Secretary of State and finally as President, the time of his greatest labors for and service to his country was yet to come.

He did not dream of it. More depressed by what he deemed a signal indication of the country's sentiment against him and what he felt was a failure, after all, of his life work, than by the triumph of his enemies, he faced return to a private life which he had not known since he was a boy. And he faced it without pleasurable anticipations of any kind, for he was out of the habits of private citizenship. In short he did not know what he should do. To attempt to rebuild a legal practice, at his time of life—he was sixty-two—seemed futile. His plan was to indulge in the luxury of uninterrupted reading for a while, and then, perhaps, to try to realize one of his early aims—the pursuit of a literary career.

Yet even in this plan there were the elements of failure. A mind stimulated by bitter political struggle would not readily settle down to armchair pursuits. The habit was too fixed. And even though he had never carried a sword save for adornment, John Quincy Adams was a fighter, and it was far too late for him to change.

Therefore the somewhat forbidding atmosphere of his home State may have afforded something in the nature of a relief. It was hardly to be believed that peace would really dog the footsteps of John Quincy, after all these years. And peace did not, even now.

Among the artifices used to ensure his removal at the last, there had been a revival, through W. B. Giles of Virginia—a long-renowned master of acrimony—of the story of the New England secessionists. The new version of that story was that John Quincy Adams had carried the tale to Jefferson, and more, that it was practically a figment of John Quincy Adams' imagination, then inflamed against his party. This fire was still raging when Adams went home. New England Federalists met him with a demand for proof of the secession move, and for names. He answered that he possessed the proof, but withheld the names out of "tenderness" for their owners and their owners' descendants.

Such a reply was unsatisfactory. In the eyes of his accusers it damned John Quincy Adams and vindicated New England. And the committee of thirteen appointed to question him—men of spotless reputation themselves, but a generation removed from the incident in question—went to their graves in that conviction. Time alone proved it false. For Adams had actually set down his proofs—incontrovertible proofs—and his names, on paper, in one of the ablest political writings of his career. And then he had put it away, still faithful to the memory of dead men. His heirs gave it light, but not until the second generation.

Meanwhile, John Quincy, knowing himself anathema again in parts of his own territory, sat down to read.

But novels bored him, and even the charm of the familiar Latin classics swiftly palled. He sharpened his quill and reached for his horn of ink, and gathered together the stacks of his father's writings. He proposed to complete a memoir of John Adams, and to publish the latter's works, and when that was done he intended to start work on a history of the United States.

As for Louisa Adams, she was content—as far as she could be content, in Quincy. At least she was happy in the thought that public life was over. Her drawing-room now was a low-beamed, fair-sized chamber, one of the sun-filled rooms that John Adams had

added to the mansion to gratify his Abigail's desire for space and light, and also to meet the demands of his own extensive library. The floor was covered with "common straw matting," but the walls held samples of many a great master's art—portraits of the Adamses, painted in Europe and at home. Over the capacious fireplace was a mantel bare save for two heavy candlesticks, holding, as a visitor observed, "sperm candles." Here old John and Abigail had sat. Here they had celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their married life. History was to repeat itself more than once in that house. . . .

Louisa's drawing-room, however, was still a drawing-room in the Washington sense. She had added some of her favorite pieces to the furniture, some of her heavy silver to the table. A Southern gentleman who called on them at this time wrote:

> Mrs. Adams is described in a word—a lady. She has all the warmth of heart and ease of manner that mark the character of the Southern ladies, and from which it would be no easy matter to distinguish her.
>
> The ex-President was the chief talker. He spoke with infinite ease, drawing upon his vast resources with the certainty of one who has his lecture before him ready written. The whole of his conversation, which steadily he maintained for nearly four hours, was a continued stream of light. Well contented was I to be a listener. His subjects were the architecture of the middle ages; the stained glass of that period; sculpture, embracing monuments particularly. . . . Milton, Shakespeare, Shenstone, Pope, Byron, and Southey were in turn remarked upon. . . . He said very little on the politics of the country. He spoke at considerable length of Sheridan and Burke, both whom he had heard, and could describe with the most graphic effect. He also spoke of Junius. . . . The conversation never flagged for a moment; and on the whole I shall remember my visit to Quincy as amongst the most instructive and pleasant I ever passed.

But to the Adamses themselves that year was to bring sore affliction. The eldest son, George, a promising lawyer, a sometime member of the State legislature, and an orator of fair pretensions, died in the spring of 1829, drowned in a fall from a vessel that was carrying him from New York to Boston.

It was a terrible blow. Many hopes had centred in that young

man and if he had not always been able to live up to his father's stern ideals, it was because of a natural exuberance that came by way of his mother. He had been a joy to both, and an object of love; and his loss made their darkness complete, adding despair to disillusion.

John took Louisa back to Washington that winter—to a Washington in all the turmoil of the Peggy Eaton tempest, which incidentally was the rock upon which Van Buren and Calhoun finally split. While his wife diverted her thoughts in communion with her family and her friends, Adams wielded his pen on the topics of the day, and more particularly the current war between Russia and Turkey.

On his return he found himself elected to the Board of Trustees of Harvard University, and it was in this capacity that he was asked to vote on the bestowal of a degree of Doctor of Laws on President Andrew Jackson.

How he voted need not be described. To give such a degree to a man "who could not write a sentence of grammar, and hardly could spell his own name" seemed to Adams to make a mockery of all degrees. He could not countenance it as a mere courtesy; nor could he be present when the degree was ultimately bestowed. But he did get a lot of fun out of referring to "Doctor Jackson" in the burning pages of his diary. . . .

Meanwhile he grew almost to value his seclusion, while his wife was frankly enjoying hers. Two sons were left to them, and the young John Adamses had a baby girl, to add to the family amenities. Charles Francis was practicing in Boston—the one son who seemed to have inherited his father's temperament intact.

As for that father, he was now a writer, a dilettante farmer, and always a poor man. For years his expenses had been greater than he could bear, and he had been forced to mortgage his properties and to take over certain mortgages on his father's lands. His private income was less than six thousand dollars a year, and he was paying two thousand of that for interest on his debts.

So a part of his present occupation was in conservation of slender resources. But he was comparatively content.

Meanwhile, in politics, the old order had changed indeed. Where there had been a conspicuous absence of party divisions, there had come into being innumerable factions. In Massachusetts there were Federalists, Anti-Federalists, Jacksonians, Republicans (later to form the Democratic Party) and National-Republicans. That the lines were not always easily distinguishable, however, and also that John Quincy Adams possessed friends in more than one faction, was demonstrated early in the fall of 1830, when two conventions, one composed of "Republicans," the other of "National Republicans," nominated him to fill the Plymouth seat in the House of Representatives.

The delegate who approached him with the news was somewhat deprecatory. For himself he felt, he said, that an acceptance of such a position by an ex-President, instead of degrading the individual, would elevate the representative character.

"I have in that respect no scruple whatever," Adams replied. "No person could be degraded by serving the people as a Representative in Congress. Nor, in my opinion, would an ex-President of the United States be degraded by serving as a selectman of his town, if elected there by the people. But age and infirmity have their privileges and their disqualifications."

In this instance, however, they proved to have neither. In November the election took place, and Adams had the felicity, despite the horror of some of his friends at his attitude, of seeing himself with a fat majority over two other candidates—one a Jackson man, the other a Federalist. He

> . . . spent the evening in writing and reflecting upon this new incident, which has drifted me back again amidst the breakers of the political ocean. It is also a novelty in the history of the country, and as a precedent may have no unimportant bearing upon future events. By the Constitution of the United States, the President is re-eligible as long as he lives. Washington, Jefferson, and Madison voluntarily retired after one re-election, and Jefferson

no doubt intended to make the example a practical exposition of Constitutional principle. It was followed by Mr. Monroe, perhaps with not much cordiality, and will be continued as long as a Presidential term of eight years shall wear out the popularity of the person holding the office. . . . All the preceding Presidents have held offices of a public nature after the expiration of their Presidential service; none, however, as a member of either House of Congress; and there are many who think it now a derogatory descent. This is a mere prejudice; and had I alleged my former station as a reason for rejecting the suffrages of the people assigning me a seat in the House of Representatives, I should not merely have been chargeable with arrogance, but should have exposed myself to ridicule. So far as concerns myself, I consider this new call to the public service as a misfortune, inasmuch as it takes from me the last hope of an old age of quiet and leisure. I am still to be buffeted with political rancor and personal malignity, with more than equal chances of losing the favor even of those who now think they honor themselves by their suffrages more than me.

But for all his protestations, he was undoubtedly happier than he had ever been in his life.

He had been called out of retirement, and by the unmistakable voice of the people.

And the smell of battle was in his nostrils.

CHAPTER XXI

CONGRESS

THE last of the family had grown to maturity now. The child who had traversed Napoleonic Europe on the seat of a Russian coach was become a married man. Charles Francis Adams, in 1829, had taken as his wife Abigail, daughter of a prosperous merchant, Peter Chardon Brooks, of Boston, and was permanently settled in that city in the practice of the law.

So Louisa's family was divided, like her heart, between Boston and Washington—for young Mary Adams was much in Washington with her John. And now Louisa herself must turn her back on Boston and on the seclusion of her early days of mourning, and go back to the capital with her husband. It would be with mixed feel-

ings. In Massachusetts she was always, as one of her grandsons was later to call her, an exotic flower; in Washington she seemed to bloom more naturally. Yet Boston and Quincy were her home, and to some extent her habit, and what was more her health was dreadful and she feared a renewal of public life—and strife. Both for herself and for John Quincy she feared it. . . .

Mr. Adams preceded her to Washington, with almost two years of existence as a private citizen behind him. Those years had not been without their honors, or their significance either. On the fourth of July, 1831, in an Independence Day oration before the townsfolk of Quincy, he had touched at some length on a burning question of the day—Calhoun's threat of nullification, and even secession, by South Carolina if the tariff went into effect.

. . . Nullification is the provocation to that brutal and furious contest of force which has hitherto baffled all the efforts of the European and Southern American nations to introduce among them constitutional governments of liberty and order. It strips us of that peculiar and unimitated character of all our legislation—free debate; it makes the bayonet the arbiter of law. It has no argument but the thunderbolt. It were senseless to imagine that twenty-three States of the Union would suffer their laws to be trampled upon by the despotic mandate of one. The act of nullification would itself be null and void. The citizen of the nullifying State is a traitor to his country by obedience to the law of his State; a traitor to his State by obedience to the law of his country. . . . Let this agent but once intrude upon your deliberations, and freedom will take her flight for heaven. The Declaration of Independence will become a philosophical dream, and uncontrolled despotic sovereignties will trample with impunity . . . at interminable or exterminating war with one another upon the indefeasible and unalienable rights of man.

. . . May heaven avert the omen! The destinies, not only of our posterity, but of the human race, are at stake. . . . Were the breath which now gives utterance to my feelings the last vital air I should draw, my expiring words to you and your children should be, *Independence and Union forever!*

That fourth of July marked the death of another President of the United States—the third to breathe his last as guns of commemoration were firing. This was John Quincy Adams' friend and pre-

decessor, Monroe; and a crowded audience at Faneuil Hall, in Boston, that year heard Adams' eulogy of his friend—a tribute glowing and sincere.

Six months later, Mr. Adams, aged sixty-four, took his seat for the first time in the House of Representatives. It was a somewhat amazing beginning. . . .

Perhaps he had grown to expect the dregs of old acrimonies to be flung in his face at the start of each new job. At any rate, his surprise and abashment at the reception he met with in the House were immeasurable. Men who had opposed him bitterly and inexorably in the past came to shake his hand now. Those who had hurled invective at him on many an earlier occasion now took a conspicuous part in felicitatory speeches—felicitation both to the ex-President who had returned thus humbly to the Government, and to the Government on its acquisition of such a member. The House rang with satisfaction, with honor to its newest—who was in point of years its oldest—member.

And John Quincy Adams found that he did not know how to take felicitation. . . .

He had, however, come into his own at last, and though there were to be many more conflagrations—many fights and feuds and bitter hatreds—no man was ever again to mistake his motives, or to believe that he had any motives save country. He had cast off both the aspersion and the possibility of aspiration. He had climbed to the heights and descended again, to a level where none could suspect or envy him. He stood alone, without fear or hope of favor, and with the political veils cast off they saw him as he was and as he had always been—a single-purposed patriot whose watchword still was Duty.

He was appointed immediately to the head of the Committee on Manufactures. This choice, if something of a disappointment to his inclinations, had its significance. He would have preferred, and said so, the Committee on Foreign Relations; but it appeared that his own relations with the President proscribed such a place for him. So

the Committee on Manufactures it was—and the fight for the tariff, against the forces of the South.

And more particularly against the forcefulness of Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Clay. Both these gentlemen had at one time been protectionists. Now, Calhoun's nullification theories were soon to be made fact in South Carolina, while Clay, newly elected to the Senate, came running full tilt against the Chairman of the Committee on Manufactures (Mr. Adams was of course elected to the Chair). Clay was now convinced that what the people wanted was Free Trade, and he was determined to do his best to see that they got it.

Thus John Quincy was pushed into immediate conflict once again. Nor was the gentleman who had been chiefly responsible for pushing him into it, the Speaker of the House, Andrew Stevenson, wholly disinterested. He had no reason to love John Quincy Adams, and he had every reason to arrange the Committee on Manufactures in a way that would be pleasing to the South. Of the seven members, including the Chairman, only two were tariff men. . . .

It did not look as though there would be much that Mr. Adams could do in his situation.

Once he thought of resigning his chairmanship, to give himself time for other work; but both political friends and opponents protested, in such flowery terms as to draw an embarrassed reply from the favored one, who never would grow used to popularity now. He begged the gentlemen to refrain. He said:

"I have been most deeply affected by what has already passed. I have felt, in the strongest manner, the impropriety of my being in the House while such remarks were made; being very conscious that sentiments of an opposite kind might have been uttered with far more propriety, and have probably been withheld in consequence of my presence."

Which, if not very gracious, was at any rate characteristic of the man.

Nor was he long to complain of over-adulation. It was not in his nature, or in his history, to nourish or to court it. He walked his

usual path. By virtue of election a National-Republican, or Whig, he only supported Whig measures when they seemed to him good and right. And though his respect of the man Jackson had not changed, he supported some of President Jackson's moves for the same proper reasons.

He worked hard; read hard; wrote almost unceasingly. He composed and actually published, that year, a long poem entitled "Dermot MacMorrogh"—a story in verse of the conquest of Ireland. He read Byron for measure and Leland for historical data, and he made up his stanzas as he strode around Capitol Square on his morning constitutionals, or dreamt them in his sleep at night. He was at least as ardent a poet as ever. But not many of those who were his colleagues in the House could have suspected it. He was in attendance earlier in the morning than anyone else, and remained later. And his knowledge of men and countries and constitutions, of enactments and rights and political history, transcended that of any other member of the House. What he had not stored away in his years of travel and statesmanship, he stored away now; and none could floor him on a point of historical date or fact.

There came to John Quincy now with a curious request the Vice-President, John C. Calhoun—Jackson's Vice-President, as he had been Adams'. It seemed that Mr. Crawford had made a little mischief between Mr. Calhoun and the new President. That is, he had asserted to the President's friends that in the days of the Seminole campaign Mr. Calhoun had been the most inveterate against General Jackson. As a matter of fact, Crawford himself had been the warmest, and Calhoun now came to Mr. Adams and begged him to state his recollection of the proceedings of Mr. Monroe's Cabinet at the time.

Mr. Adams in due course obliged, and his honest recollection, aided by his diary, proved of considerable service to Mr. Calhoun in the pursuit of the argument. He was grateful, and asked if it would be agreeable to Mr. Adams if he called on him. So they

met again socially, and Calhoun, in the glow of his recent gratitude, took the opportunity of making a handsome apology for his behavior, and that of his lady, in refusing to call at the close of the Adams administration.

But on the face of things there could be no love lost between them any more. Later that year Adams wrote of Calhoun:

> (He) was a member of Mr. Monroe's Administration, and during its early part pursued a course from which I anticipated that he would prove an ornament and a blessing to his country. I have been deeply disappointed in him, and now expect nothing from him but evil. His personal relations with me have been marked, on his part, with selfish and cold-blooded heartlessness. Yet, in his controversies of last winter, I sustained him as far as truth would warrant against the profligate falsehoods of Crawford. Since the publication of my Fourth of July oration he has published what he calls his views of nullification, but has not been explicit in this exposition of them. I propose, by sending him my two discourses, to give him an opportunity, if he pleases, to discuss with me the question on which we so essentially differ.

There were to be other questions.

Very early in his first session, the Quakers of Pennsylvania paid Adams the honor of asking him to present to the House, in their behalf, certain petitions begging for the abolition of slavery and the slave-trade in the District of Columbia. He presented the petitions, but without supporting the abolition plea personally. Such mildness on his part pleased and somewhat disarmed the Southern gentlemen; but his reasons were not so favorable as they hoped. He had studied the question of slavery for many years, and for long had prayed for an end to human bondage. But watching the South —and the North—in these days of the tariff fight, he was convinced that the time for a tussle on slavery was not now, since

> . . . the most salutary medicines, unduly administered, are the most deadly of poisons.

Moreover, he was convinced that abolishing slavery from the District of Columbia alone—the district over which the Federal govern-

ment held sole sway—would only result in flooding the rest of the South with the slaves thus excluded. He still hoped that the people would, in time, give the Declaration of Independence its full interpretation, and abolish human bondage from their midst without warfare. But the time was not yet. To strike now might be only to strengthen that which it was sought to obliterate.

Therefore he presented his early petitions with the hope that they would not be discussed in the House, but would be referred to the proper committees. The Constitution gave to every citizen the right to present petitions, and to have them heard, but Mr. Adams had a strong conviction, which later events were to prove only too correct, that open discussion of the broad question of slavery in Congress at that moment, in the significant state of the parties, would lead to acrimonies, feuds, and bitternesses that would befog the whole issue for a future more tolerant day.

What he did always believe was that in the secession threat of South Carolina, Jackson had had—and lost—a great opportunity to settle the whole question of the right of secession, once and for all. He was for soothing the ruffled spirits of the people of that section, to a degree—but not to the degree of temporizing with the issue. South Carolina nullified the tariff of 1828, and also Jackson's attempt at a more acceptable one, in 1832. Calhoun resigned the Vice-Presidency, and President Jackson went to the extent of delivering a belligerent message, of making preparations to enforce the law in the rebellious Southern State, and of calling, successfully, on Congress for a bill empowering the President to use force in such circumstances. But Henry Clay was there with the second great compromise. He handed to South Carolina a promise of concessions which prevented the break, but left State rights as they were before. South Carolina rescinded its nullification of the tariff—and nullified Jackson's Force Bill, instead. . . .

President Jackson, however, found himself, by reason of the compromise, more of a hero than ever. Of his triumphal progress

through the Northern States in the year 1833, Philip Hone, that perspicacious politician and sometime Mayor of New York, wrote:

> The President is certainly the most popular man we have ever known. . . . Talk of him as the second Washington! It won't do now; Washington was only the first Jackson.
>
> Poor Adams used to visit New York during his presidency. The papers, to be sure, announced his arrival; but he was welcomed by no shouts, no crowd thronged around his portals, no huzzas rent the air when he made his appearance, and yet posterity, more just than ourselves, will acknowledge him to have been in all the qualifications which constitute his fitness to fill the office of a ruler of this great republic, twenty times superior to Jackson. He wanted tact. . . . (He) is the wisest man, the best scholar, the most accomplished statesman; but Jackson has most tact. So huzza for Jackson!

In 1834, General la Fayette died, and in the House of Representatives of the United States, in the presence of President Jackson and all the members of the Government, John Quincy Adams delivered another eulogy. In a speech of more than two hours' duration, closely attended, he told of the life of the friend of his youth, and of his country's youth. . . .

On his way to the capital in the winter of 1834, Mr. Adams paused to withdraw all his personal financial interest from the Bank of the United States. The significance of this action, which he explained to Mr. Nicholas Biddle of the Bank, was that he had every intention of joining issue with President Jackson in the latter's fight against that institution, and he did not desire to be embarrassed by any apparent motives other than disinterested ones.

As it transpired, both the action and the opposition were in vain. Mr. Adams contributed his warm views in writing and in speech, for the defense. But the Bank perished before the onslaughts of President Jackson.

On March seventeenth, 1835,

> When Massachusetts was called, I presented the resolutions of the Legislature upon the currency and the removal of the public deposits from the Bank of the United States, with a very few remarks, touching somewhat

personally upon the President; and I moved that they should be read, printed, and laid on the table, to be referred to a select committee, with instructions to report a plan for continuing to the people the advantages resulting from a National bank. Polk started up and fell into an idolizing and mawkish glorification of Doctor Andrew Jackson, with some coarse and equally dull invective against me. I rose, and said I should not reply to his speech, and gave notice once for all that whenever any admirer of the President of the United States should think fit to pay his court to him in the House, either by a flaming panegyric upon him or by a rancorous invective upon me, he should never elicit one word of reply from me.

> No! let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
> And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
> Where *thrift* may follow fawning.

Polk shrunk back abashed into his shell, and said not a word. The lines from Hamlet struck the House like a spark of electricity.

Andrew Jackson was to have no reason to complain of the invariable antagonism of this single-purposed Congressman, however. In the year 1835 John Quincy Adams was once again to prove Andrew Jackson's only ally.

In 1831, Rives, the then American Minister to France, had succeeded, after his country had tried for forty years, in securing an indemnity of five million dollars from the French Government for depredations on American shipping during the French Revolution, Since then the Paris Chamber of Deputies had consistently refused to vote the money. And at last President Jackson, to whom it was natural for persuasive measures to mean warlike measures, determined to get the treaty fulfilled at all costs.

The Jacksonian Senate promptly, and to a man, assailed him. He was driving his country into another bloody campaign, when further negotiation would ultimately do the same work. Meanwhile the President issued his ultimatum and provided for the recall of the American Minister—it was Livingston now—from Paris. The Senate redoubled its cries.

In the House of Representatives, John Quincy Adams arose and, trembling with enthusiasm and ire, said:

. . . if we do not unite with the President of the United States in an effort to compel the French Chamber of Deputies to carry out the provisions of this treaty, we shall become the scorn, the contempt, the derision and the reproach of all mankind! Sir, this treaty has been ratified on both sides of the ocean; it has received the sign manual of the sovereign of France, through His Imperial Majesty's principal Minister of State; it has been ratified by the Senate of this Republic; it has been sanctioned by Almighty God; and still we are told, in a voice potential, in the other wing of this capitol, that the arrogance of France,—nay, sir, not of France, but of her Chamber of Deputies—the insolence of the French Chamber, must be submitted to, and we must come down to the *lower* degradation of reopening negotiations to attain that which has already been acknowledged to be our due! Sir, is this a specimen of your boasted chivalry? Is this an evidence of the existence of that heroic valor which has so often led our arms on to glory and immortality? Re-open negotiation, sir, with France? Do it, and soon you will find your flag insulted, dishonored, and trodden in the dust by the pigmy States of Asia and Africa—by the very banditti of the earth. Sir, the only negotiations, says the President of the United States, that he would encounter, should be at the cannon's mouth!

There was silence for a moment as he sat down.

And then (the authority is Seward), "the very walls shook with the thundering applause he had awakened."

It was France who changed her tune.

Nor was that his only contribution to the public's work. In 1834, still at the head of his Committee on Manufactures, still working against odds, he succeeded in framing and reporting a new tariff bill, "such as it was," and, more, in carrying it through Congress and on to the withdrawal of certain Senatorial amendments. It happened to be the one noticeable legislative result of the entire session. . . .

But the thunders of applause were to change to other thunders.

In 1836, Texas revolted against Mexico—a Mexico that had cleared itself of slaves. And the finger of the slave-holding Southern United States began to show itself in the interests of Texas.

And John Quincy Adams' greatest fight began.

CHAPTER XXII PETITION

IN the Spring of 1836, President Jackson called on Congress for an appropriation of a million dollars for military operations in the South. Interpreted by the Jacksonians, this meant that General Gaines and a body of troops had been sent across the border-line of Texas to guard the Southern frontier of the United States against depredations by Mexican Indians.

Interpreted by John Quincy Adams, however, it meant something vastly different. In spite of the fact that Jackson had reminded the American people of their motto of neutrality, the apparent altruism of the Southern expedition did not deceive Mr. Adams for a moment. He was too well aware that Texas had long been filled with settlers from the Southern United States; and with intrigue; and above all, with smuggled slaves. . . .

Nor did he hesitate to say as much in the House.

> Have we not seen American citizens going from all parts of the country to carry on the war of this province against the united Government of Mexico? Who were those who fell at Alamo? Who are now fighting under the command of the hero of Texian fame? * And have we not been called upon in this House, to recognize Texian independence? It seems that General Gaines considers this a war in defence of "our Texians."

A gentleman from New York, Mr. Cambreleng, here took it upon himself to explain that General Gaines had meant "our Texian neighbors;" but the Adamsian flow was not diverted:

> Was this an intention to conquer Texas, to re-establish that slavery which had been abolished by the United Mexican States? If that was the case, and we were to be drawn into an acknowledgment of their independence, and then, by that preliminary act, by that acknowledgment, if we were upon their application to admit Texas to become a part of the United States, then the House ought to be informed of it. I shall be for no such war, nor for mak-

* Sam Houston.

ing any such addition to our territory. . . . I hope Congress will take care to go into no war for the re-establishment of slavery where it has been abolished—that they will go into no war in behalf of "our Texians," or "our Texian neighbors"—and that they will go into no war with a foreign power, without other cause than the acquisition of territory.

A gentleman from the South, Waddy Thompson, moving the adoption of a resolution to recognize the independence of Texas, insisted that Texas would have been in the Union long since, had Mr. Adams not bestowed it on Mexico in negotiating his Florida treaty.

Adams jumped to his feet with an indignant denial.

Thompson persisted, and quoted General Jackson as his authority for the statement.

"Why, then," said Adams, with increasing heat, "I must ask the indulgence of the House while I go briefly into the history of that transaction."

This he proceeded to do, with the close attention of an increasing assemblage; and he wound up with this statement:

". . . At that time General Jackson was in this city, on exciting business connected with the Seminole war; and, after the treaty had been concluded, and only wanted the signatures of the contracting parties, the then President of the United States directed me to call on General Jackson, in my official capacity as Secretary of State, and obtain his opinion in reference to boundaries. I did call. General Jackson, sir, was at that time holding his quarters in the hotel at the other end of the avenue. . . . The day was exceedingly warm, and, on entering General Jackson's parlor, I found him much exhausted by excitement, and the intensity of the weather. I made known to him the object of my visit; when he replied that I would greatly oblige him if I would excuse him from looking into the matter then. "Leave the papers with me, sir, till to-morrow, or the next day, and I will examine them." I did leave them, sir; and the next day called for the hero's opinion and decision. Sir, I recollect the occurrence perfectly well; General Jackson was still unwell;

and the papers, with an accompanying map, were spread before him. With his cane, sir, he pointed to the boundaries, as they had been agreed upon by the parties; and, sir, with a very emphatic expression, which I need not repeat, he affirmed them."

Mr. Thompson sat down, and even his colleagues thought he was wise to do so. It took a Jackson to fling "very emphatic expressions" in the face of a reminiscent Adams.

Thus while he winced before his unanswerable adversary, someone went hotfoot to the General and informed him. Next day there appeared in the "Globe" a letter signed "Andrew Jackson," containing a full and complete denial of everything Adams had said. Unfortunately it also contained a denial that Jackson was in Washington at all at the time of which Adams spoke. John Quincy was not troubled to nail that error. Others did it for him; but the General continued to deny that he had seen either Adams or the treaty at the time, even though he had been in the city.

Mr. Adams brought forth his diary. He showed certain honorable gentlemen a contemporary record of the meeting, documented and dated.

Some one told the President then that public opinion rather inclined against him in the matter.

"Mr. Adams is a man of infinite method," this gentleman said to Jackson; "he is generally accurate, and, in this instance, it appears that he is sustained by his diary."

Jackson lost his temper.

"His diary!" he shouted. "By the eternal God, sir, don't tell me anything more about his diary! Sir, that diary comes up on all occasions—one would think that its pages were as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians! Sir, that diary will be the death of me! I wonder if Jem Monroe kept a *diary!* If he did, it is to be hoped that it will be looked to, to see if it contains anything about this Adams and Don Onis treaty. By the eternal God, sir, I did not see it; I was *not* consulted about it."

But too many believed that he was.

All this did not help to keep slaves out of Texas.

General Sam Houston, who led the men of Texas against the forces of Mexico, had admitted that he "would be obliged to look to the United States" for reënforcement; and further had placed himself on record as follows:

. . . There is but one feeling in Texas, in my opinion, and that is, to establish the independence of Texas, and to be attached to the United States. . . .

Texas realized the first aim now, and with the assistance, both unofficial and official, which it had desired, it was in due course to realize the second.

But in the meanwhile the North awoke to the menace of the growing slave power. Into the hands of John Quincy Adams, a recognized fighter for freedom in its broadest sense, poured petition after petition. And most of them dealt with the slavery question. And all of them, provided they were "clothed in respectful language," he presented in due course, whether they agreed with his own beliefs or not. He even presented a petition from the citizens of Virginia, praying for his own expulsion from Congress as a nuisance. It was his strongest belief that every man had the right to petition, and he was to prove it to the hilt before his work was done. As for party spirit—

. . . I have received intimations from some of the dearest personal friends that I have upon earth that I have undertaken more than in the present condition of our country it is possible for man to perform; that we *must* be governed by parties, and that every party *must* have a head; that all political conduct must be accommodated to the main object of party pursuits; and that to bid defiance one day to one presidential candidate and the next day to his competitor is mere political quixotism, sallying forth in search of giants, and coming in conflict with every windmill. To these kind and friendly warnings I scarcely know what to reply, but that having deliberately fixed my purpose of making this experiment upon the virtue and intelligence of the people, and having persevered in it through good and evil fortune, it is too late to depart from it now. I have made moral principles,

and not party or selfish purpose, the standard of my conduct throughout my political life, and there is too little of the stake left that I can lose for me now to turn round and become a mere partisan.

But he was willing to admit that he needed the curb rather than the spur. . . .

There were at that time in both House and Senate Abolitionists of the most extreme views. There were also many from the Southeast who admitted slavery to be a debatable issue. And there were the dyed-in-the-wool slavery interests, heavy at the other end of the scale.

For the present, the first-named gentlemen looked on Mr. Adams with an intolerance at least equal to that of the antipathetic faction, though from an acutely different angle. They wanted a spokesman ruthless enough to insist on immediate emancipation, by all means, violent or otherwise. What they did not realize was that Mr. Adams' political standing made him more of a menace to the partisans of the South, even walking his present peacefully temperate path, than they could hope to be, with all their threats. For the ex-President had carried his prestige into the House of Representatives with him.

He continued to work toward suitable and peaceful discussion as petitions continued to come into his hands both from within and from without his constituency. Other Northern gentlemen, for the most part, did the same.

But as the petitions grew in number, the agitations inherent in their principal subject grew accordingly; and as that increased, the Southern alarm marched along with it.

Almost simultaneously, Mr. Calhoun in the Senate (he had not remained in retirement long. After his break with Jackson, he had promptly been elected as Senator by his State) and Mr. Hammond, also of South Carolina, in the House, began to move that petitions praying for the abolition of slavery should not be received. And from that the next step, and logical outcome, was that, not being received, they could not be referred to committees.

Mr. Adams was now ready to go further, and to say that not only should all petitions whatsoever be received and referred, but that the committees should be required to report on them, instead of shelving them as had been done hitherto in the cases of those which had ever reached committees.

Thus slavery, through the attitude of its own partisans, became a real issue at last. And with the word—and the meaning—cropping up constantly at session after session, petition came to be as menacing to the South as slavery was to the North.

To counteract this menace, a special committee was formed to consider the disposition of petitions for the abolition of slavery and the slave trade; and in May, 1836, this committee recommended the adoption of the following resolutions:

> Resolved, That Congress possesses no constitutional authority to interfere in any way with the institution of slavery in any of the States of this Confederacy.
>
> Resolved, That Congress ought not to interfere in any way with slavery in the District of Columbia.
>
> And whereas, It is extremely important and desirable that the agitation of this subject should be finally arrested, for the purpose of restoring tranquillity to the public mind, your committee respectfully recommend the adoption of the following additional resolution, viz.:—
>
> Resolved, That all petitions, memorials, resolutions, propositions or papers, relating in any way, or to any extent whatever, to the subject of slavery, or the abolition of slavery, shall, without being either printed or referred, be laid upon the table, and that no further action whatever shall be had thereon.

Mr. Adams was denied an opportunity of proving the first of these resolutions to be false. As to the third he said,

"I hold the resolution to be a direct violation of the Constitution of the United States, of the rules of this House, and of the rights of my constituents," and he persisted until his sentiments were placed on record in the journal of the House.

Nevertheless, the resolution was adopted, by a large majority.

Petitions continued to pour in—and continued, in the face of successful motions to the contrary, to be presented, amid vociferous

protest from the floor of the House. John Quincy Adams was hardly the man to be barred from free speech by a mere resolution—and he was obviously fighting not only for himself, but for posterity also. The right of petition was a human right, and must be preserved at all costs.

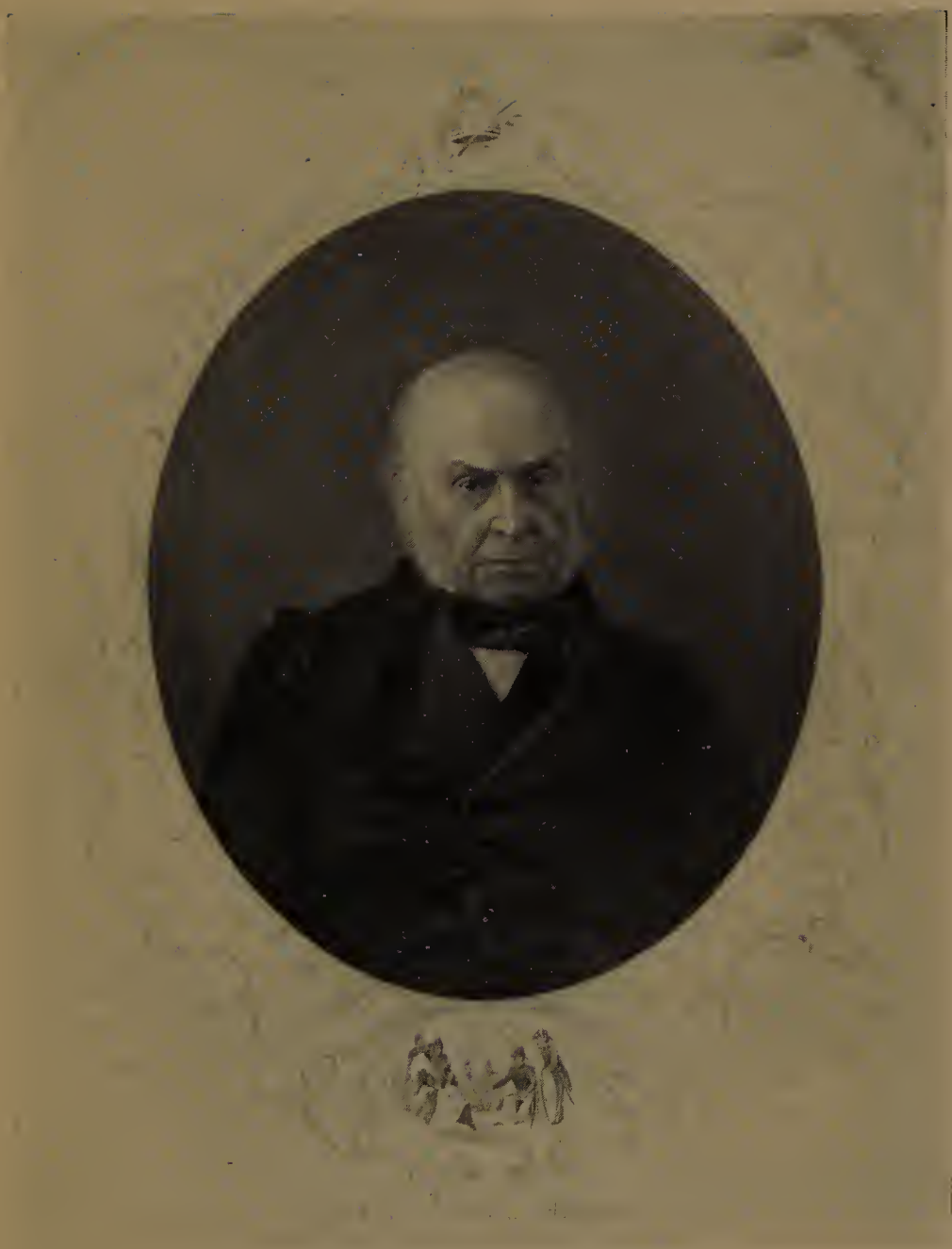
So he fought, and his seventieth birthday saw him in the thick of that fight—a figure trembling with the palsy, rheumy-eyed from an affliction that caused his cheeks to show runnels of tears, bald, side-whiskered, fierce and with voice cracked and nasal. And whenever he stood to speak, the House filled as if by magic, and no man rustled papers or hemmed or hawed while that cracked but magnetic old voice was uttering its wisdom. And on nearly all subjects save Abolition, and the right of petition, men of all parties would cluster round his desk, and hang on his words, and count him a sage and a patriot.

Petition, however, which opened up the admission of the whole subject of Abolition to debate, was the burning question. And through John Quincy Adams' hands there sometimes passed as many as two hundred petitions in a day.

All the two hundred John Quincy would doggedly present, day after day, while hatred and ridicule, threat and insult, stormed about his head. From outside came threats of assassination. Some one sent him a picture of himself, with a bullet-hole through the forehead, and accompanied it with an insulting couplet. From within came vows that he should be cast into jail. He replied that the voice of a free people should be heard by their representatives, and stood and reiterated his motions that each single petition should be read.

His constituents rallied to him. And not alone his constituents. As the years passed, the East and the North and the middle states sent representative after representative to support him in his fight. But yet he fought alone.

So long as freedom of speech was allowed him as a member of the House, he said, he would repeat his motions until they were all



The Last Portrait from Life

considered. And on at least one occasion when the gentlemen refused to consider, he calmly incorporated the petition in the body of his speech, and dared them to silence him.

The Speaker of the House at the time was that same James K. Polk who had felt the lash of Mr. Adams' tongue on former occasions—the Mr. Polk who was one day to ascend to the President's seat as the hope of the slave-holding interests. It was the duty of this officer to muzzle the old man, if he could. On the occasion in question he ruled that the gentleman from Massachusetts had a right to state briefly the contents of the petition. And this is the way the gentleman from Massachusetts did it:

Mr. Adams.—I was at this point of the petition—"Keenly aggrieved by its existence in a part of our country over which Congress possesses exclusive jurisdiction in all cases whatsoever——"

Loud cries of "Order, order!"

Mr. Adams.—"Do most earnestly petition your honorable body——"

Mr. Chambers of Kentucky rose to a point of order.

Mr. Adams.—"Immediately to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia——"

Mr. Chambers reiterated his call to order, and the Speaker directed Mr. Adams to take his seat.

Mr. Adams proceeded with great rapidity of enunciation, and in a very loud tone of voice—*"And to declare every human being free who sets foot upon its soil!"*

The confusion in the hall at this time was very great. The Speaker decided that it was not in order for a member to read a petition, whether it was long or short.

Mr. Adams appealed from any decision which went to establish the principle that a member of the House should not have the power to read what he chose. He had never before heard of such a thing. If this practice was to be reversed, let the decision stand upon record, and let it appear how entirely the freedom of speech was suppressed in this House. If the reading of a paper was to be suppressed in his person, so help him God, he would only consent to it as a matter of record.

Mr. Adams finished the petition. The petitioners "respectfully announce their intention to present the same petition yearly before this honorable body,

that it might at least be a memorial in the holy cause of human freedom that they had done what they could."

These words were read amidst tumultuous cries for "order," from every part of the House. The petition was finally received, and laid upon the table.

In 1836 two great men died—John Marshall, the Chief Justice of the United States, appointed by John Adams and a lifelong friend of John Adams' son; and James Madison, the fourth President.

On Madison John Quincy had always looked with eyes of affection and of deep gratitude for what he still considered benefactions. And thus it was willingly that he acceded to a request of the citizens of Boston that he deliver a eulogy on Madison that summer.

It was a performance worthy of his powers. For two and a half hours he held a vast audience at close attention, while he discoursed on the achievements and the services to the country of one more of his illustrious friends. It was arduous work, for he himself was sixty-nine and not in the best of health, and characteristically he delved into all the available works both by and on the subject of Madison, with others on men who might with profit be contrasted to him.

But compared to his task at Washington, it was an interlude.

On the seventh of February, 1837, after doggedly delivering up his daily quota of a couple of hundreds of petitions, John Quincy Adams, still on his feet, saw something among his papers that differed most subtly from the rest. At a glance, it was a curious petition, signed by several negro slaves. Some had merely attached their marks; others had scrawled a clumsy name. With characteristic quickness of perception—and suspicion—Mr. Adams scented a trap, and swiftly deciding to take the document as a counterfeit engineered by some of the Southern gentlemen for his confounding, he thought he perceived a way to turn the tables. He still held the floor.

"Mr. Speaker," he said. There was a buzz of conversation in all parts of the House. The Southern gentlemen had thought he was finished. They were not paying much attention.

"Mr. Speaker," said Mr. Adams, "I have in my possession a petition of a somewhat extraordinary character; and I wish to inquire of the chair if it be in order to present it."

Mr. Polk heard him. Indeed Mr. Polk's nightly sleep at this period must have been disturbed by the echoes of Adams' voice.

"If the gentleman from Massachusetts will inform the chair what the character of the petition is, it will probably be able to decide on the subject."

"Sir, the petition is signed by eleven slaves of the town of Fredericksburg, in the county of Culpepper, in the State of Virginia. It is one of those petitions which, it has occurred to my mind, are not what they purport to be. It is signed partly by persons who cannot write, by making their marks, and partly by persons whose handwriting would manifest that they have received the education of slaves. The petition declares itself to be from slaves, and I am requested to present it. I will send it to the chair."

Mr. Polk grew a little nervous. Many members had left the house, and those who remained were paying scant attention. When the Speaker answered that a petition from slaves was a novelty, and involved a question that he did not feel called upon to decide, nothing much happened. He grew somewhat more perturbed, and gave his chair a little jerk that was characteristic of his nervous moments. He wished to take time to consider the question, he said, and in the meantime he would refer it to the House.

At this juncture he caught the eye of Dixon H. Lewis, of Alabama, who, perceiving the Speaker's obvious perturbation, allowed his glance to stray to Adams and, taking fire on the instant, cried out to know what the petition was.

Mr. Polk told him—or repeated, rather, Mr. Adams' somewhat non-committal description—and it is recorded of Mr. Lewis that he foamed at the mouth.

"By God, sir," he yelled, "this is not to be endured any longer!"

By this time the House was seething.

"Treason! Treason!" they cried, and pointed at the firmly rooted

Adams. "Expel the old scoundrel; put him out; do not let him disgrace the House any longer!"

A member from North Carolina demanded that they get up a resolution to meet the case, and Mr. Dromgoole was chosen to draft it. This was the resolution, with its preamble:

> Whereas the Hon. John Quincy Adams, a representative from Massachusetts, has presented to the House of Representatives a petition signed by negro slaves, thus giving color to an idea that bondmen are capable of exercising the right of petition,
>
> Resolved, That he be taken to the bar of the House, and be censured by the Speaker thereof.

Some of the Southern gentlemen were more temperate, but they were howled down by their brethren. The "old scoundrel" must be punished. Grantland, of Georgia, seconded the motion, and would go to any lengths in support of it, and Mr. Lewis said that if the House would inflict no punishment for such flagrant violations of its dignity as this, it would be better for the Representatives from the slaveholding States to go home at once. Mr. Alford said he should move that the petition be taken from the House and burnt, and he hoped that every man who was a friend to the Constitution would support him. This constant attempt to create excitement must cease, or the Union could not continue to exist. And he called it a disgrace to the Government to present a petition from slaves, praying for emancipation. . . .

Fortunately for the sensibilities of the Speaker, however, the House could not bring itself to haul the aged ex-President up for reprimand, and a different resolution was introduced:

> Resolved, That John Quincy Adams, a representative from the State of Massachusetts, has rendered himself justly liable to the severest censure of this House, and is censured accordingly, for having attempted to present to the House the petition of slaves.

But no resolution seemed to please everybody, and the House continued in a turmoil, with one calm spot—that occupied by the Hon. John Quincy Adams. He now decided to answer the charges,

and insofar as his answer was somewhat startling, it shall be quoted in part here:

"In regard to the resolutions now before the House," he said, "as they all concur in naming me, and in charging me with high crimes and misdemeanors, and in calling me to the bar of the House to answer for my crimes, I have thought it was my duty to remain silent, until it should be the pleasure of the House to act either on one or the other of these resolutions. I suppose that if I shall be brought to the bar of the House, I shall not be struck mute by the previous question, before I have an opportunity to say a word or two in my own defense. . . . Now as to the fact what the petition was for, I simply state to the gentleman from Alabama, who has sent to the table a resolution assuming that this petition was for the abolition of slavery—I state to him that he is mistaken. He must amend his resolution; for if the House should choose to read this petition, I can state to them they would find it something very much the reverse of that which the resolution states it to be. And if the gentleman from Alabama still chooses to bring me to the bar of the House, he must amend his resolution in a very important particular; for he may probably have to put into it, that my crime has been for attempting to introduce the petition of slaves that slavery should *not* be abolished. . . ."

It was true. If the petition had indeed been a ruse employed by some of the Southern gentlemen to embarrass the gentleman from Massachusetts, they had only succeeded in embarrassing their colleagues from the South. The petition prayed for the perpetuation, not the abolition, of slavery; and no petition could embarrass John Quincy Adams, once he had resolved to present *all* petitions, good or bad, "provided they were couched in respectful language."

Nor would he allow the storm to die down. The confused Southern gentlemen eventually wished to let the matter rest with the countless others, on the table. He would have none of it. The House was packed, these days. The wildest rumors flew about; the remotest support was rounded up, and finally the paper was rejected

on the ground that "slaves do not possess the right of petition secured to the citizens of the United States by the Constitution."

The subject of slavery, however, had not yet absorbed the whole of Mr. Adams' political thought.

In 1835 an Englishman named Smithson had bequeathed to the Government of the United States a gift of several hundred thousand dollars for the establishment in Washington of an institution for the spread of knowledge among men.

No subject could be nearer to John Quincy's heart than this. He was placed at the head of a committee appointed to enquire into the propriety of the acceptance by Congress of such a bequest, and from that date until the next President, Van Buren, signed a bill for the establishment of the Smithsonian Institution in 1846, he worked unceasingly to have the bequest utilized to the greatest benefit of mankind. He had long believed, and said, that it was the duty of the United States as a new and growing country to contribute to the scientific knowledge of the world. It had long been his pet scheme to persuade the Government to vote funds for the establishment of a national astronomical observatory. And the Smithsonian bequest raised his hopes of both.

But his greatest contribution to the matter was in persuading Congress to conserve the principal of the bequest, and to use only the interest in maintaining the Institution. In the accomplishment of this he both perpetuated the gift and saved the bequeathed capital from the grasp of personal interests, for ever.

But such work was largely incidental. In his greater task Mr. Adams was far from being exhausted. In December, 1838, he presented a petition that asked for the establishment of relations with the Republic of Hayti, and the Southern fires burned anew. A gentleman from the South, Mr. Bynum, perceiving a tendency to give Mr. Adams a hearing, hoped some gentleman of the slave-holding portion of the House would, in that event, be allowed to answer him.

Mr. Adams said,

"Sir, I hope so. Only open our mouths, gentlemen; that is all we ask, and you may answer as much as you please."

He was finally allowed to proceed, and forthwith he dealt with the gentlemen who had alleged that the present petition was but a mask for the Abolitionists.

"Even admitting that the object is Abolition," said Mr. Adams, "the petitioners have the right to pray for that too; for every individual in the country has a right to be an Abolitionist. The great men of the Revolution were Abolitionists, and if any man denies it, I will prove it."

One man of temerity denied it—Mr. Wise, of Virginia; and though the Speaker ruled him out of order, Adams took him up.

"George Washington, *in articulo mortis,* by his last will and testament, before God, his Creator, emancipated his slaves," said Adams.

"Because he had no children," said Wise.

The Speaker meanwhile was repeatedly calling both to order. Adams said he simply took the position that George Washington was an Abolitionist in the most extensive sense of the term; and he defied any man in the House to prove the contrary.

Still the Speaker's rapping went on.

"Well, sir," said Adams, "I was stating the high authority which is to be found for the principles of abolition. Does the gentleman from Virginia deny that Thomas Jefferson was an Abolitionist?"

"I do," said Wise.

"The question is entirely out of order," cried the Speaker once again, and the familiar "Order! Order!" resounded from all parts of the House.

"Well, sir," said Adams, unmoved, "then I come back to my position, that every man in this country has a right to be an Abolitionist, and that in being so he offends no law, but, in my opinion, obeys the most sacred of all laws."

But the original motion was laid upon the table.

CHAPTER XXIII SLAVERY

IN Louisa Adams the storms, the searchings and the struggles for adjustment had died down. She was an old lady—a charming old lady of silvery hair, silvery gowns and an accompaniment of massive silver tea-things. Her fingers trembled a little too much, now, for personal music-making, and her voice was tempered more to gentle, easy discourse. But she was not idle—even in those long hours of waiting for the "old man eloquent" to come home from his work. In Washington he so seldom came home for meals that she must have given up looking for him. With a few pieces of bread in his pocket he would stay at his desk in the House from early morning till late evening, and was actually known on occasion to remain till long past midnight, when a session was closing and a quorum must be kept to finish the nation's business.

Louisa tended her silkworms, and looked after the sticky rows of disintegrating fruits and the tender shoots of young seedlings that represented, like the little trees in the White House grounds, an old man's horticultural experiments in the busy season. And she read—little finely-bound volumes, her grandson Henry tells us, of Peregrine Pickle, Tom Jones, Hannah More—and dipped into the ancients and the classics and into well-used volumes of verse, and did not forget her devotions.

Her grandchildren adored her, and so did her son Charles Francis. There was only Charles Francis, now. In 1834 the second cherished son had died, leaving Mary a widow with a small daughter to raise. These two dwelt much with the ex-President and his lady, and received the dead John's share of affection.

John Quincy taught his granddaughter, little Mary Louisa, to read, and, finding it a task that tried his patience somewhat, he set himself at the same time to relearn the Hebrew alphabet—a study that had always been a bugbear to him. Thus he placed himself and

Mary Louisa on an equal footing, and saved that young lady from the annoyance of his impatience.

Like his son, he was the sole survivor of his own generation now —for Thomas had died in 1832. But the new crop of Adamses was most promisingly abundant.

In Boston, Charles Francis and Abigail, his wife, had brought into the world a numerous family, headed by a new Louisa Catherine. There was a young John Quincy, too, and a Charles Francis and a Henry and a Brooks. These youngsters wintered in Boston, near the kindly Brooks grandfather, and summered at Quincy, with an equally kindly old "President" and a very charming grandmamma. Occasionally one or other of them was carried to Washington for a visit, and taken to the White House and the Senate chamber, and shown the birthplaces and burial places of the great. But the journey was the most thrilling part—from Quincy to Washington by way of the Maryland towns. From the old mansion with its plain matting and its mahogany panels and its pictures and its fine French furniture of the Louis Seize period (Henry Adams always said that Grandmother Louisa was Louis Seize too), to places that were half magnificent, half primitive sun-baked land. Slave land.

Indeed, the city of Washington itself, according to a contemporary chronicler, was "the greatest slave-mart in the United States." Within sight of the Capitol was the building with its great yard where regular slave-auctions were held, and the greater part of all manual and domestic labor in the city was performed by slaves.

The Adams children knew the significance of that journey as they grew bigger. For they dwelt, for months every year, in Boston, where the battle of North and South had its echoes. Daniel Webster was now the eloquent mouthpiece of the pro-slave party there. And the children's father, Charles Francis Adams, was swiftly coming into his great anti-slavery inheritance. In Charles Francis' veins ran the blood of both North and South, but as he loved his mother he embraced his father's principles, and carried on his father's work.

There were other things that the young Henry Adams remem-

bered in later years, and at least one of them was literally a contribution to his celebrated "Education."

One summer day, when he was six or seven, and with his mother was sojourning at Quincy, he conceived a greater-than-usual distaste for school, and proceeded to demonstrate it in his own way:

> . . . Naturally his mother was the immediate victim of his rage; that is what mothers are for, and boys also; but in this case the boy had his mother at unfair disadvantage, for she was a guest, and had no means of enforcing obedience. Henry showed a certain tactical ability by refusing to start, and he met all efforts at compulsion by successful, though too vehement protest. He was in fair way to win, and was holding his own, with sufficient energy, at the bottom of the long staircase which led up to the door of the President's library, when the door opened, and the old man slowly came down. Putting on his hat, he took the boy's hand without a word, and walked with him, paralyzed by awe, up the road to the town. After the first moments of consternation at this interference in a domestic dispute, the boy reflected that an old gentleman close on eighty would never trouble himself to walk near a mile on a hot summer morning over a shadeless road to take a boy to school, and that it would be strange if a lad imbued with the passion of freedom could not find a corner to dodge around, somewhere before reaching the school door. Then and always, the boy insisted that this reasoning justified his apparent submission; but the old man did not stop, and the boy saw all his strategical points turned, one after another, until he found himself seated inside the school, and obviously the centre of curious if not malevolent criticism. Not till then did the President release his hand and depart.*

Henry nourished no ill-will. He seems to have understood his grandfather, even at that tender age, far better than did some of his grandfather's contemporaries. Besides, the "President" always let him wander at will in that spacious library at the head of the staircase, where, amid the millions of papers, were such fascinating things as pistols in cases, small-swords and tinder-boxes, and in a closet the inevitable seedlings and the rows of rotting fruit specimens. Henry always saved choice fruits from the garden for Grandfather Adams, and "ate only the less perfect. Naturally he ate more by way of compensation, but the act showed that he bore no

* The Education of Henry Adams."

grudge." And the President gave him a book of nursery rhymes, to go with the Bible that each child received at its birth. "Grandfather Brooks," says Henry, "supplied the silver mugs."

So in summers there was once again a "President" in Quincy—a bald head thinly fringed with white to grace the Presidents' pew in church—and sometimes to nod a little there, though John Quincy seems to have heard the sermons, even in his sleep.

Over his head was a tablet to the memory of another President, who had "pledged his life, his fortune and his sacred honor for the Independence of his country"—the father, John Adams, whose remains now lay within the church.

Once again a gracious figure presided where Abigail had formerly held sway—at the tea-table in the house on the Plymouth road, where silver and Sèvres china matched the quality of the conversation, and company illustrious and humble came with unvarying homage.

In 1837 Martin Van Buren succeeded Andrew Jackson as President of the United States, and through the reign of Van Buren John Quincy Adams continued his fight. He was working—slaving would be the appropriate word—for a breaking of this unconstitutional bar to petition, the "gag rule," and an entry into the fields of free discussion for slavery and all its evils.

It was the opinion of at least one of his contemporaries that no man ever possessed more moral courage. In 1838 he had aroused the furious enmity of the slave traders in Washington and the surrounding districts. It was freely rumored that they had desperadoes in their pay to assassinate Mr. Adams, and they themselves were among those who said so. What was more, they vowed they would "hang the old devil on the first lamp-post they could find." Frequently he was faced by those who admitted themselves his would-be murderers; and threatening letters of the most extreme sort were daily occurrences. A reporter once asked Adams how he felt about all this.

The old man exhibited his "well-known calm."

"If any attempt at violence is made on me," he said, "I trust in God that I shall be found capable of the emergency. I cannot be driven from duty by threat or intimidation. I am an old man, and have but a few more years to spend in this mundane theatre. Whilst life lasts, I must be found constantly at my post, sir."

On the following day there came to Mr. Adams a letter signed with the name of Matthew C. Perry (the famous Commodore Perry), a well-known pro-slave partisan. It was a grossly-worded letter, and it stated that if Adams did not cease his agitations, he would find a stiletto in his breast.

He arose in the House that morning, with the letter in his hand.

"I have here a document which is undoubtedly a forgery," he said. "The real author of this threatening letter may now be in this House, and if he be, I wish to say to him that I hold him in utter contempt, as I do his menace. And I wish him to understand that if the hand and the stiletto are ever placed at my breast, I shall then be found as capable of defending myself as I am now of my own vindication."

It was Louisa who suffered the fears for him—Louisa and Mary and Charles Francis, in Boston. They begged him without cessation to lower his tone. And at the same time the Abolition extremists importuned him to relinquish his fight for free discussion, and to join in battle for immediate and general emancipation instead. He continued along the path he had chosen, while slave interests actually marched a hundred blacks one day to the steps of the Capitol, and forced them there to shout their contempt for J. Q. Adams.

Not only the South was antagonistic. There were parts of the North that were unable to understand how he could thus throw away potential Southern votes for what was presumably his party. And Daniel Webster and his Whig followers continued among his most bitter opponents.

There were other differences between Webster and Adams now. In 1835, following up his approval of Jackson's procedure against the French, John Quincy had supported that President's Fortification Bill, which provided for placing the Atlantic coast in a state of

defense. Webster, in the Senate, had opposed it, accusing the President of wishing for five million dollars to use in the forthcoming election. Clay, the hope of the Whigs, upheld him, and so, after passing the House, the bill met defeat in the other chamber.

In 1836, Colonel Thomas Hart Benton, an ardent Jackson man, instituted an inquiry into this defeat, and the Democrats began to charge the Whigs with wishing to expose the Atlantic seaboard to a powerful enemy. Daniel Webster, again in the Senate, was their chief target.

Webster fell back on the Constitution. Indeed it was freely said in Washington that Webster could not be asked the time of day without consulting the Constitution. He said the Fortification Bill ran counter to the tenets of that document.

"I could not or would not vote for it," he said, in the Senate. "I can be instrumental in furthering any design that has the welfare of my country in view, if it be constitutional; but I cannot trench a question on the Constitution of my country; and I would not have voted for the bill, though intended for the national defense, even if the cannon of the enemy had been pointed toward the walls of the capital. I am not a degraded slave, and cannot join with the man-worshipers in perpetrating an unconstitutional act to propitiate executive favor."

A few days later John Quincy Adams took the floor of the House, ostensibly in the discussion of another bill. But members were whispering to their colleagues, "Now look out for the devil."

Adams referred briefly to the bill in debate. Then he proceeded:

"In the Senate of the United States a few days since, whilst a resolution inquiring how it was that a bill commonly called the Fortification Bill had been lost was under discussion, a Senator representing the State of Massachusetts indulged himself in the employment of some very remarkable and extraordinary language. Sir, that Senator——"

Here C. F. Mercer, of Virginia, leapt to his feet.

"Order!" he shouted.

The Speaker, Polk, said, "The gentleman from Massachusetts is called to order and will suspend his remarks."

"Why am I called to order?" asked Adams; and the gentleman from Virginia was requested to state his point.

"The gentleman from Massachusetts," said Mercer, "openly and undisguisedly refers to the Senate and to an individual Senator, almost by name, in violation of parliamentary law and courtesy, and therefore I call him to order."

Adams began to approach the matter from another direction, and was called to order once more, and bidden to take his seat. But he was not ready to admit defeat.

"I suppose, sir, that I may be allowed to refer to the public press," he inquired. "I think that, sir, is not excluded from criticism by your rules?"

The Speaker was of the opinion that the gentleman could undoubtedly refer to the public press.

"Yes, sir," said Adams. "I am glad to hear it. Well, Mr. Speaker, in a public newspaper called the National Intelligencer, printed in this city by a Mr. Joseph Gales and a Mr. William Seaton—and a very good paper it is too—I find a reported speech said to have been delivered in——"

"Sir, I call the gentleman from Massachusetts to order again!" cried Mercer. "He evidently intends to make an attack by indirection, and——"

Adams was shocked.

"Why, sir, I have not said a word against the Senate."

"No," said Mercer, "but you were just agoing to, when I called you to order."

"Oh, yes, sir; I was just agoing to. And so I am to be arraigned before I commit the treason?"

Mr. Gershom Parks arose and said, "Mr. Speaker, I move that the gentleman from Massachusetts be allowed to proceed, in order or out of order."

There was a preponderant number of "Ayes."

So Adams proceeded. He read Webster's speech from beginning to end. He was on his feet, and speaking, for three hours, during which the noise and excitement gradually subsided until an eager and silent attention prevailed. And when he was arrived at Daniel Webster's assertion that he would not have supported the bill if the enemy had been at the gates,

"Sir," said Adams, "that sentiment is worthy of the man; and he who could utter it could complete the climax by a single act—a single step further. And that, sir, would be to leap into the embraces of that enemy!"

There was pandemonium. Speaker Polk thundered for order, and shouted for respect for the dignity of the House. But the reverberations of the cheering drowned him out.

The Senate did not cheer.

On February twenty-fifth, 1839, John Quincy Adams proposed the following amendments to the Constitution of the United States:

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled, two-thirds of both Houses concurring therein, That the following amendments to the Constitution of the United States be proposed to the several States of the Union, which, when ratified by three-fourths of the legislatures of said States, shall become and be a part of the Constitution of the United States:—

1. From and after the fourth day of July, 1842, there shall be throughout the United States no hereditary slavery; but on and after that day, every child born within the United States, their territories or jurisdiction, shall be born free.

2. With the exception of the territory of Florida, there shall henceforth never be admitted into this Union, any State, the constitution of which shall tolerate within the same the existence of slavery.

3. From and after the fourth day of July, 1845, there shall be neither slavery nor slave trade, at the seat of Government of the United States.

The proposition met the fate of the petitions. It was not debated.

Outside of the fevered question of slave petition, however, John Quincy Adams remained the "old man eloquent"—the grand old man of the House of Representatives, whose word was heeded and

respected. And never was this more manifest than at the opening of the twenty-sixth Congress in December, 1839.

As the result of a political conflict in New Jersey, two delegations had arrived from that State, claiming recognition as members of the House. For four days this double delegation clogged the works, and prevented a beginning of the business of the session. For the House had no officers until a Speaker was chosen, and until a Speaker was chosen the Clerk of the preceding Congress acted as temporary chairman. On the present occasion the Clerk, Mr. Hugh H. Garland, refused to call the roll as it reached the State of New Jersey, and there the business of the House, of necessity, halted. There was method in his madness. His party had a chance of profiting by his stand. And so for all the four days he refused; and then something happened.

Those around Mr. Adams did not believe he was paying much attention. He seemed to be glad of the chance to write. But on the fourth day, as Mr. Garland reached the name of Massachusetts in his usual abortive beginning of the roll-call, Mr. Adams pulled himself up, as was his habit, by clutching the front of his desk, and by the time the Clerk reached "New Jersey" and his reiterated refusal to proceed, the gentleman from Massachusetts was ready for him.

"I rise to interrupt the Clerk," said the gentleman from Massachusetts.

Some cried "Silence!" but more shouted "Hear what he has to say! Hear John Quincy Adams!"

There fell a silence. All eyes were on the old man.

"It was not my intention," said John Quincy Adams, "to take any part in these extraordinary proceedings. I had hoped that this House would succeed in organizing itself; that a Speaker and Clerk would be elected, and that the ordinary business of legislation would be progressed in. This is not the time, or place, to discuss the merits of the conflicting claimants for seats from New Jersey; that subject belongs to the House of Representatives, which, by the constitution, is made the ultimate arbiter of the qualifications of its members.

But what a spectacle we here present! We degrade and disgrace ourselves; we degrade and disgrace our constituents and the country. We do not, and cannot organize; and why? Because the Clerk of this House, the mere Clerk, whom we create, whom we employ, and whose existence depends upon our will, usurps the *throne* and sets us, the Representatives, the vice-regents of the whole American people, at defiance, and holds us in contempt! And what is this Clerk of yours? Is he to control the destinies of sixteen millions of freemen? Is he to suspend, by his mere negative, the functions of Government, and put an end to this Congress? He refuses to call the roll! It is in your power to compel him to call it, if he will not do it voluntarily."

"I am authorized to say, sir," a member interrupted him, "that compulsion cannot reach the Clerk. He has avowed that he will resign rather than call the State of New Jersey."

"Well, sir, then let him resign; and we may possibly discover some way by which we can get along, without the aid of his all-powerful talent, learning and genius. If we cannot organize in any other way —if this Clerk of yours will not consent to our discharging the trusts confided to us by our constituents, then let us imitate the example of the Virginia House of Burgesses, which, when the colonial Governor Dinwiddie ordered it to disperse, refused to obey the imperious and insulting mandate, and, *like men*——"

He was stopped by a spontaneous outburst of deafening cheers. There was turmoil as he made a motion requiring the Clerk to proceed. But other motions to the same effect had already failed of their purpose. For three days they had failed. So the cry was, "How shall the question be put? Who will put the question?"

"I intend to put the question myself!" shouted Mr. Adams, trying to make his quavering voice heard above the din. He succeeded. A gentleman from South Carolina, Mr. Robert Barnwell Rhett, perched himself on top of one of the desks and cried:

"I move that the Honorable John Quincy Adams take the chair of the Speaker of this House, and officiate as presiding officer, till

the House be organized by the election of its constitutional officers! As many as are agreed to this will say *ay*——"

He got no further. It was "Ay" from every throat save, possibly, the acting Clerk's; and, of course, that of John Quincy Adams.

Gentlemen from North and South Carolina conducted Mr. Adams to the chair. And no less a sometime antagonist than Mr. Wise of Virginia later exclaimed,

"Sir, I regard it as the proudest hour of your life; and if, when you shall be gathered to your fathers, I were asked to select the words which, in my judgment, are best calculated to give at once the character of the man, I would inscribe upon your tomb this sentence, 'I will put the question myself.' "

Mr. Adams had, of course, given himself no easy task. The matter of organizing the House was a continued fight. But he had certainly saved the situation.

His pursuits and his predilections continued as throughout his life.

. . . I am reading and making petty annotations upon the Book of Leviticus, strolling about my garden and nursery, hoeing and plucking weeds—a never-ceasing occupation.

That entry in the diary was made at Quincy on the fifty-eighth anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. A day of "profound tranquillity, contrasting with the deep and awful agitation of that day in 1775."

And on another evening that week he was dining in Boston in company with distinguished English guests,

. . . Mr. Charles Kemble and his daughter, Frances Ann. . . . I had much conversation with Miss Kemble, chiefly upon dramatic literature. . . . I asked her if she had ever seen her aunt, Mrs. Siddons, upon the stage. She had not, but had heard her read Shakespeare. . . .

There was another prominent member of the theatrical profession with whom Mr. Adams had some discussions a little later.

James H. Hackett Esq. New York

Washington 19 Feb. 1839

Dear Sir

I return herewith your Tragedy of Hamlet, with many thanks for the perusal of your manuscript notes, which indicate how thoroughly you have delved into the bottomless mine of Shakespeare's Genius— I shall remember the conversation, more than seven years bygone at Mr Philip Hone's hospitable table, when at the casual introduction of the name of Hamlet the Dane, my enthusiastic admiration of the inspired (Muse-inspired) Bard of Avon, commenced in childhood before the down had darkened my lip, and continued, through five of the seven ages of the drama of life, gaining upon the judgment as it leger to the imagination, seduced me to expatiate at a most intellectual and lovely convivial board upon my views of the character of Hamlet, until I came away ashamed of having engrossed an undue proportion of the conversation to myself— That my involuntary effusions and diffusions of mind on that occasion were indulgently viewed by Mr Hone, so as to have remained with kindness upon his Memory to this day, is a source of much gratification to me and still more pleasing is it to me that he should have thought any of the observations which fell from me at that time worthy of being mentioned to you

I look upon the Tragedy of Hamlet, as the Master Piece of the Drama — The Master Piece of Shakespear — I had almost said the Master Piece of the Human Mind — But I have never committed to writing the analysis of the considerations upon which this deliberate judgment has been formed — At the table of Mr Hone I could give nothing but outlines and etchings. I can give no more now — snatching as I do from the morning lamp to commune with a lover and worthy Representative of Shakespear* upon the glories of the immortal Bard.

* a compliment to my Falstaff which Mr. has seen by [illegible] Hamlet I have [illegible] attempted to act [illegible]

Letter to James H. Hackett

COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

I have heretofore held a correspondence with Mr. James H. Hackett upon Shakespeare's tragedy of Hamlet. I this day received a letter from him, dated London, August, 1839; on opening of which, the first thing that met my eye was, as I thought, my own letter to him of nineteenth February last from Washington, but which on examination I found was a lithographic copy of mine, which he says he had taken because he had lent the original to so many of his numerous friends and acquaintances that it had been nearly used up. . . . Mr. Hackett in his letter mentions also that he has very recently heard of an analysis by me of the tragedy of Othello, and enquires where he can procure it. This extension of my fame is more tickling to my vanity than it was to be elected President of the United States. . . .

The correspondence with Hackett was the outcome of a dinner-party in the New York home of Philip Hone. A small and select dinner-party, so that Adams, among the guests, was at his ease. He held that dinner-table group spellbound that evening. The talk veering to Shakespearean drama, he lost himself in what was one of his favorite avenues of thought—and it seems that victuals grew cold and hunger was forgotten as this little-known John Quincy Adams discoursed on the character of Hamlet.

Hone recalled, long afterward, "the fire of his eye beaming from under his bald brow, the episodial learning which adorned his harangue, and the profound attention and ardent curiosity which marked its reception by his auditors, and encouraged him to proceed."

The host of that evening tempted Hackett later with a recital of the old man's views, so that Hackett wrote to ask for a repetition of them.

Hone knew that side of Mr. Adams well. He had once sat at Adams' breakfast-table in Washington, in company with Webster, and heard his host indulge in a characteristically reasoned and profound disquisition on dancing-girls, "from those who danced before the ark, and the daughters of Jairus . . . to the present times of Fanny Ellsler and Taglioni."

And they met on another occasion, at the dinner-table of a Mr. Barnard—

. . . a small and very pleasant party and an excellent dinner of French cookery and good wine. The party consisted of Mr. John Quincy Adams, Richard Bayard, Gouverneur Wilkins, Abbot Lawrence, Mr. Jackson of Philadelphia, and myself. Mr. Adams was, as usual, the fiddle of the party. He talked a great deal; was gay, witty, instructive, and entertaining. It is a privilege and an era in one's life to see him as he was on this occasion. A man must be stupid indeed who can listen to this wonderful man for three or four hours, as I have done today, without being edified and delighted. . . .

In the summer of 1840, at the end of a long, hot and exciting day, John Quincy Adams tripped and fell on the floor of the House of Representatives, striking his head against an iron projection at the edge of one of the aisles. Unconscious, and with a badly dislocated shoulder, he was brought to and carried to the house on Pennsylvania Avenue of Colonel Munroe of New York. There, with great agony for him, his shoulder-joint was forced back into its socket by the combined and prolonged pulling of four Congressional gentlemen—a proceeding which the old man endured in silence, "though the great drops of sweat that rolled down his furrowed cheeks, or stood upon his brow, told but too well the physical agony he endured."

He was taken home; but not all Mrs. Adams' entreaties could keep him there. Next morning, as Edward Everett, long an ardent Adams disciple, sat in the House at an early hour, writing a letter which contained an account of the great man's accident, he looked up and saw Mr. Adams before him, standing in the aisle where he had fallen the night before, and earnestly examining the matting on the floor.

"Sir," he said to Everett, "I am looking for that place in the matting that last night tripped me. If it be not fastened down, it may kill some one."

His health was never robust again.

Not that he desisted in the smallest degree from his struggle. More and more men from the North and the East were rallying to his standard, and with the arrival of each he took new heart, and renewed his efforts.

In the year 1841, when Martin Van Buren still sat in the Presidential chair, a shipload of negroes was smuggled out of Africa and across the waters to the island of Cuba—an act of piracy punishable, under international laws, by death.

Two Spaniards purchased a group of these negroes soon after they were landed, and carried them off in a schooner—the "Amistad"—to Guanaja, Cuba. But on the voyage the new slaves mutinied, killed the captain and his crew, and took possession of their possessors and of the ship. They forced the two Spaniards to navigate the schooner; and by a ruse these two turned the vessel, not toward Africa as they had been bidden, but to the United States.

Off the coast of this country, a government vessel overhauled them, and brought them into New London, Connecticut. There the Spaniards claimed their rights, and the Spanish Minister requested President Van Buren to order the return of the slaves to Havana, where they would come to trial for murder on the high seas.

The President placed the matter under the jurisdiction of the Connecticut District Court—and sent a schooner to New Haven to take the Africans back to Cuba. But Connecticut ruled that the United States could not return the men into slavery, and directed that they be sent home to Africa.

The District Attorney promptly appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States.

And the question became a familiar one—slavery versus abolition. Some one must stand for these mistreated black men at the bar of the United States Supreme Court.

Who?

The answer, of course, was John Quincy Adams. At the age of seventy-four, in the cause of a handful of wretched humanity, John Quincy Adams became, for the moment, a lawyer again. He went into the Supreme Court, and begged the presiding justices to excuse him both for the trembling faults of age and for the inexperience of youth, for that he had retained only a hazy memory of court procedure.

But he took into court something that he had not taken there in early days—a forensic ability well-tried and seasoned—a power to fight and a power to move; and above all a power to convince.

The Africans went home.

CHAPTER XXIV POPULARITY

THROUGH those winters in Washington, the man of seventy-odd seemed imbued with inexhaustible, immortal youth. The father of the House of Representatives those many years, he was yet the youngest person there, when it came to energy, endurance—and fight.

More than once, servants and carriage awaited him outside the Capitol throughout the night. More than once, his men grew faint and sick with hunger long before he even realized that he had not eaten a morsel for a great deal longer than they.

They did not suffer if he knew it, however. He was a kind, even a tender, master. One day while the Amistad case might have been occupying his fullest attention, an accident happened to Jerry, his coachman. A gentleman named Colt was giving an exhibition of a new invention of his own—a repeating firearm—in front of the Capitol. The horses attached to Mr. Adams' carriage, awaiting him near by, did not enjoy it. They reared and plunged in fright, and Jerry fell off his box.

Next day the coachman died. . . .

I walked to the Capitol this morning, with a spirit humbled to the dust, with a heart melted in sorrow, and a mind agitated and confused. The case of the *Amistad* captives had been fixed to commence in the Supreme Court this morning. . . . I therefore, as soon as the Court was opened and the case was called, requested as a personal favor of the Court to suspend the proceedings in this case from two o'clock p.m. today till Monday; to which Chief Justice Taney answered, "Certainly."

Once a year he visited the venerable Dolly Madison, living in retirement since her husband's death. Occasionally he attended a wedding ceremony or an official reception.

These were merely hours snatched from his duties. Duty, his familiar, was synonymous with Washington.

But in summers he grew more and more the placid old gentleman, walking with a frail old wife along the box-bordered paths of his garden at Quincy, or, clad in disreputable old clothes, pruning his young trees and culling fruits or flowers.

His son had built a house for himself at the top of the hill on a part of the old estate, and Charles Francis Adams the younger remembered his grandfather always as he stood on the portico of the new house on its eminence, watching with timepiece in hand the rise of the sun in the early morning, or the setting sun at night. The stars were still his constant study, and many a round-eyed boy counted it a privilege to be allowed to mount to the roof with the aged "President," and learn the names of the constellations and the wherefore of their courses.

There was one summer, however, that John Quincy Adams did not spend at Quincy. In the year 1843, the health of his daughter-in-law Abigail had been failing, and the doctors wished her to visit Lebanon Springs in the hope of improvement. It was decided that the old man, who was none too robust himself, should accompany her. That is, he was urged, and complied on the understanding that he need not be gone many days. The young John Quincy went too.

Travel for pleasure was a new experience for the old man—and before he had finished this traveling he was to have experiences even more novel. His companions tempted him to extend his journey, and finding that he was enjoying himself, he succumbed to the temptation to enjoy himself more. For a great many years he had wished to visit the towns of western New York, to see a little of Canada, and to view Niagara Falls.

So, after a few days at the Springs, Abigail and her son and her father-in-law took a more extended health trip. And before they had

gone very far, the nature of the trip altered stupendously. It became a triumphal tour—and John Quincy Adams, who had worked for the people of the United States for most of his seventy-six years, found himself, too suddenly, the populace's idol.

The spirit of that journey for an old man is perhaps most inherent in a public address delivered in his presence by William H. Seward, then ex-Governor, before the citizens of Auburn, New York.

. . . An excursion to invigorate health impaired by labors too arduous for age in the public councils, and expected to be quiet and contemplative, has become one of fatigue and excitement (said Seward). Rumors of your advance escape before you, and a happy and grateful community rise up in their clustering cities, towns, and villages, impede your way with demonstrations of respect and kindness, and convert your unpretending journey into a triumphal progress. Such honors frequently attend public functionaries, and such an one may sometimes find it difficult to determine how much of the homage he receives is paid to his own worth, how much proceeds from the habitual reverence of good republican citizens to constituted elective authority, and how much from the spirit of venal adulation.

You, sir, labor under no such embarrassment. The office you hold, though honorable, is purely legislative, and such as we can bestow by our immediate suffrage on one of ourselves. You conferred personal benefits sparingly when you held the patronage of the nation. That patronage you have relinquished, and can never regain. Your hands will be uplifted often, during your remaining days, to invoke blessings on your country, but never again to distribute honors or reward among your countrymen. The homage paid you, dear sir, is sincere, for it has its sources in the just sentiments and irrepressible affections of a free people, their love of truth, their admiration of wisdom, their reverence for virtue, and their gratitude for beneficence. . . .

The hand we now so eagerly grasp, was pressed in confidence and friendship by the Father of our Country. The wreath we place on your honored brow, received its earliest leaves from the hand of Washington. We cannot expect, with the agency of free and universal suffrage, to be always governed by the wise and the good. But surely your predecessors in the Chief Magistracy were men such as never before successively wielded power in any State. They differed in policy as they must, and yet, throughout their several dynasties, without any sacrifice of personal independence, and while passing from immature youth to ripened age, you were counsellor and min-

ister to them all. We seem therefore, in this interview with you, to come into the presence of our departed chiefs; the majestic shade of Washington looks down upon us; we hear the bold and manly eloquence of the elder Adams; and we listen to the voices of the philosophic and sagacious Jefferson, the refined and modest Madison, and the generous and faithful Monroe. . . . Your predecessors descended from the Chief Magistracy to enjoy, in repose and tranquillity, honors even greater than those which belonged to that eminent station. . . . You have devoted the energies of a mind unperverted, the learning and experience acquired through more than sixty years, and even the influence and fame derived from your high career of public service, to the great cause of universal liberty. The praises we bestow are already echoed back to us by voices which come rich and full across the Atlantic, hailing you as the indefatigable champion of humanity —not the humanity which embraces a single race or clime, but that humanity which regards the whole family of Man. Such salutations as these cannot be mistaken. They come not from your contemporaries, for they are gone —you are not of this generation, but of the past, spared to hear the voice of posterity. The greetings you receive come up from the dark and uncertain future. They are the whisperings of posthumous fame—fame which impatiently awaits your departure, and which, spreading wider and growing more and more distinct, will award to John Quincy Adams a name to live with that of Washington. . . .

And the echoes answered with huzzas; but how could John Quincy Adams reply? His own emotions throughout the amazing tour are most graphically and characteristically illustrated in his answer to a similar speech by the Mayor of Rochester. He said:

. . . If it were in my power, oppressed as I am with mingled astonishment and gratitude at what I have experienced and now see of your kindness, to make a speech, I would gratify you with one adorned with all the chaste yet simple eloquence which are combined in the address to which you have just listened from your worthy Mayor. But it is not in my power. You may probably think there is some affectation on my part, in pretending inability to address you, knowing as many of you do, that I have often addressed assemblies like this. But I hope for greater indulgence from you than this. I trust you will consider that I have seen and spoken to multitudes like that now before me, but that these multitudes had frowning faces. Those I could meet, and to those I could speak. But to you, whose every face is expressive of generous affection—to you, in whose every countenance I

see kindness and friendship—I cannot speak. It is too much for me. It overcomes my powers of speech. It is a new scene to me. . . .

It was indeed. A dream had come true. The voice of the people spoke to him, and it spoke with love. Wherever he went, immense crowds gathered to applaud and praise him, and civic gatherings paid him the highest tribute, and societies of every description begged for the boon of a speech.

But his job had too long been statesmanship. He could not answer kindness, for his ears had too long been attuned to abuse.

He visited Saratoga, Lake George, Montreal and Quebec, rode in a steamboat on the St. Lawrence, viewed Niagara, sojourning a while in Buffalo, and returned through Rochester, Auburn, Utica and Albany. It served as a health tour, and though it had developed into something too exhausting for his own full recuperation, he showed few signs of fatigue.

At Niagara, on a sultry day, he climbed down an "all but vertical" cliff, some three hundred and fifty feet in depth, to view the whirlpool, though begged to refrain. What was more, he scrambled with the youngest over rocks and promontories down there to get a good view; and he climbed up again. He was full of the experience on the ride back to his lodging, and after dinner out he went, and crossed to Goat Island, to take a look at the "wild and furious dashing of the mighty river down the rapids, with its mad plunge over the precipice."

"I sincerely concur," wrote a member of the party in a letter that day, "with the worthy captain of one of our steamboats, who said to me . . . 'Oh, that we could take the engine out of the old "Adams," and put it into a new hull!' "

At Albany we find the old gentleman concluding a speech of thanks with the following words:

. . . Lingering as I am on the stage of public life, and, as many of you may think, lingering beyond the period when nature calls for repose—while I remain in the station which I now occupy in the Congress of the United

States, if you, my hearers, as an assembly, or if any one among you, as an individual, have any object or purpose to promote, or any end to secure that he believes can in any way advance his interests or increase his happiness, then, in the name of God, I ask you *to send your petitions to me!* . . .

He had not forgotten the arena; nor did he, later, forget the fight.

But his travels for the year were not yet over. He was to wander further afield and, more amazingly, meet the same resounding ovations. In the course of his tour he had been asked to assist at the laying of the cornerstone of the Cincinnati Astronomical Observatory at Mount Ida, in November. Such a call he could not refuse, since astronomy was ever a study of vast importance and attraction to him, and the establishment of observatories a project long dear to his heart.

So in October he set out on another triumphal journey, that was to be in all things a repetition of the earlier one; crowds and honors; exhausting days and nights. He put his whole energy into the astronomical address he was to make, and gave himself unstintingly in response to the amazing ovations of a territory that had not been used to praise John Quincy Adams.

Young Richard Cranch, who acted as a voluntary stenographer for his kinsman on the tour, wrote home to his family:

. . . Mr. Adams' reception in Kentucky, which was at Covington, opposite Cincinnati, was, if possible, still more striking than his reception here. There the prejudice against him, one would have thought, was almost too strong to be overcome. But there the citizens received him in mass, in open line, men, women, and children, the men uncovering their heads as he passed between them, and the feeling seemed to be one of true respect, which must have softened the last remaining feeling of bitterness in his heart, if any he has left, at the obloquy which has been cast upon his name in former days. With an anxiety to be near him, and to see that whatever he said was represented truly to the world, I took down every address which he made, and I regret that I was so engaged during the thirteenth in preparing his Covington address for the morning paper that I was deprived of the satisfaction of hearing his last words to the crowd that followed him to the steamboat, and of bidding him farewell. . . .

Mr. Adams was received officially by the Mayor of Cincinnati on the eighth of November. He assisted at the laying of the cornerstone on the ninth, and on the same day addressed a temperance meeting. He spoke to a colored committee on the tenth, and to the bar of Cincinnati on the eleventh. He attended the public dinner of the bar on the latter day, attended church no less than three times on Sunday the twelfth, and addressed the citizens of Covington on the thirteenth.

"During all this time," writes Cranch, "he was incessantly answering notes, letters of invitation, complimentary addresses, and letters of business, and receiving all who came to see him."

And this onerous list does not take in his laboriously-prepared address on astronomy, which was delivered on November tenth—an address which maintained the standard of his heartiest years, and afforded him a rare opportunity for indulging his poetic, classic and philosophic fancy.

The journey back to Washington—for it was time for his yearly gladiatorial expedition—was a trying one. He wished to make it with dispatch, and for this reason he scorned no means of transit, however crude or crowded. So we find him sleeping on the deck of a steamboat in the chilly night, or sitting up in the smelly cabin of a canal vessel, preparing the daily speech for the crowds who would meet him at the next stopping-place, or packing in with miscellaneous assemblages for railroad and stage-coach rides. He was sick and worn when he reached his house on F Street. Louisa, sick herself, begged him to rest, to consult a physician.

"Your father," she wrote to Charles Francis, "has returned in a state of debility and exhaustion beyond description."

On her own initiative she sent for the family physician, and the old man could not well refuse to be examined. The doctor told him he must exercise great care. His condition, at his age, was very dangerous.

But Louisa had had experience of her husband's views on physicians, and his method of acting on their advice. His habit was to

hear the advice, accept the proffered physics, and then discard the greater part of both. She urged a medical friend to write to her husband, impressing the need for care on him.

But he could not be a sick man in Washington, just yet. . . .

"I have not long to live," he said to Louisa. "This would be a glorious time to die."

And he was accustomed to perilous and enervating traveling, for at best, in those days of young railroads and steamboats, journeying was no joy. The train that John Quincy first knew was a string of cars that looked suspiciously like made-over stage coaches, with "two locomotive engines, A and B, each drawing an accommodation car —a sort of moving stage in a square with an open railing, a platform and a row of benches holding forty or fifty persons."

He had been perilously close to death in one of these contrivances in 1833, when the wheel of the car in which he was riding took fire because an ambitious engine tried to go one mile at a mile a minute. The train was overturned, with fatal and disastrous results.

And there was an accident that had brought still more terror to his heart. In July of 1844, he and Louisa, on the way home from Washington, alighted from a train at Jersey City to take the New York ferry. It was dark as they stepped, arm in arm, from the railway carriage. And on the platform the illumination was negligible. John Quincy led his wife along those dim boards, and failed to see the edge of them. He missed his step, and fell to the rails beyond. And what was worse, he dragged his lady, whom he still held by the arm, over with him.

As they both went down, the old man felt immediate death upon them, and the agony he knew for Louisa, as he wrote afterwards, was worse than the pangs of death itself.

She cried out once, as breast and chin struck heavily on the hard surface of the track. Her husband had landed on his side, partly saving her. He tried to raise both her and himself; but she had fainted.

Men carried her to a bench in the railroad shed. They brought

water to dash in her face; but it was half an hour before she had recovered sufficiently to go aboard the steam ferry.

Next morning, at the Astor House in New York, John Quincy wrote in his diary, after a restless night:

I enter this day on the seventy-eighth year of my age, and but for a blessed dispensation of almighty God, it would have been the last day both of my own life and that of my dear and ever beloved wife. . . .

His battle went on.

It had had its effects. The power of the gag rule, though still official, was not so enthusiastically or so generally invoked as in the early days. But old Mr. Adams still could not be heard without the chorus. . . .

On one occasion a gentleman from Virginia objected to the presentation of a petition on the ground that the signatories included a prostitute. Mr. Adams said:

Sir, it is . . . well-known that from the time I entered this House down to the present day, I have felt it a sacred duty to present any petition couched in respectful language, from any citizen of the United States, be its object what it may—be the prayer of it that in which I could concur or that to which I was utterly opposed. I adhere to the right of petition, and let me say here that, let the petition be as the gentleman from Virginia has stated, from free negroes, prostitutes, as he supposes—for he says there is one put on this paper, and he infers that the rest are of the same description—*that* has not altered my opinion at all. Where is your law that says that the mean, the low and the degraded shall be deprived of the right of petition if their moral character is not good? Where in the land of freemen was the right of petition ever placed on the exclusive basis of morality and virtue? Petition is supplication—it is entreaty, it is prayer, and where is the degree of vice or immorality which shall deprive the citizen of the right to supplicate for a boon, to pray for mercy. . . . What does your law say? Does it say that before presenting a petition, you shall look into it and see whether it comes from the virtuous, the great and the mighty? No, sir; it says no such thing. The right of petition belongs to all, and so far from refusing to present a petition because it might come from those low in the estimation of the world, it would be an additional incentive, if such an incentive were wanting. . . .

In 1841 William Henry Harrison had succeeded Van Buren, but died a short time later, in office; and James Tyler had become President of the United States.

His was a troubled term—a time of incoördination and bitter differences; but it happened, before it closed, to mark the high spot in John Quincy Adams' career.

For in 1845 the "gag rule" went into the discard, worn down by a process similar to the grinding of the gods' own mills. In 1845 Adams succeeded at last in carrying a vote rescinding that pernicious ruling. And thus his eight-year fight was won. He listened while his colleague Palfrey held the floor with an impassioned speech on the political and moral wrong of slavery; and the Southern gentlemen listened too.

"God be praised!" cried the old man eloquent. "The seals are broken. The door is open!"

That year saw the annexation of Texas by the Union, and the gathering of new war-clouds to the southward. It saw the rise to the Presidency, on the wave of the great slave interests, of James Knox Polk.

John Quincy Adams was seventy-eight.

And now, more than ever, had he been fifty, or even sixty, could he have entered the open arena, to which he had paved the way—the debating-ground of the slavery question. It is possible that, had he been fifty then, that ground might never have been stained with blood. Certainly those resolutions which he had introduced in 1839 might have stood a little free debating.

But he was close to eighty.

In the eighteen-forties, Oregon was the burning question of the day between the United States and England.

Now, Adams knew the fine points of that question at least as intimately as any man then living. He had, more or less, dwelt with it since 1815, when, under the Ghent Treaty, Oregon had been included as one of the captured territories that would be restored by

the British to the Americans. In 1818 this aspect of the treaty was modified by a new treaty of joint occupation, but the boundary-line remained one of those elastic barriers that had caused so much trouble in the past. Adams had endeavored to fix that line, as well as the southernmost barriers, at the time of his Florida negotiation with Onis. As President, he had tried again, but Gallatin, his Minister to England at the time, had not succeeded in carrying the negotiation through.

Nor did the prospect look bright under Tyler. In 1843 Mr. Adams had a conversation with Daniel Webster, Tyler's Secretary of State, on the question of Oregon. England, said Webster, wanted a free rein north of the Columbia river. England had no objection to the extension of the United States southward, even at the expense of Mexico, from that river to San Francisco. . . .

It is on record that Mr. Adams came away from that interview "horrified." The final settlement of the Oregon question neither satisfied him nor assuaged his horror; but by that time he was past his fighting days.

That year saw John Quincy's ancient vigor at its highest, and also at the beginning of its end.

On July thirteenth, two days after his seventy-ninth birthday, he rose with the dawn and "drawn by an irresistible impulse," walked over the lower Tiber Bridge to his old bathing-spot.

Three young men that morning had commandeered the rock on which he had used to dispose his clothes. They looked at him—an old and palsied man, gazing with longing eyes at the water.

"There is John Quincy Adams," one of them whispered; and they turned to look at him again as he continued along the bank. They might have said, "There goes one whose swimming days are over," but had they done so they would have been mistaken.

For calmly choosing another rock, the old man divested himself of his garments and yielded his shrunken body to the river.

There were several dawns that summer that saw the Potomac

cradling a swimmer—for swim he did—whom Potomac surely had thought never to entertain again. . . .

On the twentieth of November, 1846, as Mr. Adams prepared yet another time to go on his gladiatorial journey to the Capital, he fell in a Boston street, the victim of a stroke of paralysis.

Four months later, in Washington, he opened his diary. And at the top of a clean new page he wrote, in a hand that trembled more than ever,

"Posthumous memoir——"

CHAPTER XXV GOLDEN WEDDING

ON the twenty-sixth of July, 1847, in the old mansion at Quincy, John Quincy and Louisa Adams celebrated their golden wedding anniversary.

Here, in October, 1814, old John Adams, fifty years married, had whispered to his lady that he loved her as dearly as when they were just wed.

Here, in 1879, Charles Francis and his Abigail were to celebrate their own jubilee.

It has been called the "House of Golden Weddings," in Quincy.

And if John Quincy Adams did not duplicate his father's tender message on this day, he might have framed one of his own that was as characteristic. For perchance he admired his Louisa *more* than ever. Certainly in the calms of age they must have come to know each other better, understand each other more perfectly, than they had ever done before. They had been companions for half a century —fifty stormy years.

And now, near the end of the road, they had one child, many grandchildren, a legion of friends and admirers to congratulate them on a felicitous occasion.

Battle was in the past—though the country was once again at war

—the inevitable war with Mexico. John Quincy Adams had surrendered at last, not to man, but to the rigors of age. That "posthumous memoir" was not in all ways a figure of speech. The bitter, challenging, rampant John Quincy was gone. He had laid down his lance perforce and retired, and in his place was an old man who listened—for the portents of the future and for the summons of the end. An object of veneration that lent something to the House that would be missed when he was actually gone.

An object of rather whimsical affection, even. There was a standing joke in the House, after he became totally unable to leap into the daily fray, that when he became incensed by anything that was said, his bald head would turn fiery red. On one occasion, when one of the gentlemen from the South was denouncing the anti-slavery faction, a Congressional wit cried out, suddenly,

"He says you are lying!"

The Southerner glared around him.

"Who says so?" he demanded.

There was a chorus:

"Mr. Adams! Mr. Adams!"

Immediately the old man from Massachusetts raised his shaking hand, pointed to his crimsoned head, and nodded as vehemently as he was able.

At which, of course, the laughter became general.

There was a young man from Illinois who sat in the house for the first time that year—a tall, black-browed, lean and roughly dressed young man whose name was Abraham Lincoln. And of all the men who had sat in that House, this one was to be the most greatly influenced by the doctrines of John Quincy Adams.

In 1836 Mr. Adams had declared in Congress

> From the instant that your slave-holding States become the theatre of war, civil, servile or foreign, from that instant the war powers of Congress extend to interference with the institution of slavery in every way in which it can be interfered with. . . .

He had repeated his words at the sessions of 1838, and some of the Southerners forthwith challenged him to prove them. So he went into a characteristically exhaustive investigation of Constitutional rights and the many authorities on the subject, and came out in 1842 with the positive statement that the powers delegated to the government included the right to free the slaves of a hostile force or power.

Young Abraham Lincoln, with Adams' friend, Seward, at his side, was to demonstrate the force of that doctrine in the year 1863. . . . He was to embody it in the most momentous proclamation formulated since the Declaration of Independence. . . .

For Adams had believed that in war might lie the the only solution of the slavery situation—war on protesting and eventually seceding States, and the promulgation of his theory that the government had emancipatory powers in such circumstances.

There were many who thought John Quincy in his dotage for voicing such sentiments.

But by the year 1861, Charles Sumner was to observe that no one had ever been able to refute Adams' theories. And in 1863 they proved the only way out.

On a Sunday evening in February of the year 1848, Louisa sat reading to her husband in the library of the F Street home. For Februarys still meant Washington for John Quincy Adams. "Hovering as he was on the edge of eternity," as Everett has said, Louisa read him a sermon by Wilberforce. The subject was "Time." . . .

Mr. Adams had attended services at the Capitol that morning, and he had gone to church in the afternoon. He looked well that day, and his spirits were high.

Next morning—it was February twenty-first—he arose with the dawn, as usual, and took up his pen. . . . A young lady had asked for a verse or two of poetry. The old poet obliged her. And he signed his name for the now usual autograph hunters. Then he took breakfast and rode to the House.

The echo of war resounded that day, his last, as the signals of war had throbbed at his birth. In a voice rather more robust than usual, he voted to award medals to the Generals who had victoriously commanded the Americans in the recent fighting with Mexico.

The Speaker rose to put the next question to the House—but he did not frame it that day. Someone cried out, from the floor,

"Stop! Stop! Mr. Adams!"

The old man had collapsed, seized by a second stroke of paralysis.

Around him the whole House swarmed. Fisher of Ohio held him in his arms. Grinnell of Massachusetts brought iced water to sprinkle on his rigid face. He was lifted to the enclosure, and a couch was brought from an anteroom. The Speaker asked for a call for adjournment. . . .

By this time the press of onlookers, swelled from outside, was enormous. They carried the stricken old man to the Rotunda, and into a draught of air; but it was too chill, and the crowd was too close; and so at last they took him to the Speaker's room, and closed the doors, and sent for Louisa.

She came, stricken herself, and supported by members of the younger generation. There were doctors of North and South around John Quincy Adams' couch. Others were summoned, and together they fought for him. For two days they battled for his life, while in the adjoining great chamber the House adjourned from day to day, and no business was thought of save the collecting of bulletins from the sickroom under the Capitol dome.

But it was a losing fight. They could not move him, for fear of spoiling a chance of life. But in reality of chance there was none.

Once he murmured, "Thank the officers of the House." And once again he struggled and managed to speak.

"This is the last of earth," he said. "I am content."

On an old ring of his mother's, that she had worn on the death of an infant daughter, had been inscribed these words:

"Lean not on earth; 't will pierce thee to the heart." He had con-

sciously obeyed those dictates all his life. He had reached for the stars. And now he was content.

John Quincy Adams died in the Capitol at Washington on February twenty-third, 1848. That day Louisa wrote to her sister, Harriet Boyd:

It has pleased the Almighty in his perfect wisdom to teach me this sad lesson, for so long repining at our continued perseverance in public life, which I began to think almost a calamity in consequence of the creeping infirmities of age, which were evidently unfitting us for the fatigues and anxieties attendant upon public duties and the irregular habits which it necessarily produces. I lived in constant apprehension of its ill effects, and alas, my fears have been too fully realized. But the idea of quitting public life as long as he had the power of acting and the mind to sustain him was so fixed, it only worried him to suggest the wish, and he would constantly answer "that he should die the moment he gave it up."

You may conceive the dreadful shock which I sustained when sent for to the Capitol under the impression that he had only fainted, when I arrived there and found him speechless and dying, and without a moment of returning sense to show that he knew that I was near him; and thus he lay until he drew his last breath, without a sign of recognition of any of his family. Surrounded by men in the Speaker's room at the Capitol, he died at twenty minutes after seven o'clock. I was *forced* to leave him ere the last sigh had quivered on his lips; it being necessary, they said, for the women to go away. . . .

Dear Harriet, they tell me that it was the act of the Almighty . . . but oh, can anything compensate for the agony of this last sad parting on earth, after fifty years of union, without even the privilege of indulging the feelings which all hold sacred at such moments. My senses almost gave way, and it seemed as if I had become callous to suffering while my heart seemed breaking. . . . God bless you, my beloved Sister. Oh, how I wish I could visit you, but I am seventy-three, and I cannot hope it. . . .

An entire country mourned John Quincy Adams. Former enemies joined lifelong friends in following him on his last journey to Quincy. Eulogies poured from old-time antagonist and ancient supporter alike.

Henry Clay was by his side at the last. John C. Calhoun helped bear his body to the grave. Abraham Lincoln journeyed to Quincy

with the Congressional committee that accompanied the illustrious dead.

He had gone; but his greatness was not ended. That one son he had left behind him was to retrace his path, and that of his father, to England, and to eclipse the glory of both, as far as embassy to England was concerned. As John Adams had gone out at the end of the Revolutionary War; as John Quincy had followed him at the close of the battles of 1812; Charles Francis Adams was to dwell as Minister in London during the War that ended slavery . . . and was to nourish, magnificently, the trans-Atlantic peace.

In 1851 a rather bored Henry Adams, twelve years old, was shown around Washington by his widowed Aunt Mary. Presidents and statesmen failed to thrill this young Henry, but that was hardly his fault. Presidents and statesmen had grown to be a commonplace in his family mind—so much so, he admitted later, that when an old gardener once said to him, "Ye'll be thinking ye'll be a President yerself," he stared at the man. How could an Adams think of being anything else?

Warm Maryland, and the slave plantations, however, held this grandson of John Quincy and Louisa fascinated.

So did frail old Louisa herself, bedridden then in Washington, stricken as her husband had been, but perfectly able to chat with the growing Henry. He never forgot her as she was then, and a little later. He always remembered the sweetness of her smile. . . .

They took her back to Quincy once again—but her "room with the Dutch tiles, her garden with the box walks," were not to know her more.

On May fifteenth of the year 1852, an exotic rose to the last, she gave the faithful Henry and his parents and sister and brothers a final smile, and went to Quincy church to join the great.

THE END

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Note

Mr. and Mrs. Adams lived in the full limelight of public existence for more than half a century. Therefore any effort to show them as they were informally, as well as in official life, must necessarily pierce beneath the surface of the historic records.

It is in this direction that I have been aided enormously by two groups of busy people, and in gratitude I acknowledge the debt I owe them.

To Mr. Victor Paltsits and Miss Mabel C. Weaks of the Manuscript Division of the New York Public Library I am particularly indebted for the clues to a vast amount of buried treasure in the way of rare and hitherto unpublished manuscript, and for permission to reproduce letters from the Library's collection.

And to Miss Elinor E. Randall and her assistants in the Larchmont Public Library, who have risen to every occasion in my behalf, I am also deeply grateful.

The various manuscript collections open to the general reader have, of course, been freely consulted. Groups more difficult of access have also been generously and graciously placed at my disposal. Among the material embraced by both classes are the correspondence and private papers of John Quincy and Louisa Catherine Adams, John and Abigail Adams, Thomas Boylston Adams, Joshua Johnson, James Monroe, Marquis de la Fayette, William Vans Murray, Nicholas Biddle, William Cranch and others in the New York Public Library, Library of Congress, Morgan Library, Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston Public Library, Harvard University Library, Yale University Library and private collections.

A word of special appreciation is due to the Home Title Insurance Company of Brooklyn, New York, for their courtesy in permitting the use of an original sketch of the Adams birthplaces at Quincy.

There follows a selected list of publications examined in the course of this work. Anything approaching a complete list would have demanded too disproportionate a space in these pages, but the books and papers here cited will generally suggest to those interested in research the reading that accompanied them. And in themselves they will perhaps prove adequate for the purposes of the student.

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